THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARCH 13, 1915 5c. THE COPY

Nothing Mumbles but Bricks—By Arthur Train and Albert Herter

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Nothing Mumbles but Bricks

By Arthur Train and Albert Herter

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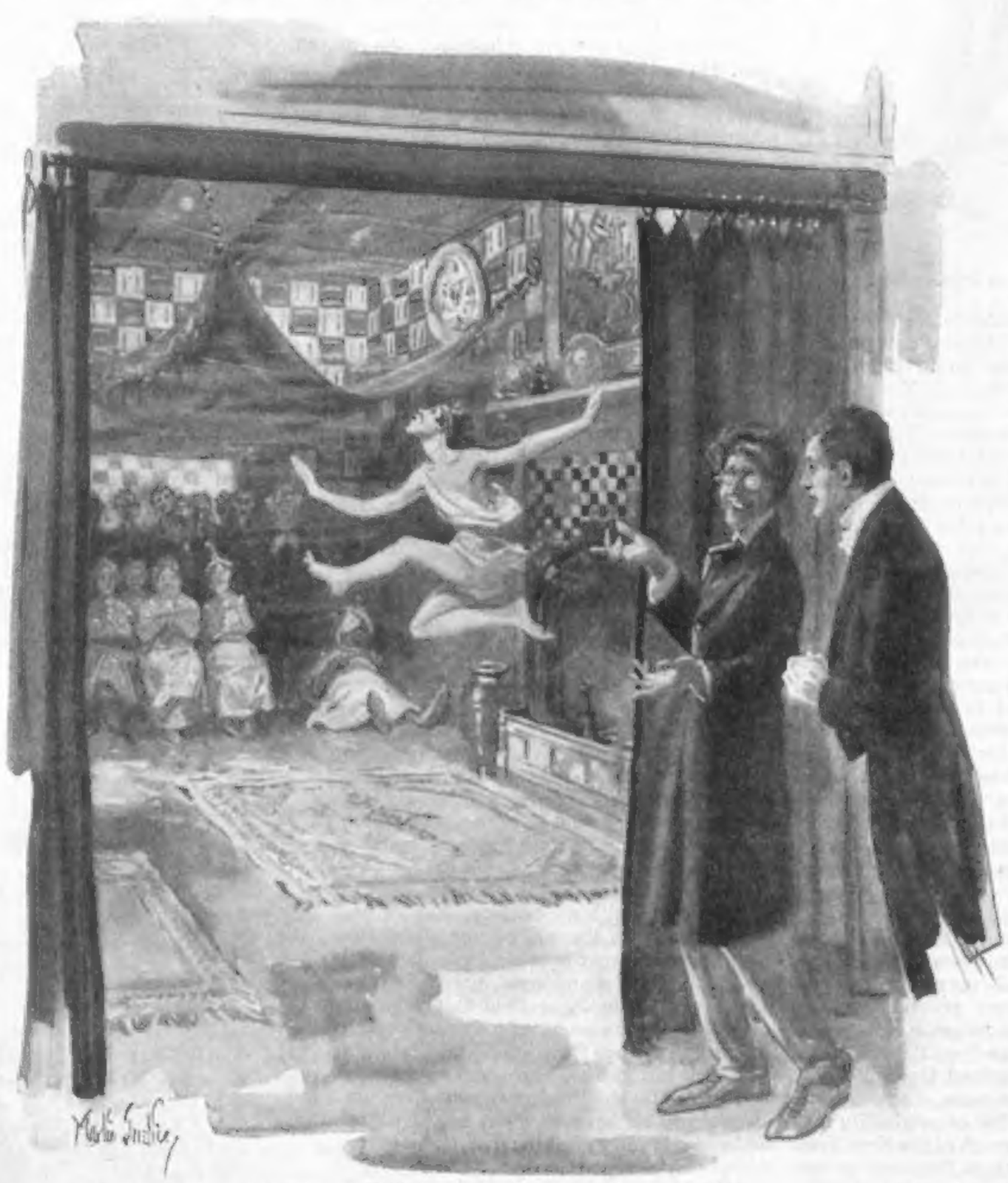


A Young Man Was Presumably Representing Narcissus

IN THE little salon off the studio the shades had been pulled down against the slanting sun of a late winter's afternoon. A warm half-light glowed without special discrimination on all the mess of objects that overfurnished the room, caught halowise in the orange-red hair of its only occupant, and mellowed the barbarously decorative color of her Chinese tea gown and pendulous green jade earrings. Her face, freshly powdered in the expectation of a visitor, gained warmth and softness in the absence of definite shadows.

Cavia Bender was curiously occupied. Her long, able hands stirred constantly over little yellow squares of cardboard littering her table desk, the drawer of which was half open so that one quick movement could sweep all the belettered squares into its depths should anyone enter unexpectedly. With an imitation pearl hatpin she poked these squares about until to her imagination their black letters suggested a word, which she would then push intact to a far corner of the blotter; and again the hatpin, digging letters out of the logomachy pile, would presently discover another word, naturally unrelated to the last, but immediately placed in juxtaposition. If the accident of sense occurred their order was reversed and the result transcribed to the manuscript in her lap. The words were adroitly captured, as with practice, and groups quickly became paragraphs, if paragraphs they could be called. She really almost believed in herself, for she had been taught to put a fictitious value on what her group called originality, and certainly few authors, however appreciated, had been privileged to find and use so distinctive a style.

A bell jingled off-stage, and the cook-maid, tying on her apron, cast a quick shadow as she hurried down the dark corridor to the door. The little yellow squares tumbled disordered into the drawer, and Miss Cavia Bender was with rare unconsciousness absorbed in reading thoughtfully the last Futurist Manifesto, her white hand with its matrix-turquoise rings playing lightly against her cheek, when Edward Fabyan, the editor of the Ultramist, entered the room.

Fabyan was the perfect product of his time, a sketch clever, obvious and incomplete. And for what he lacked in fundamental education or culture he had in later life substituted with peculiar facility the cult of the last word. He despised all acknowledged merit, all accepted form and all beauty for which there was precedent. In his physical make-up he reflected his character and his mentality; but in his ugliness there was a certain style, and only his elastic mouth, which gave the impression of being overfull of teeth, could have been found to be actually unpleasant as a feature. As he advanced confidently to greet her now he looked both aggressive and conceited.

She gazed up at him with puckered brow. "You?" she seemed to question, and lifted a languid hand to his cold fingers. Yet she had expected him for fully half an hour. For some time they played a successful comedy of insincerity, watchful and distrustful of each other on all that bordered a committing opinion, but entertained by the game, until, looking at his watch, he discovered that it was late and got up to go.

"By the way," he said, "if you have no objection I'll bring a friend with me to-night."

"Why, of course!" she answered. "What is his name?"

He smiled a deprecating, whimsical smile to show he fully recognized the absurdity of it, yet as if to assure her that it was all right.

"George Washington Smi——" he began semiapologetically.

"Uh!" she interrupted. "How horrible!"

I

MISS CAVIA BENDER, according to the habit of the house when preparations for the weekly Sunday night party were in progress, dined early and inadequately that evening—off a tray, in fact, and still in her kimono. Also she dressed more hurriedly than usual, for there were still things to be done to her manuscript before she read it to her intellectually emancipated circle—Futurist curtailments and cryptic touches necessary to its complete unintelligibility. She wondered casually, as she swept the garnished studio with her critical glance to see if it were ready for her guests, what George Washington Smith—a little chill ran through her at that name—would make of it. A clerk at Burbler's picture store! She shivered again and drew an ineffectual scarf about her, hitching the slight shoulder-straps of her dress into place and looking sideway into a mirror as she gave her imaged hair a last careful scrutiny. Although it made no slightest change in her appearance she pushed and tucked it up with deft touches and found real pleasure in this, her greatest beauty. She was as perfect as she could make herself, and in this satisfactory consciousness she moved with an indolent and studied undulation toward the door to meet the first arrivals.

The guests came in quick succession—a queer, esoteric galaxy of short-haired women and long-haired men—in their various ways as self-consciously studied as their hostess, fearful lest the light touch should lessen their importance. There was no flippancy or triviality in their greetings, the constraint of mutual criticism and suspicion cramping any spontaneous intercourse. In the course of the evening those who felt they had a contribution to make toward the æsthetic uplift of the company got up and performed, and by the time Fabyan arrived with "G. W.," as he was familiarly called, they had all been sufficiently stultified with furnace heat and cigarette smoke to appear, as they sat crowded close to the walls of the room, somewhat relaxed and off guard.

G. W. had never seen people like these, at this gathering to which Fabyan had brought him, and the whole evening was one of a bewildering modernity that both fascinated and exalted him. Cavia herself, high priestess of Ultimism, dazzled him completely, he being one of those inarticulate, almost British young men who had until now only dreamed the personal accomplishment he saw fulfilled in her.

He had come rather unprepared, for Fabyan, dining with him at the Chit-Chat Club, had said little that was descriptive of Cavia, except that she was good looking. The versatile young editor had in fact been wholly absorbed telling him all about the new drawings he was doing for his own paper, the Ultramist—drawings in the manner of the Indo-Persian illuminations of the early fifteenth century—"Only, of course," he explained, "with a tango feeling in them that is quite modern and *mouvementé*." So when they had gone on after dinner to Miss Bender's studio-evening he had little idea of what his hostess or her *milieu* would be like.

She Was as Perfect as She Could Make Herself

He had reflected, as the negro elevator boy laid down his newspaper and shot them up twelve stories, that after all he was not so ingenuously behind the times, and that he could at least appear as one of the initiated. Through the open door of the apartment he had caught that aviary sound of many people talking all at once. Then it died suddenly away, and the borrowed maid, having rubbed his silk hat the wrong way in an effort to balance both their coats and hats on top of many others, with an impersonal gesture of being a little ashamed drew aside a curtain. He stopped for the fraction of a second to shake down his cuffs, pull at his waistcoat front and back and test his hair, before trusting himself to the assemblage.

The studio surprised him a little in spite of his recent determination. It was all done in black and white squares lighted sparingly with orange, and, in the curiously embarrassing and self-conscious hush that pervaded it, a young man was dancing, scantily attired in a pseudo-Greek fragment of cheesecloth. He was presumably representing Narcissus, as his last leaps into the air seemed to indicate that—ravished by the sight of himself in the polished floor, or rather in the still pool of a vivid imagination—he was at last fortunately dying and turning into a gracefully gesticulating flower. He subsided in flowing lines, with his head hanging over the fender to show that the metamorphosis was complete.

Some one whispered "Exquisite!" and some one else just breathed "Such interpretative imagination!" both remarks being meant for the dancer to hear. He got up, looking as foolish as his vanity would permit, and Cavia, all the appreciative hostess in every gracious gesture, advanced to him, begging: "Oh, Mr. Swash, won't you do your wonderful Evening Wind on the Pond?"

Then for the first time G. W. realized Cavia Bender. Black and white and orange like her room, she seemed to him a great and rare personality, full of originality and depth. As she greeted him, with as much of the New York smart-set indifference as could filter into Bohemia, he was chiefly conscious of her hair, which was of that pinkish-orange, crinkly quality the painters love. It was glowing and alive, and under it her heavy brows, slightly heavier from the judicious use of a dark pencil, met over a long, thin and very white nose. She had naturally the caved-in figure that with most modern women is an accomplishment, and it was emphasized by things hanging from unexpected places—scarfs and chains of less-than-semi-precious stones and a very slender train like a lizard's tail.

"So good of you to come!" she said in the low voice of breeding. "I hope you were in time to see Pelleas Swash dance. He has such talent—rhythm, you know—so rare!"

G. W. acknowledged, feeling a blush mounting, that he had.

"I've just done a sketch-portrait of Pelleas called Nothingness that I feel more expressively Ultimistic than anything else I've ever done. I'm going to read it later. Now I want you to meet Humdumderum Rab, the Yogi," she continued. "A real breath from the East—very stimulating."

He said something banal, while she trailed him round the room to be introduced to people before Swash did his Evening Wind on the Pond. Besides the Yogi, solemnly rude, he met several Futurist painters, a distinguished nature faker, and the woman who wrote Prayer Versus Physic.

In the decent interval allowed for Swash to change behind a screen his cheesecloth rag for the squirrel skin that seemed necessary for an evening wind, the author of Heaven's Barroom was asked to read some of his still unpublished Sonnets From the Eskimo, the manuscript of which he had brought with him.

And then Cavia, having done her social duty, left G. W., to greet a late comer—an exponent of the new cordless music of the Javanese—and our friend was left to the tender mercies of those about him, all of whom were busy trying to think of things to say that would be difficult if not impossible for the others to understand.

His eyes admiringly followed Cavia and he thought how wonderful she was. She had created a style like nothing else. She was brilliant—or so he thought—and all these famous people who did things considered her so. With the realization of his disadvantage among them came the desire, felt for the first time, to do something himself—original, daring, modern. G. W. had always considered himself as of the art world, because after a brief career as a student in Paris he had for several years sold pictures for a Fifth Avenue dealer. But although he had met Matisse in Paris and had known Condor in London, he had always been an outsider because he had never done anything himself. He had been too modest to attempt to continue painting, too confused by the quick-changing fashion in art. Just reconciled to Post-Impressionism, lo, it was a thing of the past, almost a tradition, a worn-out convention already difficult for the Paris dealers to market. Now that he found himself socially among the elect of the new school, ambition stirred in him again. But what could he do? Everything seemed to him to have been done. How had Cavia Bender ever happened to think of writing practically without words, as he now understood that she did? Why could he not think of some new manifestation of modernism himself?

He was temporarily distracted from the contemplation of his own near-fame by a stir about him and the sound of chairs being turned in one direction, and he saw that Cavia was about to begin reading. Fabyan, with an irritating air of ownership, rather ostentatiously cleared a becoming standing place where a lamp would shadow her face and nimbus her orange hair. Then he joined G. W. in order deftly to patronize him. G. W. hated the editor as he murmured his moist comments.

"Difficult for you at first—very subtle—but the compactness will get you. Never a commonplace—never a truism!"

"Nothingness—a Sketch-Portrait." Cavia began reading with a delicate sententiousness.

"Nothing mumbles but bricks are relishing. A dishpail, one skylark, fields threatening purple. Lobsters and wind, wind and roosters, and red, red wine. Why are there not bolsters? And what is the matter with the coverlid? The smell of kerosene. And everything not. What was a question is an answer, and the answer is not impenetrating. Floors receding and not again. It is warmer and then some, and then some more and then not some. The grasshopper is green. What color is infidelity? Let it go!"

Cavia read these last words with staccato emphasis and with necessary pauses for impressiveness. In the momentary silence following the contrast between "grasshopper" and "infidelity" a prolonged, nasal, snorting sound was distinctly audible to practically everybody in the room, and all eyes turned in the direction of Humdumderum Rab. In church or in a Pullman the sound would have been instantly identified as coming from one sleeping on his back. A stout lady, with an embedded bracelet and kindly prominent eyes, whispered, awe-stricken:

"Hush! I think the Swami is in a trance."

"Yes," said an Eastern-looking man next to her; "he has eaten nothing for four days. It is the beginning of the seventh stage of complete knowledge. I saw it coming. He lost consciousness at the very start—at the word 'bricks.'"

"What luck!" ejaculated a Philistine named Wigham in a low voice, but the speaker was not located and the blasphemy therefore ignored.

Humdumderum Rab must have felt the tense interest in the air, for he started slightly and his long yellowish eyelids flickered. In an instant he understood. From between his lavender lips there came a sigh as from another world.

"The unknown!—the unknowable!" he murmured. "The eternal oneness. I have grasped it as in a dream!" And he closed his eyes again.

Cavia, quite annoyed by this temporary division of interest, took up the thread of her reading where the interruption had broken it, indicating by a faint tightening of her lips that the continuity of her effect had been somewhat marred. There was a general settling down again to rapt attention.

When she stopped there was no noisy demonstration of enthusiasm, no vulgar applause, but the great silence of thought. Each guest wished to convey to her the subtle tribute of having been overcome by the profundity of her new form of literary expression, to show the right appreciation of her vividly condensed impressions. None there would have voiced his failure to understand, for it would have been an acknowledgment of inferior receptivity. G. W. did not have to simulate interest. His uncomplicated psychology accepted without analysis this original contribution, this revolt against the time-honored tradition of literary technique.

He listened eagerly to the conversation from where he had been packed, between a flat black bowl containing a single white iris and a portière of orange linen with a black-and-white checkerboard pattern running round it.

"Dear old Bender," said a fat Irishman, who was reviving lilting in the original Gaelic, "she knows the significance of the inanimate to express action. I have always said that the value of the fragmentary is cumulative."

"It is not so much that," said a disciple of Rembrandt, "as her color quality, the juxtaposition of contrasts that forces the note in values."

"Yes, but don't you think that integral formlessness has its justification? Otherwise ——"

G. W. lost what would have been otherwise, for the orange curtain suddenly bulged from behind and a mildly frightened-looking and apologetic old lady emerged. It was Cavia's mother, Mrs. Adolphus Busey, whose second marriage, having proved once more the undesirability of confirmed inebriety in the domestic relation, brought her to live with and keep house for her talented daughter. She now appeared for the first time that evening, making significant signs to Cavia to indicate that her efforts, in conjunction with those of the cook-maid, had been brought to a timely conclusion long since heralded by the acrid smell of cooking. Cavia patted her with great kindness on the shoulder and smiled down at her with the condescension of the artistic for the practical. Pleased by her daughter's gentle approval, the old lady turned to lead the way to the dining room—wagging her tail, so to speak, with satisfaction—and disappeared again behind the dividing draperies.

At supper, served in a small adjoining room, chastely white, there reigned a cacophony of voices pitched in every key, the clatter of forks on plates and bottles on glasses. But it was not gay and there was little laughter. There was no humor in these groups, or they could not have existed; and the outsider, if present, had to take them as seriously as the individuals took themselves. It needed only one personality like Humdumderum Rab to cast a certain gloom. He sat superior and apart, more orientally incapable of humor than the most solemn. If anyone ventured anything resembling a good-natured sally or even an inadvertent slip of light-mindedness, he gazed up at them in pathetic and reproachful silence, with the grieved look of a cow impaled on a barbed-wire fence. To G. W. this remoteness, so concentratedly aloof, held a certain awesome charm.

But in Any Case It Had to be Remembered That This Was a Soul Portrait

As he followed the others into the dining room, a sympathetic fat lady who had studied occultism—Mrs. Livering-Spotts—saw him coming and fell upon him with exclamations of enthusiasm.

"Isn't the Swami delicious? Isn't he the most spiritual thing you ever saw? It's too wonderful to work with him and

learn how to go into trances and all that. But he hasn't been able to teach me to go without food yet. He's what they call a Tantrum, I understand. He's already shown me how to simulate sleep and yet be perfectly conscious."

"I shouldn't think that would be so hard," said G. W. "I've felt that way very often myself."

"Oh, but this is quite different," she continued. "To begin with, you have to be very spiritual and abstract, and then you begin to absorb."

Having delivered herself of this she handed him her now empty ice-cream plate, and, brushing cake crumbs from her lap, got up to go. As she shook hands with him she said:

"I must get home early. I have to absorb again to-night before I go to bed. Good night." She waddled away and he could hear her throwing off: "Delightful evening! So spiritual! Such a good mind!"

G. W. was by this time conscious that his own power to absorb had been neglected, and so he crowded in to the table, exhibiting an appetite wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of Shiva.

Soon the guests drifted away by twos and threes, Pelleas Swash looking, even to G. W.'s converted vision, singularly meretricious in his ordinary clothes. Yet our neophyte stayed on, conscious of the indiscretion of lingering, but unable to tear himself away before he could touch the hem of Cavia's garment. Fabyan, with his irritating air of being at home, seemed to have somewhat the same idea. He even had the temerity, as he hung about, to rally Mrs. Busey, who fluttered anxiously between the kitchenette and the front door—another sign of intimacy and security in friendship. Or was it more? G.W. felt a little pang of resentment at the thought.

It seemed almost as if by some understanding between them Cavia finally signaled to Fabyan and he reluctantly departed. Alone with her G. W. was at first vaguely bothered by the sounds of washing-up that came from behind the scenes, but as Cavia quite magnificently ignored them he also refused to admit a sordid blemish on his hour. To him she seemed like some exotic nenuphar that floated faintly perfumed, moonlit and mysterious above dark tropic waters. So she reclined, white and listless, cushioned against black-velvet pillows, her hair aflame, her lips apart, her round white arms inert. On her slender neck, as on a stem, lilylike, she bent her head forward, looking out at him from under the straight brows that met.

She Had Suddenly Stiffened and Her Ungainly Length Leaned at an Acute Angle Against the Frail Inadequacy of the Salesman's Chest

"You have never tested your potentialities. One has to create. It is, after all, one's only excuse for being, and until one has known the joy of self-expression one hasn't really lived. How old are you?" she asked, throwing interest into her voice.

He admitted his twenty-eight years.

"Of course," she said, "you are absurdly young for real accomplishment. But you are at the perfect age for the beginning of expression, and you must not wait. After thirty, you know, it is too late. We can make no new channels in our brains, only deepen the ones we have already made. That is why we must lay the foundation for all original creative work while we are still young, before it is too late to steer aside from the conventional habit of our thought."

Though G. W. had heard all this said before, somehow from her it carried more conviction. Perhaps it was the way she said it and the way she looked. He loved her poise, the sureness of her formulation. But better still he loved the look of her slender white fingers playing through the onyx beads of her *sautoir*, and of her long, pale, polished nails that clicked against the hardness of her pendant as she swung it gently on its chain or held it against the tinted ivory of her cheek as she sought a word.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said. "You are quite right; but tell me about yourself, your own wonderful work. How did it develop? How did you find yourself mistress of an art so different, so—so distinctive?" He hesitated.

She had to consider; had to forget those little yellow squares.

"I don't know," she said unegotistically. "You see, I have read so much—almost everything—and it all got to sound alike to me—same people in different clothes, same love story, same old human problems. But worst of all, everlastingly the same words, just like the dinners one goes to in the spring—same saddle of lamb, same peas, same asparagus, same early-in-the-season strawberry ice cream, just different cooks, all taught in the same school, all catering to the same proper-minded taste. I couldn't bear to write like that. If I wanted to describe, for instance, a plumpish but virginal young girl getting up to sing a song of Debussy's in a hot room to a crowd of people, I couldn't just begin: 'She felt Reginald's eyes upon her, burning through the fashionable throng that, hemming her in as she moved quivering to the piano, seemed to weigh down her soul.' It wouldn't seem to me like that, would it to you?"

He said: "No, of course it wouldn't—certainly not!"

"To me," she enlarged, "it would all be in one word, the right word, exactly right. But I should have to find it, and to find it just steep myself in the atmosphere of that room, use all my senses at once, see that girl in yellow, hear Reginald's smothered sigh, smell the oxygenless music room, feel the crush, and so on. And then suddenly the word would come, as if from the accumulation and very intensity of my perception—'banana,' just 'banana.' I can't help feeling sure that any sensitive and high-strung artist would follow me. You do, don't you?" she asked, holding him in her expectant smile as she bent a little nearer to him.

"Why, of course I do," he cried enthusiastically. "Anyone would. I mean any—as you say—sensitive person would. I got it right away. By Jove, you are wonderful, Miss Bender!"

Noting her effect with satisfaction, she continued: "Naturally my point of view, being unrelated to that of any school, seems to challenge the most cruel criticism and misunderstanding; and some of the unimaginative, narrow, stupid people we were just talking about ——"

She stopped, reconsidering the advisability of telling him what they said. "But this must all bore you, and I want to hear about you—your own ideals and aspirations."

She stood up now, grown restless. She shrugged a little wearily, and made some telling upward motions with her arms that suggested the hopelessness of being misunderstood, and that at the same time left her hands whiter. He felt at once poignantly the cruelty of her detraction. He would be her knight, and this in spite of the fact that she had already forgotten about his ideals and aspirations and had wandered away to the mantelpiece. "I think I must be tired," she said with a little pathetic cadence in her voice. And she was tired—tired of him.

She had him where she had meant him to be. Not that she wanted him anywhere especially, but that worthless as he was to her she could not resist that dictate of feminine habit that made even the superfluous male somehow desirable. Seeing in his eyes her conquest complete she wanted no more of him for the time being. An impulse came to him. He had never done such a thing before—he had seen it done in Europe and had laughed—but before he went he stooped and awkwardly, reverentially, kissed her hand. Then in confusion he fled.

The borrowed maid had returned to the neighboring apartment. The hot and weary cook had gone to bed. Only Mrs. Busey remained active, putting out the lights, pushing back furniture into a semblance of its original order. Cavia's salon was over.

II

BURBLER'S, as everybody knows, occupies a chaste and expensive corner on upper Fifth Avenue; but Burbler himself, as everybody does not know, has been dead these fifteen years, and the reserved dark gentleman who answers to the name is the elder of the two Epsteins, his nephews, who inherited the business from their aunt, Mrs. Burbler. Nothing, however, has been changed, and the establishment has the same atmosphere of exclusive opulence that its founder imparted to it. "I got it at Burbler's" is a shibboleth of the newly rich our country over.

Never did anyone so successfully coördinate the two functions of art critic and art merchant without impairing either his reputation or his bank account. But Burbler did it, and after having properly educated his prospective victim until the latter believed implicitly in his own ability to distinguish a restoration from an original, he would let him purchase an Old Master or two at an otherwise prohibitive price; or, better, accept a commission to find him something unusual on his annual trip to Italy or Holland.

Nobody ever went astray at Burbler's, running after strange, new artistic gods. He would sell you, somewhat regretfully, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Corot or a Constable, but he classed all the moderns, including Monet, as quacks and mountebanks and would have none of them. In a word, Burbler stood on the impregnable rock of tradition, and made money when nobody else could, by the simple artifice of encouraging you to ride and then selling you the horse.

Everything he sold was guaranteed, but there was no need of a guarantee, for nothing out of Burbler's could have been aught but genuine. One glance at the window was enough to satisfy the passer-by of the integrity of the proprietor and the exclusive character of his wares. A heavy green-velvet curtain, the background for a single masterpiece, brilliantly illuminated by a row of concealed electric lights, was all one saw. Sometimes a precious vase, a bit of jade, added—like the patch on the cheek of a *grande dame*—a note of contrast; but as a rule there was only a single masterpiece—always a masterpiece and almost priceless.

Inside were the inner and the outer galleries, the folios of water colors and the framing department. Everything was choice and absolutely sound according to the canons of mid-Victorian taste. There was no lure, no barker. Those who came to Burbler's came because they wished to buy and insisted on buying. Louie Epstein, acting the part of the deceased Burbler, was the personification of indifference. He came out of the remote rear only when Burbler was specifically insisted upon. To coin a phrase, "he wore a faraway look." His whole attitude was at first discouraging. Later, after the visitor had properly identified himself, he would lead the way in an awe-struck manner to the Holy of Holies, and with an air of delicate bereavement draw aside the curtain that concealed the Hoppner or the Gainsborough from the vulgar view.

Abie Epstein, the younger brother, ran the gallery in Paris and bought the pictures. The only other members of the New York staff were the young lady who kept the books, attended to the correspondence, and exhibited the water colors and etchings; four pale-faced, long-haired salesmen, and the young man who stood by the door in a cut-away coat and exhibited the pictures to those who did not demand the deceased Mr. Burbler. His task required discretion, tact and some knowledge of art. The young man was G. W.

Up to the time of his visit to Cavia's studio G. W. had taken himself and his occupation wholly seriously. Not that

he intended by any means to remain a picture salesman permanently, but the unexpected collapse of the securities in which his small patrimony was invested had compelled the giving up of his studies in Paris in the middle of his first winter and demanded a more practical application to the pursuit of art. The abrupt transition from the flamboyant glories of the *pleine aire* cult to the sober and conventional treatment of the older schools, as exhibited at Burbler's, had at first confused and unsettled him. Gradually he had imbibed what he supposed to be the point of view of the Epsteins, his employers, and after a year or two he out-Burbled the departed Burbler in his adherence to conventionality. Not particularly original, although entirely sincere, he accepted what he regarded as the judgment of those who knew, and came to disdain anything that seemed to smack of originality. Louie Epstein treated him like a dog and regarded him as a jewel without price. As a salesman for Burbler's, G. W. could not have been duplicated.

And then accidentally he had met Fabyan, the editor and connoisseur, and had entered upon another phase of his artistic career. The old dormant creative desire, so long suffocated and smothered in the depressing atmosphere of the Fifth Avenue gallery, stirred and quickened. The almost forgotten days in Paris, the days he had steeled himself to forget, rushed back upon his memory, rainbow-hued, ecstatic. Over his cocktail at the Chit-Chat Club the old art slang of the Quartier flowed as trippingly from his tongue as it had over the iron tables of the Boule Miche.

The soil of his nature was ready for the rain—almost any rain after the drought of Burbler's—and he had sucked up the heavy-laden atmosphere surrounding Cavia like a sponge. He had raised his head like a wilted and exceedingly modest violet, ashamed of having wilted and ashamed of being a violet. He knew that he had no place in her wild garden of exotics, in the midst of which she rose slenderly, a pale flower exuding a strange, unearthly perfume. He had dreamed of her all night long as he tossed on his wire mattress on the fourth floor rear of his boarding house on West Forty-eighth Street—sometimes as an oval-faced madonna, sometimes as a wistful medieval princess with long twisted braids of rouge-orange hair, and sometimes as the Byzantine Theodora, her breasts and arms covered with uncouth, bizarre mosaic ornaments. Through the rear window had floated the odors of Araby and the Orient, peacocks strutted among palm trees, temple bells jangled harshly, and the distant reflection from Broadway upon the ceiling turned it into a moonlit pool upon which she floated like a lily—serene, alluring, mysterious.

He arose limp and exhausted and still in his dream. The sounds and smells of Fifth Avenue seemed dim and different. Even the sunlight had a violet tinge. He felt a new sensitiveness of impression, a capacity for emotion that was new to him. He perceived a sort of ultimate significance in things he had regarded commonplace before. He almost wept at the sight of an Armenian selling hokey-pokey. But with it all there was a feeling of strength, almost of boldness to dare and to do.

He was ten minutes late at Burbler's, and entered with a detached expression, not at all lost on Miss Julie Tytton, the practical young lady who shared with him the higher duties of the gallery. She was a pretty, businesslike girl of the New England type, with a quick tongue and big dark-brown eyes, almost black, that could gleam with fun or flash, if aroused, like rapid-fire guns. She knew G. W. like a book, liked him very much, and admired both his modesty and the undeniable artistic talent which she saw that he possessed.

It may be stated without injustice or fear of misinterpretation that she regarded G. W. to a certain degree as belonging to her. And he was, or at least had been, undeniably interested in Julie. But as he entered Burbler's that morning and saw her blue-black head with its straight white part and hair smoothly drawn back bent over the correspondence, he realized the real lack of intellectual sympathy between them, her utter imperviousness to artistic appreciation, and his own spiritual superiority. Julie was a clerk, a clodhopper, and she would never be anything else; while he—he already heard the trumpet of creative inspiration. Poor Julie! He felt some compunction about her, for he had made her the recipient of his every thought—almost—and had taken her to the movies with the utmost regularity. Poor Julie, in the act of indorsing "Received payment, Arthur Burbler, per J. T." at the foot of a bill for $68,000, made out to a well-known St. Louis dry-goods merchant, noted the vagueness with which G. W. hung up his hat in the easel closet.

"Good morning, G. W.," she said crisply. "Tired?"

"Good morning, Julie," he answered in a tone of slight self-consciousness. "Oh, no! I'm not tired. I suppose I've been thinking."

"I thought you were out with Fabyan last night," replied Julie with a delicate sarcasm entirely lost on G. W.

"Yes," he said, seating himself inarticulately in a black-walnut chair of Jacobean design. "I was. He took me to Miss Bender's studio. It was really—er—inspiring. I met a lot of interesting people—real people, you know; people that have done things—writers, painters, musicians, regular geniuses most of them."

"How exciting!" Julie folded the bill and placed it neatly in its envelope.

G. W. passed his hand across his forehead and gazed vacantly in the direction of the street. The green-velvet curtain behind the masterpiece in the window blocked his vision. An overwhelming conviction came over him that his life was just like that, smothered by the heavy conventionality of this commercial establishment in which he was imprisoned.

"You know," he remarked casually, "I'm thinking of leaving Burbler's."

Julie glanced at him in amazement.

"But you're getting fifty a week!" she exclaimed.

His scorn was magnificent.

"Yes," he retorted in suppressed fury; "I'm selling Epstein my immortal soul for fifty dollars a week!"

Julie with difficulty swallowed her astonishment. This was a new G. W., one the existence of which she had not suspected. She wondered if he could have drunk something queer at the Bender woman's. He looked excited.

"Anything else in view?"

He turned on her impatiently. "I want to be free!" he cried. "Throw off my shackles! Get rid of all this dollar business. I want intellectual sympathy and opportunity for self-expression."

"I'll Go," She Answered, Giving Him a Kiss Right in Front of Papetti

"Well, can't you do all that and keep your job too?" asked Julie.

"Here?" he challenged scornfully, casting a blighting glance round the darkened gallery. He dropped his head dramatically on his hands.

Julie was worried.

"Why don't you ask Epstein for a vacation?" she asked soothingly.

"Oh," he groaned; "that isn't what I want!"

"Well, what is it you want?" she persisted.

"I don't know! I don't know!" he groaned. "'The desire of the moth for the star,' I suppose!" he added half unconsciously.

And then bitterly she knew and understood.

The arrival of Mr. Louie Epstein at this juncture gave Julie a not unwelcome opportunity to collect herself. G. W. was gone, moonstruck on some other girl—Cavia Bender probably. Julie had seen her occasionally at Burbler's, knew all about her, and frequently parodied her ravings for the amusement of the other girls at luncheon. But Julie also realized that the Bender woman was beautiful, and evidently she had G. W. hypnotized. Her own course was plain.

"I suppose it is dreadfully dull here!" she remarked after Epstein had taken the checks that had come in the mail and disappeared behind the rear gallery. "You ought to go out more with the kind of people you met last night. It must have been quite wonderful."

G. W. expanded to her sympathy.

"It *was* wonderful!" he sighed responsively. "Do you know, Miss Bender has an extraordinary genius! I didn't get on to that word-painting of hers at first, but at the end I felt all its virility and suggestiveness. Think of the artistic conviction, the courage, it takes frankly to discard the whole system of written and spoken language as founded on a fundamental misconception and start all over again. It's primordial, gigantic, elemental!"

"She is a very remarkable woman and she moves in a most unusual circle," agreed Julie. "It must be a privilege to know them. I've never even met a person like that."

"It's a tremendous stimulus," asserted G. W., already feeling himself to belong to the penumbra of that brilliant constellation.

"I don't suppose you could take me—sometime?" hazarded Julie innocently. "Just as a sort of spectator."

G. W. visibly quailed. Julie in that power-house of genius would have short-circuited every wire.

"I—I don't know," he stammered. "They are all very sensitive to atmosphere. Later on, perhaps ——"

And from his expression Julie knew that she and Cavia, the high-priestess of Ultimism, swam on different intellectual levels for G. W.

"You see their point of view is so *recherché*," continued G. W. with a slight effort at conciliation. "The mere fact that a thing has always been regarded as so-and-so isn't accepted as any reason that it is so at all. In point of fact it's more apt to be taken as a reason that it isn't. That of course is the true scientific spirit. In Nature, for example, electricity has changed our entire conception of natural forces. And the discovery of radioactivity has changed, I believe, the entire—er—application of electricity. It is precisely the same way with the intellectual life. The latent powers of the soul force, the control of mind over body and all matter, the theory of vibrations, give us an entirely new set of values. Take Humdumderum Rab, for instance ——"

"Who?" ejaculated Julie.

"Humdumderum Rab, the great Yogi, you know," went on G. W., absorbed in his vision of the spiritual. "I met him last night. He's a most extraordinary intellectual force. He's so reduced his body into subjection that he eats practically nothing, and requires no sleep—that is," he added doubtfully, recalling the sonorous trumpetings of the philosopher during the preceding evening, "not regular sleep. He lives most of the time in a trance, during which his mind is preternaturally clear—clairvoyant, you know—and leaves his body."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Julie. "It becomes an astral body."

"Exactly," said G. W., rather disappointed at her unexpected knowledge of the occult, and hoping he had properly interpreted Humdumderum's remarks. "I mention the Yogi merely by way of illustration," he continued, "for my own interests are, of course, in the domain of art rather than of philosophy. But it is precisely the same way there. We have never looked beyond the end of our noses; or if we have," he added with an inspiration, looking toward the window, "our vision has been blocked by the green curtain of conventionality.

"Take literature, for instance. We go on reading Shakspere and Dickens and Scott and all those old dead ones without even asking if they are using the proper medium of expression. That's where Miss Bender is so wonderful. She says the theory that any established form of words must convey best a particular idea is ridiculous. We think so because we've been taught so. It's just like painting. Everybody thought that shadows must be black until Monet discovered that they were blue. We were all looking through our grandmothers' spectacles. But the true artist is an interpreter, a critic, and he must look at life through his own eyes. He doesn't accept anything because somebody else has said it's so. He asks himself what the thing really suggests—to him—and paints it or writes it as he sees or hears it. Then the artist becomes an individual and not a mere parrot—a camera. Of course it takes courage." He paused.

"It takes genius," supplemented Julie.

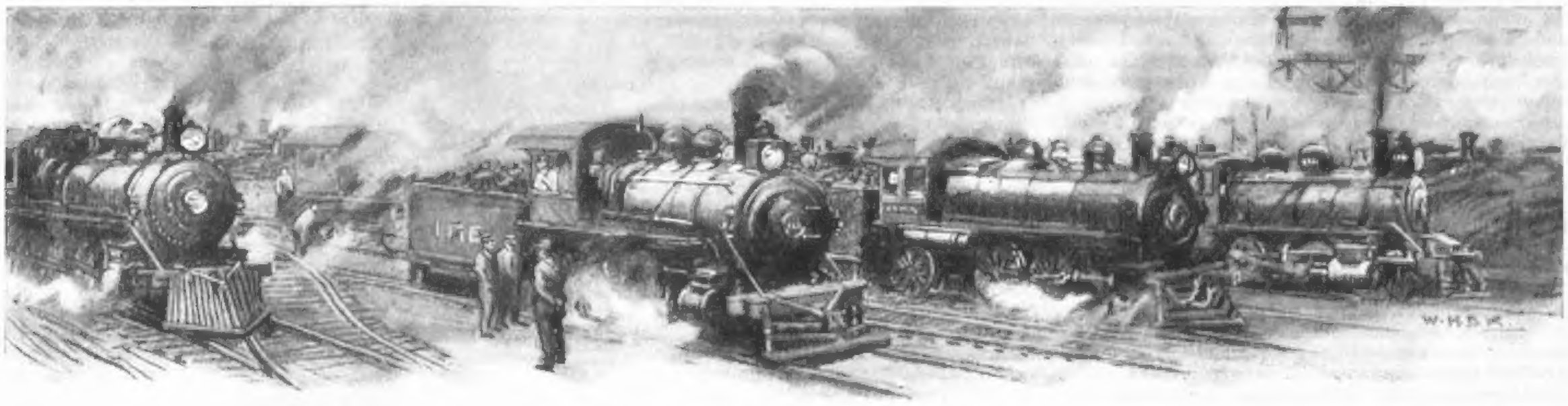
"Yes, genius!" he agreed exaltedly.

She listened half amused, half in admiration, for she had never regarded G. W. as a mute, inglorious Milton. On the contrary, she had put him down as a practical, straightforward, clean young American, with simple and wholesome tastes and some genuine artistic talent. If he was somewhat deficient in humor Julie felt that she had enough for two. His other deficiency was, or at least always had been, his lack of self-confidence. G. W. had always been what the people in her town had called diffident. Though not exactly an easy mark, to describe him as merely receptive was a euphemism. Almost anybody could convince him of almost anything. When she wanted to, Julie could twist him round her little finger, but unfortunately she realized that just now somebody else had been doing the twisting.

It was no time to match her strength against the unknown strength of Cavia Bender. Besides, here was the modest G. W. shouting from the housetops that he purposed, with Rab's assistance, to be a free man, a worm no longer.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE YARDMASTER'S JOB



A Blockaded Yard May Mean a Blockaded Railroad

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

TWO miles to the east his domain begins; two miles to the west it ends. From the bay window of his high-set office sometimes he can see its beginning and its ending. The wind that comes down from the north is sharp and powerful, and it blows away the engine smoke that hangs over the black-breasted yards by day and by night and shows the yardmaster the big and distant roundhouses—one at the eastern gate of his domain, the other at the western. Between them—the funnel through which the traffic of one of the busiest railroads of the world is passing—his rule is undisputed. Master of the yard is he; and it is a mastery in which he takes no little pride.

This is Dewitt, one of the ten or twelve largest railroad yards in America—which means, of course, one of the largest in the world. From the east it is receiving cars and trains—from Boston and all the rest of New England, from New York, from Philadelphia and the anthracite districts of Pennsylvania. Into its western gate comes traffic from the greatest freight-making section we have ever known—bituminous coal from Pennsylvania and West Virginia, fast freight and slow from Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul—all the traffic-producing centers through to the west coast; grain, thousands and thousands of carloads of it—grain to feed the hungry peoples of distant continents; grain, until the general yardmaster begins to wonder where they can grow it all and where there can be enough people to eat it!

It is a real traffic, both east and west, and it requires a real yard to handle it. And so this yardmaster's domain, though but a very scant five miles in length, has one hundred and sixty-four miles in main tracks and sidings. These sidings placed end to end would make a single-track railroad from New York to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or from Chicago to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Forty switching engines are employed in the service of the yard. There are many main-line divisions of sizable railroads averaging from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty miles in length that cannot boast an assignment of forty locomotives, including freight and passenger. The big yard employs from three hundred to four hundred men, and these—as we shall see—represent a large part of its problem.

Moving Dead Freight

FOR the instant, consider the functions of a centrally located yard such as this. They can be compared roughly to those of a post office or an express office handling great quantities of letters, newspapers, magazines or packages. Each of these is marked for transportation to a destination and must be forwarded with no loss of time to that destination. The yardmaster handles cars as the postmaster handles his letters. And in this particular yard he handles them rapidly and handles them well. If he did anything less it would not be very long before there would be a new general yardmaster in command in the high-set office.

To see the workings of this yard, take a typical train and watch the handling of its car units. We climb down from the yardmaster's office and go with him to the tower that guards the western gate of his domain. A long train is clanking past. It has come through from Suspension Bridge, still one of the great freight hubs of America and one hundred and fifty miles to the west. It has eighty-eight cars, carrying some twenty-three hundred tons of freight, and it is pulled by a big Schenectady engine, with the strength of a mastodon and a heartbeat as soft as that of a woman. The engine's number is 3168, and that number has been given on the dispatcher's sheets to its train as it made its weary eight-hour journey east from the Bridge.

This is slow freight—called on some roads dead freight, to differentiate it the more sharply from the fast freight or preference trains. These last have more standing on the railroad. They are placed on its working schedules and given train numbers, like the passenger trains.

We are intent on watching the progress of the twenty-three hundred tons of cargo that 3168 has safely convoyed in from the Canadian border. The big locomotive pulls its train, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, into one of the sidings of what the general yardmaster calls his advance yard of the east-bound movement. Engine 3168 quickly uncouples and finds her way to the nearby roundhouse, where she will be rested and cleaned until it comes her time to go west again. The train she has just hauled in has lost its identity; her engineer and fireman have signed off and are washing up for a trip into the nearby city and an evening at the theater.

The conductor does not shake off his responsibility quite so easily. Ahead of his train the telegraph wire has borne a "consist" of it, giving its report, car by car, by road initial and serial number. On his journey east from the Bridge the conductor has made up his own report. His first act on arriving at Dewitt is to deliver the running slips for the cars to the car markers, who walk down the side of the train and mark each car with chalk in accordance with its slips. Those chalk marks are useful when the classifying begins. The conductor then takes his report to the nearest yardmaster's office, after which it is his turn to inquire whether there is a lively show in town that evening.

A switch engine removes the caboose from the rear of the string of cars and places it on the caboose track, where it will wait until its time comes to return to the Bridge. And then, in due turn, a powerful switch engine will gather up these eighty-eight cars and will make her slow progress toward the hump—that artificial hill at which centers the yard switching.

A Yard That Has Two Humps

THE hump is the heart of the modern railroad yard. Dewitt has two humps—one for the eastbound and the other for the westbound traffic. By skillful planning both have been placed side by side under the bay window of the general yardmaster's office and easily he could throw a stone over the farther of the two; for though Dewitt represents a maximum of railroad classification, with a standing capacity for eleven thousand cars on its one hundred and sixty-four miles of sidings, its flat location on a broad and marshy plain has made it possible to concentrate its workings within short reach of the general yardmaster's office. He is passing proud of this, and will tell you how well it compares with Collinwood, or Gardenville, or Altoona, or Brunswick, or Kansas City; for he has more than a casual acquaintance with the great freight-traffic hubs of America.

"I'm a sort of field marshal," he explains to you; "and I've got to be close to the whole game. Now here we are—a sizable yard, as you can see for yourself; and yet here at the humps we're as thin as the waist of a French chorus girl. Back of us here are the two through passenger tracks—though they're not of much account at Dewitt. The boys don't turn any more to see the Twentieth Century go scootin' by.

"In front of us are the works—the two humps—an' between them the through tracks for the fast freights east and west, leading into their own classification yards, for what holds true of the slow stuff is doubly true of the fast, though we haven't the time allotted us for handling it. We use the flat switching on the fast stuff. But if you want to see how the hump has come into its own you've got to watch it handle the slow."

As you go across to see the hump at close range you ask the general yardmaster—his name, by the way, is Tom Leonard—how it came into use.

"I've been told that it was down round Baltimore somewhere," he replied. "It seems they had a track scale that was set a little higher than

While the Feasting and Merriment Were High a Switch Engine Hooked On to its Sleeping Car

the ordinary, and some yardmaster—perhaps it was a freight conductor—found that by giving the cars a little push they would slide off the scale by themselves. That saved sending the switcher over the scale, which is always ticklish work."

You must not acquire any exaggerated idea of the size of the hump. For winter use, when traffic is at its heaviest and the cars are most difficult to move, it is raised barely ten feet above the level of the rest of the yard. The summer hump is even lower. And yet over either a powerful ten-drivered switch engine can put a string of a hundred cars in something like forty minutes if the cuts are not too short or too extraordinarily frequent. When Leonard speaks of a cut he means a single division of the cars, usually from one to five.

"We take a hundred cars at a bite," he tells you. "In flat switching ten or twelve is the limit. That's the reason for the hump." He pauses a moment, then adds: "That yard conductor's got to be on his job every blessed minute! He must know every one of these cars before they come up for the cut; he must bear in mind the temperature, the direction and the velocity of the wind—all of which have a direct bearing on the strength of the kick required to send a cut just where it is wanted. The cut must move just far enough and just fast enough to couple on to the standing cars on the classification tracks without causing damage or leaving gaps."

You yourself can see the reason for the hump if you will stand and for a minute observe it in operation. A crew, consisting of a conductor and from a dozen to fifteen brakemen, or riders as they are known in the yards, in addition to the men in the engine cab and four or five switch tenders, does the work. The engine keeps slowly poking its string of cars up toward the hump. The conductor, a yardmaster's list in hand, makes the uncouplings quickly and easily by use of the automatic apparatus that has become universal on freight-car equipment within the past dozen years. A rider boards the forward end of each cut.

The men at the switches which lead to the eighteen long parallel sidings that lead from the approach or ladder track have been furnished with copies of the riders' lists, but the riders take no chances. From their vantage points they signal to the switchmen the destination of the cut. Their signals must be mute, for much of the work at Dewitt is done against the west wind, when a man's voice will hardly carry a hundred feet against it.

First Aid to Congested Yards

TWO hands thrust out quickly from the side of the hat, then sharply dropped down—the cut is finding a clear path to number sixteen track. It is destined for Boston and the siding toward which it is bound is called Allston, the distributing point for that great metropolitan district right round the Hub. A sharp pass with the right hand—another cut is rolling into Weehawken. Two sharp thrusts of the left hand—the third cut is going into B. & M. Each siding has its distinctive name and a distinguishable rider signal to accompany it.

There is a track for system empties and another for foreign empties, the names given by the men to the rolling stock of the home road and that of its fellows. There is a track for cripples, as the cars that need repairs are called; another for coal gondolas, and still another for coopers—the empty box cars that are in sufficiently good condition to haul grain. And when these sidings are filled there will be nearly eighteen hundred standard freight cars assorted and waiting to move forward again.

Wright is Something of a Field Marshal

Leonard calls your attention to one of the niceties of his yard. It is a small gasoline car that runs on its own track from the farthest of the siding switches back to the crest of the hump.

"You hear a good deal of talk about efficiency," he says; "and sometimes they do give us a kink that is worth while. That little car brings the riders back in two minutes. It's a quarter of a mile to the farthest switch up the ladder, and it used to take them twenty minutes to foot it back."

It is a good idea, but not entirely new, for there have been yards where switch engines have been used for this purpose, and another where a trolley car was rigged; but the gasoline car is simplest and least expensive to operate.

Forty minutes, and a hundred cars are over the hump. It is good switching. There is a big yard up in western Pennsylvania where they throw the switches by electric push buttons from a tower set over the hump and boast of one hundred and thirty-three cars handled in sixty minutes. And on the occasion of a memorable test in the Oak Island Yard of the Lehigh Valley, one hundred and fifty-three cars, divided into ninety-six cuts, were once classified in forty-two minutes. But the Dewitt switching is good, and before you realize it the big engine is down in the advance yard picking up two or three trains that followed 3168 in from the West. You look at the classification tracks.

Line Brakemen Excite the Eternal Envy of the Farmers' Boys

Three hours of morning work in the yard and the eighteen sidings of the eastbound slow yard are filling. Long trains are nearly ready—for Sixty-fifth Street and Weehawken, which are the road's great terminals at New York; for Allston, Springfield, West Albany, the Boston & Maine—trains that will move solidly to those destinations, only changing engines, cabooses and crews at intervening division points.

The general yardmaster's clerk is already telephoning the dispatchers of the divisions that lie through the valley to the east; the crews are being called and the engines made ready for the runs. In a little time cabooses and engines will be attached and the classification sidings emptied, while more slow freights go pounding their way down toward the Atlantic seaboard, each known as before by the number of the engine that pulls it.

There is no sending of several trains at one time, because a good dispatcher must avoid bunching trains, just as a good yardmaster avoids bunching his switch engines. Both are bad errors in railroad judgment. So Leonard gives the eastbound a train every thirty minutes, the westbound at forty-five-minute intervals; for at Dewitt the heavy traffic at all seasons of the year is bound toward the seabourd. Whole trainloads of empty cars move westward, and this means fewer trains and more cars to the train. And the classification tracks of the westbound devoted to system and foreign empties are far busier. From the first of these, cars are dispatched on order—the gondolas to the mines and the boxes wherever there happens to be a call for them.

Turn now from the physical side of the yard to its human. As a beginning, consider Tom Leonard at Dewitt. He has called himself a field marshal of the railroad, and rightly so. He is big framed and big minded; and, what is considerably more important, he has come up through the ranks of railroaders. Some thirty-five years ago he was serving as a laborer in the old Town House Freight Station of the Lake Shore at Toledo. He had strong arms, a clear mind and an inborn aptitude for railroading; and he began climbing the ladder—from the bottom. He became a car recorder, a freight-house foreman, a bill man, a bill clerk, an in-freight clerk—eventually master of a small yard.

From that time forward they gave him bigger yards, until finally he came to his big post at Dewitt, an eleven-thousand-car yard; and seven yardmasters are under him. Nor is his domain exactly bounded by the roundhouses at the east and the west gates of Dewitt. They have a way of sending for him at times when trouble breaks loose at some congested corner of the big system for which he works.

If he will he can tell you of a memorable night up at Watertown when they sent in an emergency call for him and he went up on the first passenger train. It had been snowing steadily for a week and blowing—snowing and blowing as it can snow and blow only in Northern New York—and Watertown Yard was glutted with freight; sidings and main tracks alike. When Leonard arrived there his train was halted below the town at the congested yard. He jumped off the car and into his job. In an hour and forty-five minutes the yard was entirely open and a new feat had been written into the annals of the division.

"How did you do it?" you ask him.

He modestly disclaims any glory in connection with the affair, and says:

"It wasn't much. It was easy. I took the track handiest to the roundhouse, put an engine and crew on its cars, and told them to haul the whole shebang to Norwood, ninety miles up the line, and never to stop until they had crossed the Rutland tracks up there. From the next track I sent the cars seventy-two miles to the south—to Syracuse. That left me two tracks to classify in, and the rest was easy."

"But the shippers—the consignees in the Watertown District whose cars went dancing off to Norwood and Syracuse—they must have howled for their freight."

"Young man, remember this," observed Tom Leonard; "there's going to be less howling over seventy or eighty delayed cars than over a thousand!"

After all, yard surgery is not so very different from some other forms of surgery. You cannot cut for relief without hurting somewhere.

When Lame Ducks are in Charge

SOMETIMES a general yardmaster like Leonard will be sent to a yard that is not congested by hard weather and inadequate facilities, but by human incapacity. There is a gray-haired yardmaster in the great traffic district between Pittsburgh and Chicago who remembers one time when he was sent to ease a bad situation in a small yard not far from Cleveland. A small yard that is generally inadequate is a harder railroad problem, as a rule, than one of the big fellows like Dewitt or Gardenville or Altoona, which have every facility for freight movement; but the inadequacy in this case was human rather than physical.

The general yardmaster saw that in a moment; but he hesitated at action in the matter. He saw some other things as well. Over beyond the grimy yard office was a little brick house set in a garden, and there was nothing grimy about the little house and the little garden, or the little woman who moved from one to the other.

The grizzled old general looked—and understood. Perhaps he remembered too—remembered the days when there had been a little house and a little garden out by the side of a yard along the bank of the yellow Missouri, where he had his training. At any rate he decided to let the young man have another try at the yard.

So when a letter came to him at his own office from the general superintendent, asking whether it was not time to make a change at Y——, the old fellow ignored it. He ignored another a few weeks later, though meantime he had been in more than a little trouble because of that Y—— yard. Finally the general superintendent broke in on him one morning and demanded why there had been neither action at Y—— nor answer to his letters.

"He's a fine little man—my boss," that old yardmaster will tell you; "a square little man, if you please; listening, listening all the while, an' not sayin' much 'cept, 'Is that all, Mr. Jones?' or 'Thank you, Mr. Jones.' He heard me through about that poor lame duck at Y——. 'Is that all?' he says.

"'That's all,' says I, 'save that I was tryin' to protect him an' his.' He turned to me like a flash—as near as I ever seen him mad. 'I should have had his record, Mr. Jones!' he says. 'Don't you want to protect me too?' That gave me a new view of the boss. I'd 'a' thought it sort o' easy for him, as if he could do what he pleased. Now I saw he was just like myself—sort of a part of the works, as you might say. I guess I told him as much, for he was saying in a moment, as if nothin' had happened: 'That's all right, Mr. Jones; that's all right! Now what do you want to do at Y——?'

"Then I told him he was tryin' to run a hundred-dollar job with a seventy-dollar man. That was all there was to it. He didn't say anything to that. I suppose his boss had been crowdin' him pretty hard on the expenses too. He just thought; and when he left me he said: 'I'll take it up with the superintendent up there.'"

In the long run Y—— had a new yardmaster and his salary was fixed at one hundred dollars a month. It had occurred to some one at headquarters that it was cheaper to pay thirty dollars a month more on the pay roll than ten times as much for claims arising on perishable freight caught in the constant blockades there. The man with the little house, the little garden and the little wife was given a job where he could fit.

It is the boast of the railroad for which he works that it does not dismiss men for incapacity. If a man fails to make good on a job it holds that the incapacity is largely on its own shoulders for failing to judge him aright. So it does not discharge for incapacity; it merely rustles round and finds a job that is suited to the man. And by policies of that sort it retains the affection and loyalty of its men.

The man problem of the railroad yard does not cease with the yardmaster or his assistants. It barely begins with them. Ask any of these alert general yardmasters about the boomers who come to him for work. A boomer, be it known here and now, is a form of American itinerant in railroad service who comes and goes. He is here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow. If you were to take the *m* out of his title and substitute *z* for it you would hit the true character of the average boomer. As railroad help he is accepted only when the traffic runs at flood tide and no better material is in sight. Generally, however, he is a pretty costly sort of assistance.

Railroads to-day have a fairly definite policy of taking on or dropping men as the volume of traffic on their lines rises and falls. It enables any operating executive quickly to trim his cloth when earnings begin to drop and the slender margin between income and outgo which gives the stockholder his dividend or hopes of a dividend begins to narrow. This, however, means a sickening of the heart to the employee who is put on part time or cut out of a job—a distinct blow to the personnel of the railroad itself.

This lack of continuity that they must offer to so many of their workers is a great weakness in our railroads all the way across the land. The yard exemplifies this. It will employ many men in winter and comparatively few in summer. On the other hand, the track demands many workers in summer; few can do much with it through the stress of the hard months from November to March. Some day some railroad genius is going to arise and develop a plan by which the surplus of winter yard workers will be used for track maintenance and construction during the summer months. There are difficulties, which need not be recited here, in getting one class of railroad workers to do the work of another class; but the problem is not incapable of solution.

If you want to see the modern railroad worker as a specialist you will only have to notice a little more closely the riders who make the cuts at Dewitt and all the other big yards. They are of a race that seems recently born to meet a recently-created necessity. Line brakemen—those elegant fellows who ride on bright summer days atop of the red box cars and excite the eternal envy of the farmers' boys in the fields—do not make good yard brakemen. So it has come to pass that a man rarely changes from the one service into the other. The yardmasters are suspicious of such changes. They are the first to tell you that the riders are born to their work and never really trained; for they are constantly weeding out men who are incapable—incapable of the quick physical and mental work necessary in hump switching. The men who keep on the work—six or eight or ten years at the longest—are the pick of their fellows, as alert and as capable as picked squads in the navy or army.

A yard at any of the great terminals along the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards is a different problem and quite as large a one. For wherever the railroad touches the sea it gives, or receives, freight traffic. And if the port be one of our great metropolitan cities—such as Boston or New York or Seattle or San Francisco—the yard is a veritable gateway of the city. It becomes in its larger sense more than mere tracks and their control: it becomes in effect piers and floats and busy tugs.

Here is such a yard—at Waverly, just southwest of Newark. It is one of the great gateways of metropolitan New York—which in this sense includes Hoboken and Jersey City and Newark. Waverly is the wrist of a wide-spread hand whose fingers touch the commercial side of the largest town on the American continent at a dozen different points along the Jersey shore. From two of these last—Greenville, just behind the Statue of Liberty, and Harsemus Cove, close to the great shell of the nearly abandoned passenger station in Jersey City rail routes devoted almost exclusively to freight traffic extend to and join at Waverly. And at Waverly sits the man who nightly consolidates their traffic before it goes rolling down into the South and West.

His name is Wright and he, too, is master of that which he surveys. At four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon the various receiving stations of Manhattan and Brooklyn are closing their doors against traffic until the coming of another day. And at four-thirty Wright takes off his coat, knocks the ashes out of his pipe and begins his day's job, which, like that of the morning newspaper man, lasts far into the night.

Back in the Harbor of New York freight-car doors have been sealed and smart little tugs have begun to move the clumsy car floats toward the ferry bridges at Greenville or at Harsemus. There is not much loafing at either of

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THE MASTER MARINER

Matt Commenced His Apprenticeship on the Grand Banks, the Finest Training School for Sailors

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THREE generations of Peasleys had been building ships and sailing them out of Thomaston, Maine, before Matt Peasley hearkened to the call of the sea that was in his blood and fared forth for his first taste of dog's body and salt horse.

When he was fourteen years old, and very large for his age, Matt commenced his apprenticeship on the Grand Banks, which, when all is said and done, constitute the finest training school in the world for sailors. By the time he was seventeen he had made one voyage to Rio Janeiro in a big square-rigger out of Portland; and so smart and capable an A. B. was he for his years that the Old Man took a shine to him.

Confidentially he informed young Matt Peasley that, if the latter would stick by the ship, on his eighteenth birthday a billet as third mate should be the reward of his fealty; so Matt agreed and the captain taught him navigation.

On his return from his first voyage as third mate he went up for his second mate's certificate and passed very handily. He expected prompt promotion, but the Old Man knew the value of experience in a second mate—also the value of years and physical weight; so he told young Matt he was entirely too precocious, and that to sail as second mate before he was nineteen might tend to swell his ego. Ergo, Matt took a voyage to Liverpool and back as third mate before the Old Man boosted him.

For a year he did nicely; then, in a gale off the Orinoco River, with the captain too ill to appear on deck, the first mate went by the board, leaving the command of the ship to young Matt. She was dismasted at the time, but the lad brought her into Rio on the stumps, thus attracting some little attention to himself from his owners, who paid his passage back to Portland by steamer and found a second mate's berth for him in one of their clipper ships bound round the Horn.

Matt was too young to know they had their eyes on him for future skipper material and were sending him round Cape Horn for the invaluable experience he would encounter on such a voyage. All he realized was that he was going round the Horn, as became one of the House of Peasley, no member of which would ever regard him as a real sailor until he could point to a Cape Horn diploma as evidence that he had graduated from the school for amateurs.

Matt Peasley lacked two months of his twentieth birthday when he stepped onto a San Francisco dock, with a highly complimentary discharge in his pocket as second mate from the master of the clipper ship—for Matt had elected to quit. He had to, in fact, for on the way round

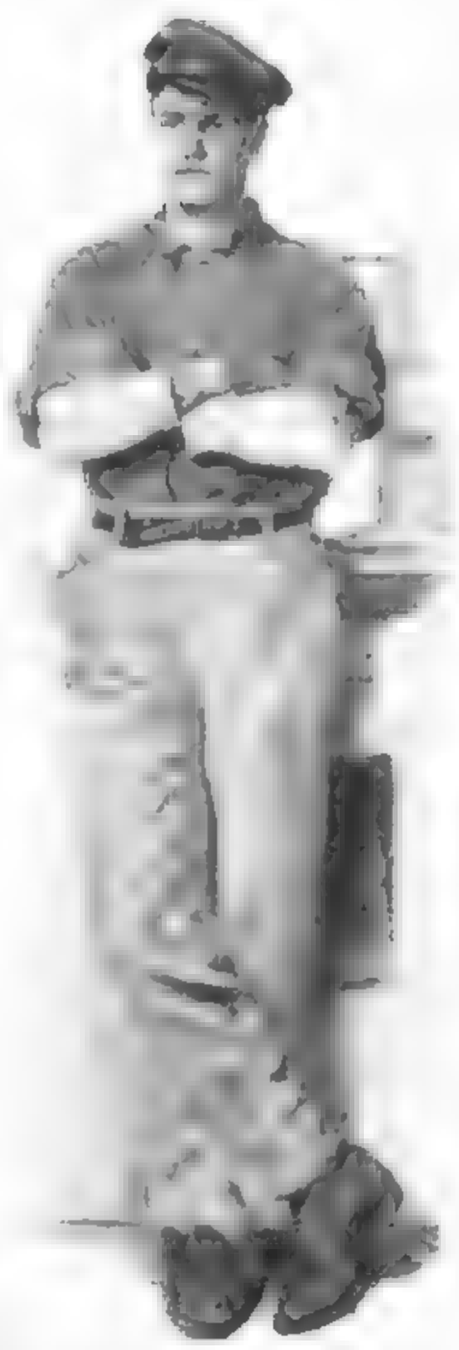
the mate had picked on him and called him Sonny and Mother's Darling Boy; and Matt having, in the terminology of the forecastle, come aboard through the hawse pipes, knew himself for a man and a sailor, despite the paucity of whiskers on his big, square, boyish chin.

Accordingly he had advised the mate to address him only in the line of duty, on which occasions he desired to be referred to as Mr. Peasley; and, the mate demurring to this program, the customary maritime fracas had ensued. Somebody had to quit on arrival at San Francisco; and, since Matt was the last to come, he was the first to go. On the strength of his two previous discharges he shipped as second mate on the bark Andrew Welch, for a voyage to Honolulu and back; then, his service as second mate being all in, he went before the inspectors for his first mate's ticket and was awarded an unlimited license.

Matt was now past twenty; and, though not fully filled out, he was big enough to be a chief kicker anywhere. Six feet two in his bare feet, two hundred and ten pounds in the buff, lean, lithe and supple as a panther, the mere sight of his big lumpy shoulders would have been sufficient to have quelled an incipient mutiny. Nevertheless, graduate that he was of a hard, hard school, his face was that of an innocent, trusting, good-natured, immature boy, proclaiming him exactly what he knew his men called him—a big, overgrown kid. He hated himself for his glorious youth.

"You're pretty much of a child to have an unlimited ticket, my son," the supervising inspector informed him. "However, you've had the experience and your record is far above the average, so we're going to issue the license; but if you'll take a bit of advice from an old sailor you'll be content to go as second mate for a year or two more, until your jowls blacken up a bit and you get a trifle thicker in the middle."

With the impudence and irreverence of his tender years, however, Matt Peasley scorned this well-meant advice, notwithstanding the fact that he knew it to be sound. By shipping as second mate and remaining in the same ship, sooner or later his chance would come. The first mate would quit, or be promoted or drowned, or get drunk; and then his shoes would be waiting for Matt Peasley, tried and true, and the holder of a first mate's ticket.



Matt Was Now Past Twenty and Big Enough to be a Chief Kicker Anywhere

However, there is an old saw to the effect that youth must be served, and young Matt desired a helping totally disproportionate to his years, if not to his experience, hence he elected to ignore the fact that shipmasters are wary of chief mates until they have first tried them out as second mates and learned their strength and their weaknesses. Being very human, young Matt thought he should prove the exception to a fairly hard-and-fast rule.

He had slept one night on a covered dock and skipped three meals before it occurred to him that he had pursued the wrong tactics. He was too far from Thomaston, Maine, where the majority of sailors have gone to school with their captains. Back home there were a dozen masters who knew his people, who knew him and his proved ability; but out here on the Pacific Coast the skippers were nearly all Scandinavians, and Matt had to show them something besides his documents.

He had failed signally to procure a single opportunity to demonstrate his fitness for an executive position. After abandoning his plan to ship as chief mate he sought a second mate's berth. Failing to find one, and with each idle day making deeper inroads into his scant savings, he had at length descended to the ignominy of considering a job as third mate. Even that was not forthcoming, and now his money was entirely dissipated.

When a big overgrown kid finds himself penniless three thousand miles from a friend and minus three meals in succession, the fourth omission of the daily bread is not likely to pass without violent protest. Matt was still a growing boy, with a growing boy's appetite; consequently on the morning of his second day of fasting he came to the conclusion that, with so much of his life before him, a few months wasted would, after all, have no material bearing on his future; so he accepted a two months' advance from a crimp and shipped aboard the American barkentine Retriever as a common A. B.—a most disgraceful action on the part of a boy who, since his eighteenth birthday, had been used to having old sailors touch their foretop to him and address him as "Mr. Peasley, sir."

Matt had been attracted to the barkentine Retriever for two very potent reasons—the first was a delicious odor of stew emanating from her galley; the second was her house flag, a single large, five-pointed blue star on a field of white with scarlet trimming. Garnished left and right with a golden wreath and below with the word Captain, Matt Peasley knew that house flag, in miniature, would look exceeding well on the front of a uniform cap; for he had now made up his mind to enter one service and stick to it until his abilities should receive their inevitable reward. To ship as a foremast hand and rise to captain would be a proud record; so Matt throttled his pride and faced the future with confidence and a stomach quite filled with very good beef stew.

From the cook he learned that the Retriever carried a million feet of lumber; that she was owned by Cappy Ricks; that Cappy Ricks was the president of the Blue Star Navigation Company, and the most contemptible old scoundrel in all the world; that the skipper was a blue-belly and a devil and a fine man rolled into one; that the barkentine could sail like a yacht; and that presently they would up-hook and off to Grays Harbor, Washington, there to load a cargo of fir lumber for Cape Town. And would Matt mind slipping ashore and buying the cook a bottle of whisky, for which the latter would settle with him the very minute he could get an advance out of the Old Man? No? Disgusted, the cook rattled his pans and dismissed Matt as one unworthy of further confidence.

Just before the tug came alongside to snake her outside the Heads, the mate came aboard with his lee rail pretty well under and was indiscreet enough to toss a piece of his lip at the Old Man. Five minutes later he was paid off and kicked out on the dock, while the cook packed his sea bag and tossed it overside after him. The captain came abaft the house and bawled for the second mate, who came running. Matt noticed this and decided that should the Old Man ever bawl for him he would come running too.

"Mr. Swenson, you have a chief mate's license, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You're the first mate. Go aft. Mr. Lindstrom"—turning to the third mate—"you've waited six months for your chance, and here it is. You're the second mate. Bosun!" He was looking straight at Matt Peasley as he spoke. Matt did not stir. "Hey, there," the skipper roared, "you big mountain of meat, step lively!"

Matt stepped lively.

"I am not the bosun, sir," he explained. "I'm just an A. B."

"How dare you contradict me?" the Old Man growled. "I tell you, you don't know what you are yet. You're an American, and the only one, with the exception of myself, in the whole damned Scowegian crew. Do you think you could get away with a bosun's job?"

"I could get away with your job if I had the chance," Matt declared, almost impudently.

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, you're a Native Son! Nobody but a Native Son would be that fresh. I suppose this is your second voyage, you puling baby?"

Matt Peasley's dander was up instantly.

"I'm sailor enough to know my way alow or aloft in any weather, sir," he retorted.

The captain saw his opening and struck.

"What's the ringtail?" he demanded.

"It's a studding-s'l on the gaff of a fore-an'-aft sail, sir. You haven't got one on the Retriever, sir."

"You're the third mate. I'll dig up a bosun among the Swedes. Grab your duds and go aft; and don't bring any cockroaches with you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Name?"

"Mr. Peasley, sir."

Since he was no longer an A. B., young Matt concluded he might as well accord himself the respect due him as a ship's officer; so he tacked on the Mister, just to show the Old Man he knew his place. The master noted that; also, the slurring of the sir as only a sailor can slur it.

"I shouldn't wonder if you'd do," he remarked as Matt passed him on his way to the forecastle for his dunnage.

On his way back he carried his bag over his shoulder and his framed license in his left hand. Two savages were following with his sea chest.

"Well, I do declare!" the skipper cried. "If that lubberly boy hasn't got some sort of a ticket! Let me see it, Mr. Peasley." And he snatched it out of the third mate's grasp.

"So you're a first mate of sail for any ocean and any tonnage, eh?" he said presently. "Are you sure this ticket doesn't belong to your father?"

"Sir," declared the exasperated Matt, "I never asked you for this job of third mate; and if I've got to stomach your insults to hold it down I don't want it. That's my ticket and I'm fully capable of living up to it."

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Peasley, because if you're not I'll be the first one to find it out—and don't you forget it! I'll have no marine impostors aboard my ship. Where do they ship little boys before the mast, Mr. Peasley?"

"On the Grand Banks, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the skipper; "but really I thought you were a Native Son. My father was drowned there thirty years ago."

"The Peasleys have all died on the Banks, sir," Matt replied, much mollified.

"We'll go down into my cabin and drink peace to their memory, Mr. Peasley. It isn't often we skippers out here meet one of our own."

It is hard for a Down-Easter, even though he may have lost the speech of his people, not to be partial to his own; and Captain Noah Kendall, of the barkentine Retriever, was all the cook had declared him to be. He scolded his Norsk mates so bitterly while the vessel was taking on cargo at Grays Harbor that both came and asked for their time an hour before the vessel sailed.

However, the Old Man knew they would do this. If they had not he would have discharged them anyhow, and in consequence he had a third mate and a second mate standing by to fill the gap; and Matt Peasley went from third mate to first kicker. He thrilled with boyish triumph as the tug came alongside, and for the first time in his life he took his place on the forecastle head to receive her hawser.

II

A PSYCHOLOGIST would have termed Alden P. Ricks an individualist, but his associates in the wholesale lumber and shipping trade of the Pacific Coast proclaimed him a character.

In his youth he had made one voyage round Cape Horn as a cabin boy, his subsequent nautical experience having been confined to the presidency of the Blue Star Navigation Company and occasional voyages as a first-cabin passenger. Notwithstanding this apparent lack of salt-water wisdom, however, his intimate knowledge of ships and the men who go down to the sea in them, together with his very distinct personality, had conduced to provide him with a courtesy title in his old age.

It is more than probable that, had Alden P. Ricks been a large, commanding person possessed of the dignity the average citizen associates with men of his known financial rating, the Street would have called him Captain Ricks. Had he lacked these characteristics, but had, nevertheless, even a remote resemblance to a retired mariner, his world would have hailed him as Old Cap Ricks; but since he was what he was—a dapper, precise, shrewd, lovable little old man with mild, paternal blue eyes, a keen sense of humor and a Henry Clay collar, which latter, together with a silk top hat, had distinguished him on 'Change for forty years—it was inevitable that along the Embarcadero and up California Street he should bear the distinguishing appellation of Cappy. In any other line of human endeavor he would have been called Pappy—he was that type of man.

Cappy Ricks had so much money, amassed in the wholesale lumber and shipping business, that he had to engage some very expensive men to take care of it for him. He owned the majority of the stock of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company, with sawmills and timberlands in California, Oregon and Washington; and his young men had to sell a million feet of lumber daily in order to keep pace with the output, while the vessels of the Blue Star Navigation Company, also controlled by Cappy, freighted it. There were thirty-odd vessels in the Blue Star fleet—windjammers and steam schooners; and Cappy was registered in the customhouse as managing owner of every one.

Following that point in his career when the young fellows on the Street, discovering that he was a true-blue sport, had commenced to fraternize with him and call him Cappy, the Old Man ceased to devote his attention to the details of his business. He was just beginning to enjoy life; so he shifted the real work of his multifarious interests to the capable shoulders of a Mr. Skinner, who fitted into his niche in the business as naturally as the kernel of a healthy walnut fits its shell. Mr. Skinner was a man still on the sunny side of middle life, smart, capable, cold-blooded, a little bumptious, and, like the late J. Cæsar, ambitious.

No sooner had Cappy commenced to take life easy than Skinner commenced to dominate the business. He attended an efficiency congress and came home with a collection of newfangled ideas that drove out of the office all the joy and contentment old Cappy Ricks had been a lifetime installing. He inaugurated card systems and short cuts

in bookkeeping that drove Cappy to the verge of insanity, because he could never go to the books himself and find out anything about his own business. He had to ask Mr. Skinner—which made Skinner an important individual.

With the passage of five years the general manager was high and low justice in Cappy's offices, and had mastered the not-too-difficult art of dominating his employer, for Cappy seldom seriously disagreed with those he trusted. He saved all his fighting force for his competitors.

However, Cappy's interest in the Blue Star Navigation Company did not wane with the cessation of his activities, for his vessels were his pets. Ordinarily Mr. Skinner bossed the navigation company as he bossed the lumber business, for Cappy's private office was merely headquarters for receiving mail, reading the newspapers, receiving visitors, smoking an after-luncheon cigar, and having a little nap from three o'clock until four, at which hour Cappy laid aside the cares of business and had two hours of bridge at his club.

Despite this apparent indifference to business, however, Mr. Skinner handled the navigation company with gloves; for, if Cappy dozed in his office, he had a habit of keeping one eye open, so to speak, and every little while he would wake up and veto an order of Skinner's, of which the latter would have been willing to take an oath Cappy had never heard. In the matter of engaging new skippers or discharging old ones Mr. Skinner had to be very careful. Cappy always declared that any clerk can negotiate successfully a charter at the going rates in a stiff market, but skippers are, in the final analysis, the Genii of the Dividends. And Cappy knew skippers. He could get more loyalty out of them with a mere pat on the back and a kindly word than could Mr. Skinner, with all his threats, nagging and driving.

However, a truce with these details.

On a certain day in February Mr. Skinner, coming into Cappy Ricks' office with a cablegram in his hand, found his employer doubled up at his desk and laughing in senile glee.

"I have a cablegram ——" Mr. Skinner began.

"I have a good story," Cappy interrupted. "Let me tell it to you, Skinner. Oh, dear! I believe this is about going to kill the boys up on 'Change when I tell them." He wiped his eyes, controlled his mirth and turned to the general manager. "Skinner," he said, "did you know I had gotten back into the harness while you were up at the Astoria mill? Well, I did, Skinner. I had to, you know. If it was the last act of my life I had to square accounts with that man Hudner, of the Black Butte Lumber Company."

Mr. Skinner nodded. He was aware of the feud that existed between Cappy and Hudner, and the reasons therefor. The latter had stolen from Cappy a stenographer who had grown to spinsterhood in his employ—one of those rare stenographers who do half of a man's thinking for him. Cappy always paid a little more than the top of the market for clever service; and, whenever a competitor stole one of his favorite employees, sooner or later that competitor paid for his sins, as the saying is, "through the nose."

"While you were away," Cappy went on, "I met Hudner at luncheon. 'Hudner,' I said, 'it's been my experience that nobody gets anything good in this world without paying for it—and you stole the finest stenographer I ever had. So I'm going to make you pay for her. See if I don't!' Well, sir, Skinner, he laughed at me and told me to go as far as I liked; and, a number of my youthful friends being present, they each bet Hudner a five-dollar hat I'd hang his hide on my fence within sixty days.

"Well, Skinner, you know me. Any time it's raining duck soup you'll never catch me out with a fork; and, of course, when the boys showed such faith in my ability to trim Hudner I had to make good. I have a letter from Hudner to prove it; and to-day at luncheon, when we're all gathered at the Round Table, I'm going to read that letter and my reply to the same; and Hudner will have fifty dollars' worth of hat bills to pay!"

"How did you tan his pelt?" Skinner queried.

"Easy! While you were away I chartered his steamer Chehalis for a load of redwood lumber from Humboldt Bay to San Francisco at three dollars and a half a thousand feet. Of course you know a boat like the Chehalis, with a big pay roll, will break just even on such a low freight rate; but, inasmuch as he was going to lay the Chehalis up in Oakland Creek, owing to lack of business, when I offered him a load of redwood he concluded to take it, just to keep the vessel moving and pay expenses. I stipulated discharge in San Francisco Bay.

"Well, sir, when the Chehalis got to our mill, Skinner, I ordered them to load her with sinkers—Oh! oh, this will be the death of me yet, Skinner! and we gave her poor dispatch in loading. Then she had to lay behind the bar two days longer before she could cross out; and when she got here I ordered her to discharge into the British bark Glengarry—and discharging from one vessel into another is the slowest work in the world. And Hudner—he's—written—me, Skinner, declaring he'll never charter a boat to me again; says the Chehalis lost two thousand dollars on the voyage!" And Cappy went off into a gale of laughter and handed Skinner the letter to read.

For the benefit of the reader, who may desire a closer insight into Cappy's Machiavellian nature, be it known that a sinker is a heavy, close-grained, clear redwood butt-log, which, if cut in the spring, when the tree is alive with sap, is so heavy it will not float in the millpond; hence the term sinker. A vessel laden with lumber sawed from sinkers, therefore, will carry just fifty per cent of her customary cargo; and, unless the freight rate be extremely high, she cannot make money.

"Do you know, Skinner," Cappy announced presently, "I think you'd better hunt up a steady job for me! Dadding it, boy, I never knew there was so much fun in business until I had practically retired! Really, Skinner, I must take more interest in the business."

"Here's something to sharpen your teeth on, Mr. Ricks," the general manager replied, and presented the cablegram he had been holding for five minutes.

Cappy took it and read, thereby becoming aware, for the first time, that he had in his employ an individual by the name of Matthew Peasley.

CAPE TOWN, February 15, 1913.

Bluestar, San Francisco:

Captain knifed killed Kru boy argument boat fare. Instruct consignees honor my drafts as captain.

MATTHEW PEASLEY, Mate.

"The murdering black hound!" Cappy murmured in an awed voice. "If he hasn't gone and killed the best skipper I ever had! Poor Kendall! Why, Noah and I were good friends, Skinner. Every time the Retriever touched in at her home port I always had Noah Kendall up to the club for dinner, and we went to the theater together afterward. Thank God! It isn't a week since his life-insurance premium fell due and I had the cashier pay it."

Cappy sat gazing dejectedly at the carpet.

"Poor old Cap'n Noah!" he soliloquized aloud. "Twenty-five years you sailed under the Blue Star, and in all that time there was never an accident due to carelessness; never a time when I had to jack you up and tell you to 'tend to business. And, Noah, you could make a suit of sails last longer than any man I ever knew; but you did have a hell of a temper." And, having delivered this touching eulogy on the late Captain Kendall, Cappy roused himself and faced Skinner.

"I should say I have got a job on my hands," he announced, "with the finest sailing ship in the fleet down in South Africa without a skipper! Skinner, I'll tell you what you do, my boy: You dictate the nicest letter you know how to dictate to Noah's widow, up in Port Townsend. Tell her how much we thought of Noah and extend our sympathy, and a check for his next three months' salary. Put her on my private pension list, Skinner, and send her Cap'n Noah's salary every quarter-day as long as she lives. Tell her we'll attend to the collection of the life insurance and will bring Noah's body home to Port Townsend at our own expense. It's the least we can do, Skinner. He was the only skipper I ever had who did not, at one time or another, manage to embroil me in a lawsuit. Who are our consignees at Cape Town?"

"The Harlow & Benton Company, Limited."

"Cable them for confirmation of the mate's message, and request them to have Cap'n Noah's body embalmed and shipped to Port Townsend, Washington, prepaid, deducting charges from our invoice."

While Skinner was preparing the cablegram and dictating a letter for Cappy's signature, Cappy was busy at the telephone, conveying the news to the secretary of the Merchants' Exchange, to be bulletined on the blackboard and read by Cap'n Noah's friends. Next he telephoned to the secretary of Harbor Fifteen, Masters' and Pilots' Association, of which the deceased had been a member, and later to the marine reporters' room in the Ferry Building. He was deep in a study of Matt Peasley's cablegram when Skinner entered with the letter to Mrs. Kendall.

"'Captain knifed killed Kru boy argument boat fare,'" he read aloud. "Skinner, what is the cable rate a word to Cape Town?"

"Ninety-eight cents," responded the efficient human machine.

"Then this garrulous mate has squandered four dollars and ninety cents unnecessarily. Too windy, Skinner. Tells the story in eight words. Give me a skipper, Skinner, who always has his owners' interests at heart and shows a commendable discretion in limiting the depredations practiced by the cable company. For instance, the man Peasley might have omitted the word knifed; also the explanatory words, argument boat fare, and the word mate. Though regretting Noah's demise most keenly, as business men we are not cablegramically interested in the means employed to accomplish his removal. Neither do the causes

Day and Night He Drove Her Into It, With the Retriever Making Steamer Time

leading up to the tragedy interest us. The man Peasley should merely have said: 'Captain murdered.' Also, he might have trusted us to realize that when the captain dies the first mate takes charge. He need not have identified himself—the infernal chatterbox!"

Cappy read the next sentence: "Instruct consignees honor my drafts as captain."

"Huh! Harum-ph! He might have said 'please,' Skinner! Sounds devilishly like an order, the way he puts it. Though he is temporarily in command, I challenge his right to handle our money until I know more about him. Harum-ph! Reading between the lines, Skinner, I see he says: 'If you send a skipper to Cape Town to bring the Retriever home, while I'm on the job, you're crazy.' Look over the vouchers in Cap'n Noah's last report and let us ascertain how long this forceful mate has been in our employ."

Now the ordinary form of receipt to which a seaman puts his signature when signing clear bears on its reverse side a series of blank spaces, which the captain must fill in. These blanks provide for mention of the date of signing on, date of discharge, station held on vessel, and Remarks. On none of the vouchers of the Retriever's last voyage, however, did the name of Matthew Peasley appear.

"Must have shipped in San Francisco just before the vessel sailed for her loading port," Cappy announced. "Send in a boy." One of Cappy's young men was summoned. "Son," said Cappy, "you run down like a good boy to the office of the Deputy United States Shipping Commissioner and tell him Mr. Ricks would like to see the duplicate copy of the crew list of the barkentine Retriever."

When an American vessel clears for a foreign port the law requires that her crew shall be signed on before a Deputy United States Shipping Commissioner, who furnishes a certified copy of the crew list to the captain and retains a duplicate for his own files.

The Blue Star youth returned presently with this duplicate list, on consulting which, to his unspeakable amazement Cappy discovered that Matthew Peasley had shipped aboard the Retriever as an able seaman and that the first mate was one William Olson—which goes to prove that in the heat of passion a skipper will often discharge a mate on the eve of sailing for a foreign port and forget to tell the deputy shipping commissioner anything about it.

"Remarkable!" Cappy declared. "Ree-markable!"

"Dirty work here!" Mr. Skinner announced. "Captain dead and a common A. B. cabling us for authority to draw drafts as captain, and posing as first mate. Nigger in the woodpile somewhere, Mr. Ricks."

"I'll smoke him out in five minutes, Skinner. Ring up the local inspectors and inquire whether, by any chance, they have ever issued a captain's license to one Matthew Peasley."

Skinner obeyed. After a brief wait he was informed that the said Peasley had an unlimited license as first mate of sail, and was entitled to act as second mate of steam vessels up to five hundred tons' net register.

"Nothing doing!" Cappy piped. (We regret to record that, under stress of excitement, Cappy sometimes waxed colloquial.) "Skinner, when a mate with an unlimited license ships before the mast you may be sure there's a reason!"

"Drunkard!" Mr. Skinner suggested.

"Eggs-actly, Skinner! Good seaman, I dare say, but worthless and unreliable in an executive capacity; and I can't trust a ripping fine barkentine like the Retriever with that kind of man. I suppose he feels the hankering for a spree coming on right now. Skinner, if we gave the man Peasley permission to draw drafts he'd paint Cape Town red. I feel it in my bones."

"So do I, sir."

"What vessels have we in port at this moment, Skinner?"

"McBride is discharging the Nokomis at Oakland Long Wharf."

"The ideal man!" Cappy smote his desk. "I've been wanting for the past two years to promote Mac into a larger vessel and pay him twenty-five dollars a month more. He's too good for a little hooker like the Nokomis; and he's got a steady-going Norwegian mate who's been with him on the Nokomis for three years. Time to take care of that mate, Skinner, I have an idea, see that it is carried through. McBride's mate shall buy out Mac's interest in the Nokomis. If he hasn't the money tell him I'll lend it to him, secured by the insurance, provided he and McBride can come to terms. See that they do. Tell Mac he's to have the Retriever, and I'll arrange to get Cap'n Noah's interest for him from the estate at a fair figure. Give him expense money and his credentials, and tell him to start for Cape Town to-morrow night; and cable the man Peasley to retain charge of the vessel at captain's pay until McBride arrives to relieve him."

Mr. Skinner accordingly sent Matt Peasley this cablegram:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1913.

Peasley, Barkentine Retriever,
Cape Town, South Africa:

Your meager maritime experience renders request prohibitive. Retain charge master's pay pending arrival your successor. BLUESTAR.

Having dispatched that message, signed with the Blue Star Navigation Company's cable address, Mr. Skinner, as he thought, had dismissed Matt Peasley from his thoughts forever. It would appear, however, that in this particular the general manager was counting Mother Carey's chickens before they were hatched. His reference to meager maritime experience irritated Matt Peasley and was provocative of this reply, received the same day:

CAPE TOWN, February 16, 1913.

Bluestar, San Francisco:

Skipper dying sea foreign port unwritten maritime law stipulates mate succeeds. Yankee can sail anything that floats. This my chance. Grant it or insure successor's life. Will throw him overboard on arrival. PEASLEY.

Mr. Skinner, promptly carried this defi to Cappy Ricks.

"He's a sea lawyer," Cappy piped angrily. "The scoundrel! The—unmitigated—scoundrel! Cable him instantly, Skinner, that if he spends another cent of our money in unnecessary cablegrams I'll fire him!" He snapped his fingers. "Attend to it, Skinner—attend to it."

Mr. Skinner attended to it, and the following morning he found this reply on his desk when he came down to work:

CAPE TOWN, February 17, 1913.

Bluestar, San Francisco:

Holler when you're hit. Paid for it myself. Am I to bring Retriever home? PEASLEY.

"I dare say he did," Mr. Skinner informed Cappy. "He has four months' wages coming to him at sixty dollars a month—and if he didn't, why, I'll instruct McBride to deduct the charges from his wages when he pays him off."

"I think your reference to his meager maritime experience annoyed him, Skinner. At least, he spends his money like a sailor."

Cappy had no further comment to make, and the reply to this impudent communication was accordingly left to Mr. Skinner, who cabled:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 17, 1913.

Peasley, Barkentine Retriever, Cape Town:

No! BLUESTAR.

"How Does Ban Suit You for Credentials?"

"I hope that will settle the upstart," Mr. Skinner declared as he rang for a messenger boy.

It did not. Four hours later he received this:

CAPE TOWN, February 17, 1913.

Bluestar, San Francisco:

Why? PEASLEY.

Now, it was a custom with Mr. Skinner, when a subordinate laid claim to an inalienable right which Mr. Skinner was not willing to concede, to regard with grave suspicion that subordinate's loyalty to the company. If the subordinate protested Mr. Skinner would warn him; and if he persisted Mr. Skinner would fire him.

In all justice to Skinner, therefore, it must be admitted that his first impulse with reference to Matt Peasley was eminently fair. He really desired to give the fellow due warning, to the effect that he was monkeying with the buzz saw; and he would have given it, too, provided his ultimatum should not have cost the Blue Star Navigation Company ninety-eight cents a word, including the address. Consequently Mr. Skinner, always efficient, and realizing that McBride could, in a pinch, dispense with the luxury of a first mate, made answer to the rebel as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 17, 1913.

Peasley, Barkentine Retriever, Cape Town:

You are hereby discharged. Turn over command second mate call consignees for your wages immediately.

BLUESTAR.

Next he cabled Chris Swenson, the second mate, ordering the latter to take charge of the Retriever at master's wages until his successor should arrive. By consulting his copy of the duplicate crew list borrowed from the deputy shipping commissioner, Mr. Skinner had ascertained that one Chris Swenson was the second mate. He also cabled the Harlow & Benton Company, Limited, requesting them to pay off Matt Peasley and, if necessary, invoke the authorities to remove him from the vessel.

"That fellow is a tough one to handle," he remarked to Cappy Ricks, to whom he showed all the cablegrams, "but I guess this will about cut off his wind."

"A sea lawyer is the curse of the Seven Seas!" Cappy declared waspishly. He was very bitter against Matt Peasley, whom he now regarded as an ally of the piratical cable company.

That afternoon McBride, of the Nokomis, and the mate came to terms, and the captain started for New York on the Overland the same night. From New York he would take passage to Liverpool; thence via the A. D. Line to Cape Town. Cappy almost had a bloody sweat when he reflected on the expense for provisions and wages for the crew during the weeks of idleness while McBride was on the way to join the Retriever. Both he and Mr. Skinner had decided that nothing could be gained by informing McBride, who was a little, mild-mannered gentleman with gold eyeglasses, of the potential ducking that awaited him at the hands of Matt Peasley; for, just before McBride said good-by and started for the train, Cappy and Mr. Skinner discovered that their apple cart had again been upset.

The following cablegram, received from Matt Peasley, knocked into a cocked hat all their high hopes of ridding themselves of the incubus:

CAPE TOWN,
February 17, 1913.

Bluestar, San Francisco:

Swenson fired before sailing. Second mate Murphy declines take your orders, claiming me superior officer; I decline also, claiming captain en route my superior officer. Owner can fire captain, but only captain can fire or disrate ship's officer. Besides, I signed for round trip. PEASLEY.

"Well," said Cappy, "what do you know about that? Skinner, what do you know about that? He clings to us like a barnacle or a poor relation—and the worst of it is the damned sea lawyer is absolutely right! We have no authority to fire him, Skinner. Just think of a Government which will permit such a ridiculous state of affairs as that to exist! Think of it, Skinner! We hire the man Peasley, but we can't fire him—and meantime he'll roost in Cap'n Noah's cabin and run up bills on us, and consume our groceries, and draw master's pay until McBride arrives and discharges him!"

"Even McBride cannot discharge him until the vessel returns

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THE OLD MAN

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE traffic manager was putting on his overcoat to go home one night when one of the factory messenger boys handed him a crimson envelope. Crimson was the Rush color and the size of the envelope indicated it to be from the Old Man's office.

When the traffic manager tore it open this was what he found:

One railroad ticket to Florida, good only on the train leaving that night at 10:55; one Pullman berth to Florida; some terse instructions concerning business to be handled in Florida for the company; a short note from the Old Man himself, saying that the traffic manager need not hurry back—it was a pleasant time to go to Florida and three weeks there would be about right.

A few minutes later, when the traffic manager was leaving the factory, he saw the Old Man getting into his limousine. The chief turned for a moment and, as he made a slight gesture of farewell to his subordinate, an ironic smile curved his lips.

"I am Going to Give You Five Hundred Merit Marks," Said the Old Man

In a word, it was a long-time policy of the Old Man's to send his executives away abruptly on long absences. If their work went along smoothly without them and the business suffered no perceptible jar, then he ranked them as valuable men and received them back with generous advances in salary; but if they had failed to develop competent understudies, or if they carried away in their heads any information necessary to the transaction of business, sometimes they did not come back at all

The Old Man's plant is one of the largest in the country, employing thousands of men and turning out several hundred products in the machinery line. All the executives in it, especially department heads, live in daily expectation of getting one of those crimson Rush orders to go to Florida or California or Europe. During the last ten years at least a hundred men have been hustled away in that manner. One important department head was sent away at noon, in the midst of matters of consequence, and was absent for nine weeks on a banishment order. "Going to Siberia!" they call it. Another department head was routed out of bed one night and sent away on a train before daylight, to be gone a month. Salaries are forwarded and expenses paid without a murmur; but those men do not enjoy their vacations unless they have trimmed their lamps in advance.

"Going to Siberia," however, is just one of the lengthened shadows the Old Man throws over this factory.

Spies in the Old Man's Business Army

IN THE first article of this series the Senior Partner was a recluse and a mystery. He had a violent antipathy toward detail and demanded only results. He watched in silence until he found the men he wanted; and then, suddenly bestowing on them the incentive of one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars a year in profits, he demanded from them extraordinary achievements. He did not meddle with them unless they fell short of the results he set. Then he merely eased them out of partnership. In this article the Old Man is quite the opposite. It is interesting to observe that men of wholly different types often develop huge business undertakings. They take different routes to the goal, and no single make of man has a mortgage on the earth.

The Old Man meddles in everything. He is everywhere at the same time. He glories in detail and governs by personal rules. The men cross his path constantly. He pays liberal salaries, but creates no millionaires except himself. His own drawing account is reputed to be two hundred thousand dollars a year, but the next highest salary is said to be twenty-five thousand dollars. A few of the executives are minor stockholders, but the number of their shares is rigidly limited.

Some of the men at this plant told me, in confidence, that the Old Man was crazy. Other men were more discreet and hinted that he was eccentric. I found men who worked for him who said he was the limit of cussedness. I am going to leave these conclusions to your judgment.

Since the Old Man begins with boys in their teens, let us start here with one. Not long ago one of the uniformed factory messenger boys was summoned by the buzzer to the chief's desk. The ideas of the chief are reflected in these boys, as in everything else. The boys in blue are just ordinary messengers; those in crimson are the Rush messengers and always have the right of way. This boy, however, was a new messenger and wore blue.

"Go get me these," said the president, handing the youth a memorandum on which was written a notation of some plans, like this: Figs. 2968, 6423—and so on.

The boy went out into the offices, got lost, and was rounded up as he was telling somebody that the Old Man wanted some figs

Now there is a system of espionage in that plant that rivals the methods of the European armies; and pretty soon that story about the figs got back to the Old Man. He sent for the boy—and fired him.

They say the Old Man is cruel, and perhaps this corroborates it; but his viewpoint on this episode is interesting. The boy was stupid. It was not his fault he was stupid; nevertheless, sheer stupidity could not be tolerated in that plant. If stupid boys were allowed to remain there, in time there would be stupid men in the factory. This boy was not discharged because he tried to get some figs for the president, but because he was hopelessly below the dead line of native intelligence the Old Man had set for that business years and years before.

In other words, the head of this business is impatient of Darwinism, or natural selection. The process is too slow. He stands for an arbitrary and forced selection. He has an employment department, where the original choice is made along finely drawn lines; but sometimes men and boys get past this employment office and fail afterward to meet the severe tests the Old Man is likely at any moment to spring on his employees.

Walking through the foundry one day, he accosted a youth who was working as a helper:

"How long have you been here?"

"Eight months."

"What is a Bessemer pig?"

The youth grinned and did not answer.

"What do we do annealing for?"

More of the grin and no answer.

Turning to a foreman, the chief gave the command to discharge the boy.

"If he were the sort we want here in this plant," he added, "he would have intelligence enough to absorb a little information."

A favorite diversion of the Old Man's is to corral a boy anywhere in the factory or offices and propound a series of interrogations, which he calls his stupidity test:

"What is a fiddle drill?

"What is an inside chaser?

"We all know what happens when a boy loses his temper; now what happens when steel loses its temper?

"What is a fin? A crab? A fish? A crank?

"What is green sand?

"What is the difference between a male and a female thread?"

It takes a bright boy to stick very long and advance in this factory, but the dull ones retire rapidly. Of course not all boys are discharged who fail to answer the questions. I have given you some extreme instances. Usually the stupidity test is extended to the regular classes in development work carried on in the factory. There are various kinds of schools within the plant for both men and boys. The whole establishment is on a civil-service basis, so far as promotion is concerned; but the shadow of the Old Man is a terrifying incentive to diligent work and gives an extraordinary impetus to curiosity. After a sortie from the front office there is a general scramble to learn things that ought to be learned

The Old Man has a notion that certain men are adapted for certain kinds of work, and unless they show such adaptability in an emergency he thinks they ought to be in some other line of work.

"John," he will say, for instance, "find the cube root of 0.01." Or: "Jim, what is the decimal equivalent of $\frac{1}{64}$?" Or: "Find the time it will take, under such and such conditions, to take a complete cut over a piece of metal in a lathe."

It is freely whispered that the Old Man cannot solve his own problems and that he is a colossal bluffer; in fact, all his technical education was self-taught. But, even though he cannot solve his own problems, he is able, through his bluffing methods, to find the very ablest men to solve all the mechanical and sales problems in a great business. If a man is doing work that requires a special aptitude for mathematics, the Old Man expects him to show it. The office man or the salesman, likewise, must show aptitude.

How Some Men Get Past the Boss

A YOUNG mechanical engineer, on his first day in the plant, ran up against the Old Man, who got the poor chap in a corner and said to him words something like these:

"I wish to know how many quarter-inch wires will go through a circular aperture six and nine-elevenths inches in diameter. Get out your pencil."

The young engineer did so, and figured all over many sheets of paper without arriving. Then the Old Man put another proposition:

"I should like to know the loss of heat that would take place from a given length of uncovered steam pipe of specified size, under given temperature conditions." And he set forth the conditions.

There was nothing doing; so the tyrant sprung one of his famous stress calculations. The young engineer by this time had lost all his nerve and offered his resignation, which was promptly accepted by the Old Man, with an intimation that he was doing the man a kindness.

On the other hand, they tell a story at the factory about a certain young engineer who likewise fell into the toils of this Bluebeard, but backed him off the stage altogether. He exhibited such facility with digits, fractions, decimals, curves and angles, and did so many trick calculations and mathematical sleight-of-hand stunts, that the Old Man added fifty per cent to his salary right at the start. The engineer subsequently became chief engineer of the plant. Everywhere in that establishment you will run up against men who seem abnormally keen and capable. They are the men who have got past the Old Man. By the time anyone has got past all the tests and rules and pitfalls provided by this crafty old president he ought to afford prima-facie evidence of competence. Oddly enough, there are exceptions. Here and there men are discovered who have sneaked past the dead line.

One day the Old Man got on a freight elevator and ordered the operator to take him to the top floor. At the top, intending to be gone only a minute, he said to the man:

"Wait here until I come back."

Now in that factory there are more rules than you ever dreamed could exist anywhere. There is a rule for everything conceivable. Whenever the Old Man sees anything done wrong he makes a rule as to how it shall be done, and if it is ever done wrong again somebody is sure to be in great peril

Rules are rules, you see, to be obeyed, and orders are orders. Still, frequently the Old Man has been known to wink at violations of rules—even of rules he himself has issued and signed. Indeed, there have been cases where men have been promoted for violating orders. This may seem strange at first thought; but listen:

This elevator man was a little old fellow who, somehow or other, had been getting past the Old Man for many years. He had worked in servile positions and had not been caught. He was a faithful little chap, too, and meant well. He meant to obey the rules down to the very spirit and letter.

The elevator bell rang almost continuously for half an hour, but the car never budged. The Old Man had told it to wait there until he came back—and, by Gad, it should wait! Orders must be obeyed!

Finally the boss came back and, after the freight elevator had taken him down, the usual routine of factory traffic was resumed; but somebody subsequently made a terrific roar to the president, who thereupon called the little old fellow to the front office and fired him.

"I obeyed your orders," pleaded the old fellow in despair.

"Orders may be orders," retorted the Old Man, "but it isn't safe to intrust them to the keeping of fools!"

There is a favorite tradition told at the plant in connection with this incident—a sort of dénouement that may have been invented just to let the Old Man down easy; or it may be absolutely true. At any rate, it is said that when the discharged elevator conductor reached home that night he found a note from the president's secretary saying that he would receive a private pension of forty dollars a month for the rest of his life.

Frankly I doubt whether the Old Man ever rewarded stupidity or avoidable incompetence, or mixed philanthropy with his business. He is a disciple of effort, and impatiently hews to the theory that all success and every livable condition of life must come from striving. So far as his own great business is concerned, he seems to have demonstrated this. Here in this place men work out their own salvation or fall. To his credit must be placed the benefits that have come to many thousands of men through the direction he has given to their own efforts.

Take, for example, the way he hammers home thrift:

Years ago he issued a rule that every time a man left his desk or machine he must turn out his light, even though he expected to be back in a minute. The enforcement of this rule meant a saving of hundreds of dollars a year in electricity. One day a clerk went to another part of the building and left his light burning for five minutes. When he returned he found the electric bulb gone and a chair laid on top of his desk. This chair signal was a device the Old Man often used to notify an employee that he was suspended. This clerk was laid off, without pay, for two days. The effect of this sort of discipline is such that there is mighty little electricity wasted.

He has another rule: that executives must never lock certain desk drawers and files. Once an executive neglected this rule and was caught that night with a crimson "Exile to Siberia." When he returned he had to pay a bill for five new locks and for damage to the equipment.

There is a hawk of an office manager always on hand, or a hawk of an understudy. They are products of the Old Man himself and they sit on a dais where they can overlook the whole expanse of the general office. There are no private rooms. Even the president is out in the open. I am told the office manager draws a salary of ten thousand dollars for maintaining a complex and iron discipline.

All violations of rules are punished, aside from the occasional peremptory suspensions and dismissals, by demerit marks. A clerk was caught on a stairway in violation of a rule that another stairway must be used, and it was found that the chart of demerit marks did not provide for such a crime. The Old Man himself had ruled that he alone must specify the number of demerits for different offenses; so when this case was taken to him he set down fifty. This was severe punishment, but thereafter the proscribed stairway was shunned.

One hundred demerit marks bring a warning card; and ten of these cards mean dismissal. On the other hand, a hundred merit marks represent one approval card; ten approvals mean quick promotion.

This looks like a machine way of developing men, and one may well imagine that men of real initiative and creative ability might rebel and quit. This, in fact, has happened a good many times. Indeed, years ago it got to happening so often that the president took new reckonings. He is quite as anxious to hold his good men as he is to find them; so he cunningly devised a system of licenses, designed to let him out of tight places. Now when he makes a rule there is often a clause which exempts those "who have license to the contrary."

As I got it, the thing happened this way:

There was a strict rule in the plant prohibiting smoking a rule, however, which the Old Man himself violated habitually. No rules ever apply to himself—he makes

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"THIS IS THE LIFE"

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. ELMER GRIBBLE pecked at the heart of a cantaloupe and soberly regarded the vacant chair on the opposite side of the breakfast table. He was thinking of the time when his wife would not have trusted a servant to pour his morning coffee for him. Once on the backward trail, Mr. Gribble's memory slipped easily to the honeymoon period, when there had been no servant to trust—the honeymoon, when Addie did her own cooking.

Mr. Gribble recalled the breaded veal cutlets of his early married life and his mouth watered. He was a very ordinary person, entirely human; and he found it hard to accustom himself to promiscuous parsley decorations and pink tissue-paper frills on the shank of a lamb chop. Prosperity had brought Elmer Gribble nothing he would not have exchanged for the simple but solid comforts of his honeymoon days—mashed potatoes with brown country gravy, for instance.

Boggs, the butler, entered with stealthy tread and noiselessly deposited a covered dish on the table before Mr. Gribble.

"That'll be all," said the master of the house; and Boggs, murmuring deferentially, withdrew to the kitchen.

Mr. Gribble did not like Boggs—never had liked him.

"He makes me nervous!" was Gribble's usual complaint. "I like my bread with gravy on it, and I haven't got the nerve to eat it with that lantern-jawed scarecrow hanging over me and watching every bite. . . . Oh, I know he's right about it! He's always right, and that's what ails him. Bread and gravy may not be used in the best circles; but, confound it, Addie, I was raised on it and I like it! I wish you'd fire that fellow!"

But Boggs remained, Mrs. Gribble insisting that a manservant lent tone to the establishment. Mrs. Gribble had her own way in most things. Mr. Gribble offered futile suggestions, fussed a little and paid the bills, this last being the end for which he was created.

After Boggs had disappeared Mr. Gribble cautiously lifted one edge of the silver cover and a groan escaped him.

"Another omelet!" said he. "And I've got salesmen that I pay less money than Addie pays that infernal cook!"

Enter Adeline Gribble, almost forty, almost fat, yawning lazily into the sleeve of an elaborate dressing sack. A lace-and-ribbon boudoir cap did its best to conceal a hastily twisted mass of blonde hair, the escaping wisps in strong contrast with the darkly penciled brows. The lady, passing behind her lord, but by no means her master, bent and touched her lips to his bald spot. "I thought you'd be gone by this time," said she. "It isn't a holiday, is it?"

"Never Mention That Year to Me! I Wouldn't Work That Hard Again for the Best Man On Earth!"

"Addie," said Mr. Gribble suddenly, "do you remember the breaded veal cutlets we used to have the first year we were married?"

Mrs. Gribble shuddered and rolled her eyes theatrically.

"Never mention that year to me!" she exclaimed. "When I think of the hours I put in over that miserable gas stove, I declare it makes me ill. Mercy! I wouldn't work that hard again for the best man on earth!"

"You didn't seem to mind it so much in those days," suggested the husband.

"That was because I wasn't used to anything better." There were moments when Mrs. Gribble forgot herself and was frank. "I worked like a slave because you couldn't afford to hire a girl; but I notice the minute you got able we had one. A wife ought to help her husband when he needs it; but after he gets his start and can afford a cook and servants ——"

"Of course!" interrupted Mr. Gribble. "Of course! Have I ever refused you anything?"

"It wouldn't be healthy for you, my dear," smiled the lady, leisurely beginning on her cantaloupe.

She was as soft and dainty and indolent as a pampered white cat, and Mr. Gribble watched her face with the anxious manner of one who scents an unpleasant topic in the air.

"I've spoiled you, Addie," said he.

It was an unfortunate remark. Mrs. Gribble sniffed.

"I'm not the spoiling kind," said she; "and you know it. I might even become very famous and it wouldn't spoil me."

Mr. Gribble's head went back between his shoulders as though he had received a blow.

"For pity's sake! You haven't got that fool idea in your head yet, have you?"

"It's not a fool idea, my dear," said Mrs. Gribble with calmness. "It's a very sensible idea. There's many a leading woman who hasn't my natural talent. Nothing but my voice kept me off the stage when I was a girl. I ruined it squalling 'Cash!' when I was in that wretched department store ——"

"Oh, don't say that!" interrupted Mr. Gribble, vainly hoping to turn the conversation into other channels. "Don't say that! It was there you met me, my dear. Do you remember——"

"Absolutely ruined it," continued Mrs. Gribble, thus proving herself a lady of single ideas and simple mental processes; "but now that the movies have come in the voice doesn't matter. It's the face and the acting. Last night I went to three picture shows. I saw that big five-reel feature at the Colosseum, and the woman who took the part of the adventuress was terrible—simply terrible! If I couldn't do better than that I'd be ashamed of myself. She didn't get her points over at all—no more expression in her face than there is in a piece of putty! Anne Amber had the other woman's part. I can't see for the life of me why they're always raving about her. They say she's got film charm and screen magnetism, and all that sort of thing. Rubbish! She's got big eyes, and

when you've said that you've said everything! She can't act—and thin? Why, it's pitiful to see her! If people like that can get big reputations, why can't I?"

"Now, Addie, you're not really taking this thing seriously, are you?" Mr. Gribble's face expressed deep concern. "Why should you want to paint yourself up like a cigar-store Indian and cavort round in front of a camera? Haven't you got everything you want? A big house and servants and two automobiles and ——"

"Everything, Elmer," said Mrs. Gribble, "but a career."

"A career!" exploded her husband. "What business have you got with a career? I'm your career!"

Mrs. Gribble smiled pityingly.

"You don't understand," said she. "A woman has got to have some aim in life. That's why so many of 'em join Shakspere Clubs and take up suffrage. I'm tired of doing nothing but amusing myself—tired of being idle. Sometimes it seems as if I can't stand it another day."

"If that's the case," said Mr. Gribble, "you might go out in the kitchen and teach that cook a few things. There's a regular job for you any time you want to tackle it."

"I think I see myself!"

"Well," said Mr. Gribble, "it isn't as hard work as being an actress, Addie."

"Next week," said Mrs. Gribble, calmly ignoring this remark, "I am going over to the Titan Studio and have a talk with Mr. Montague. I've seen him in the pictures so often I feel as if I know him. I'm going to ask him if he can find a place for me."

"You're what?" ejaculated Mr. Gribble.

"Mr. Montague is a director. He uses a number of people. Directors are always in search of types ——"

"Let 'em search; but you keep away from those places!" Mr. Gribble actually raised his voice.

"Why, Elmer," said the wife, "are you prepared to take the responsibility for interfering with my development? Are you?"

"You bet I'm prepared!" said Mr. Gribble. "You ain't going to develop into a darned fool if I have anything to say about it! My wife—an actress? I won't stand for it; and you might just as well hang up your fiddle now—d'ye hear?"

Warm words followed; and in the end Mrs. Gribble wept and called Heaven to witness a very unhappy woman. Heaven had already witnessed a very unhappy man.

"I d-d-don't see how you can be so c-c-cruel!" sobbed Mrs. Gribble, snuffling behind her handkerchief.

"I don't either, Addie," said her spouse miserably; "but it's for your own good."

"I w-w-wanted to go into this with your c-c-consent," quavered Mrs. Gribble; "but now you force me to g-g-go without it!"

Mr. Gribble threw up both hands and left the room. He recognized defeat when he met it, even though he did not salute it with a bow.

Again the Gribbles were at table, though not in the breakfast room this time. Mr. Gribble had been late for dinner, but his carefully rehearsed excuses were not needed. The lady of his household was so filled with important things that she could not possibly contain a syllable of reproach. The news began to spill over the edges as Mr. Gribble entered the room.

"It's all settled!" she cried. "I'm to start next Thursday!"

Mr. Gribble tucked his napkin into the front of his waistcoat and waved Boggs from the room. Then he asked the question that opened the floodgates.

"Start what?" said he.

"Why, work, of course—a special two-reel feature for the Titan Company—star part, Elmer! Think of that! Saw Mr. Montague to-day—oh, my dear, you must meet him—he's exactly the sort of man you'd like, and so clever! He has a big part which exactly fits my personality—the very thing for me. As soon as he saw me he said I was the perfect type—and he was on the verge of giving up hope of producing the picture because he hadn't been able to get the woman to look the lead and play it too. The minute I walked into his office he knew I was the one he'd been hunting for—just as quick as that! I didn't even have to ask him for an engagement—he offered this part to me of his own accord. It's a mining-camp story, with a strong heart interest and wonderful opportunities for emotional acting; he says no young girl could possibly play it, and——"

"Wait! Wait!" Mr. Gribble waved his hands over his head. "That's enough! Now what in Sam Hill is this all about, Addie?"

"Why, I've got an engagement."

"A job, you mean?"

"An engagement!" corrected Mrs. Gribble. "I'm to have the star part in the picture."

"Go Back and Take Those Fluffy Ruffles Off and Dress the Part!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Mr. Gribble. "So soon?"

"Now, Elmer, let's not go over all that again," said the wife. "It won't do the least good. My mind is made up."

Mr. Gribble sighed and selected a fork—the wrong one.

"Well," said he heavily, "if you must, you must; though why you want to make yourself ridiculous is more'n I know."

"I won't make myself ridiculous, my dear," said the lady; "and you needn't be afraid I'll disgrace you. I'm taking a stage name, of course. Adeline Aldine. Mr. Montague thought that would be better than Gribble."

"Oh, he did, did he?" The worm turned sharply at this bit of information. "Too bad about that! I suppose you'll still use the name of Gribble when you're having things charged at the stores—eh?" This sarcasm was wasted.

"Certainly. Aldine is only a stage name. Don't be silly!"

"I hope you told this Montague that you're a married woman."

"Why should I tell him anything of my private affairs? And, anyway, a big director like Mr. Montague hasn't time for anything but business."

"He'd better not have!" growled Mr. Gribble; and his wife squealed with delight.

"Why, Elmer, would you really be jealous of him?" she cried.

Mr. Gribble ceased investigating his shrimp cocktail and spoke with feeling.

"I'm jealous of anything that takes you away from me," said he. "I'm jealous of this crazy notion of yours, Addie; but, since you've set your heart on it and you're determined to try it, I won't stand in your way. You'll have to have your fling at it and then you'll find that your home is a pretty good place after all. Go ahead, Addie; but don't expect me to wish you luck!"

"You're a darling!" said Mrs. Gribble, blowing him a kiss. "I've always said there never was a man just like you, Elmer!"

"M-well," said Mr. Gribble slowly, "maybe there's more to me than appears on the surface."

II

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon there was considerable bad language at the studio of the Titan Company. The name of James Montague, director, came in for frequent mention, and Buck Parvin, moving-picture cowpuncher, voiced a general sentiment.

"Talk about your slave drivers!" said he. "Jim Montague can play Simon Legree without a make-up—all he needs is the bull whip. Last Monday he told me I wouldn't have to show up here to-morrow, and on the strength of that I framed up a little trip to the beach and asked my girl to go along. Jim waits until to-day and then changes his mind. 'All members of the company on the job at eight o'clock!' My girl is kind of haughty and high-spirited, she is. If I make a date with her I've got to keep it or dig up a better alibi than I've had yet. I don't reckon she'll stand for this. Think I could sue Jim for alienatin' her affections, Ben?"

Ben Leslie, the property man, was not informed on the legal point; but he was positive about some other points, which he mentioned.

"Something has happened to Jim's schedule," said he; "but I don't know what it is. He expected to loaf Thursday and Friday; but this morning he handed me a long list of junk that he wants first thing to-morrow morning—a kitchen set, a red-hot stove, and a dishpan full of pancake batter. He says the hotter the stove, the better. Now what do you know about that?"

"Not a thing," said Buck, "except that he won't need it if this weather holds. Those pancakes will just naturally fry in the sun. But it seems to me I heard this next picture was going to be a costume affair."

"It is," said Ben—"shirts of mail, tin helmets, and all that sort of stuff. I can't figure why Jim wants a mop, a scrubbing brush, a washtub and boiler, laundry soap and a rubbing board. Oh, yes—and some dirty clothes."

"Huh!" said Buck. "Jim must be going to stage the beginnin' of some of our best families! I got a lot of dirty clothes up to my room. If this scenario calls for a sure-enough cleanin', I'll bring 'em along."

"You will not," said Ben. "If anybody is going to beat the laundry out of some dough, it will be me. Nothing like taking advantage of the realism in a moving picture!"

"Yeh," said Buck; "if they're goin' to have pancakes on tap here to-morrow, I see where I save lunch money."

"You?" chuckled Ben. "You never saved a nickel in your life!"

"I know it," said the cow-puncher. "All silver is quicksilver to me, and the only stuff that ever slips between my fingers any faster is gold. I'm like a friend of mine named Billy Williams. Billy used to say he was born without a nickel and still had it. Well, so long! I'm goin' to break the news to my girl."

III

THE arrival of Mrs. Gribble at the studio was something of an event. At seven-thirty came an express wagon and a solemn-visaged mulatto woman who superintended the unloading of two trunks and three suitcases. Ben Leslie, tinkering with an old-fashioned cookstove, was the only human in sight at that unearthly hour, and to him the mulatto woman appealed:

"Yere's Miss Aldine's stuff. I got to git it unpacked right away. Whah do it go?"

The promptness with which Ben answered the question indicated that he had received definite information of some sort. He led the way to the smallest, stuffiest dressing room in the line and opened the door. It was unoccupied, save by two cockroaches, scurrying in agitated circles

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated the woman. "Miss Addie, she gwine dress in dishyer nasty li'l' cubby-hole?

Why, dey ain' room to hang her gownds, let 'lone me an' her! Dis de bes' 'commodations y'all got fo' a leadin' lady? Common folks mus' have to dress in de street, I reckon. . . . Oh, well; show me a broom till I sweep up dis trash!"

Promptly at eight o'clock an electric coupé drew up at the street door and Mrs. Gribble descended, faultlessly attired in a blue walking suit, with turban to match. Buck Parvin eyed both lady and coupé with speculative interest.

"Walks like a tragedy queen," was his comment, "but drives up to the door in her own car." Then, after thought: "It can't be done!"

It became evident that the stranger knew her way to Montague's office and the mystery deepened.

"She's been here before," said Buck. "Maybe it's a society queen wanting to see how she looks on a screen. Maybe it's commercial stuff. Ben ought to know. I'll ask him."

Mr. Montague nodded approvingly at sight of the newest member of his company, but wasted little time in idle conversation. He was, indeed, all business, and spoke in brisk, clipped sentences.

"Ah, Miss Aldine! Prompt, I see. Dressing room eleven, please. The first scene shows you as the keeper of a boarding house in a mining town—a hard-working woman in reduced circumstances. It's a kitchen scene and you are cooking breakfast for the men. Change at once, please."

"But, Mr. Montague," protested the lady, "don't you think I should know something more about the story—the plot? Or how can I do the part justice? You ought to tell me — —"

"Not necessary at all," interrupted the director, bending over a typewritten document. "I never allow my actors to read the script. It only confuses 'em and they get their ideas mixed with mine. I will outline each scene as we come to it—explain the business and rehearse the action. The first thing you must learn is to do exactly as you are told. No questions. No objections. Implicit and immediate obedience. Oh, Jennings! Show Miss Aldine to her dressing room. And remember, not too much make-up on the face—about as you are, I should say; but dress a boarding-house keeper in reduced circumstances. Change quickly, please. The stage is waiting for you."

"Is he always—that way?" asked Mrs. Gribble as she meekly followed Montague's assistant across the stage toward the dressing rooms.

"Huh!" said Jennings. "He's mild this morning—for him. If you want to hear him cut loose, talk back to him or keep him waiting on a scene. He drives a company harder than any man in the world; but he gets results. Sometimes we do forty scenes a day."

After the lady had disappeared Montague strolled out on the great stage. The kitchen setting was complete; the carpenter was at work on a parlor interior; the stove was drawing well; and Ben Leslie, who made his boast that he had never yet been asked to do an impossible thing, was mixing an immense quantity of batter in a dishpan, measuring milk and water with a practiced hand. Buck Parvin stood at his elbow offering advice. A stage hand rushed up to Montague.

"What's this about no diffusers this morning, Mr. Montague?"

"Don't want 'em," said the director. "We want all the sun we can possibly get. The hotter the better. And remember what I told you last night—I'll murder the man who laughs."

"Yes, sir," said the stage hand.

"Oh, Buck!" called Montague.

Parvin approached, grinning.

"Go and borrow Jennings' dress suit. Put on a black mustache and get a cigarette and cane."

"Aw, say!" wheedled Buck. "Let me in on this, Jim. Who is the beautiful lady?"

"She thinks she's an actress; and, so far as you're concerned, she is one. Get me? Do exactly what I tell you. Don't burlesque anything and ask no questions."

"And you won't come through?" said Buck.

"I'll come through with a right swing if you don't get into that clawhammer."

"I don't know where I'm going," said Buck cheerfully, "or why; but I'm on my way. Giddap!"

In the meantime, temperament, the eternal feminine, and the stern realities of stage life were clashing in an already overcrowded dressing room. Budding ambition about to burst into bloom alone kept the eternal feminine from tears

"I'm Afraid!" Said the Lady. "It's Too Far!"

after Mrs. Gribble had squeezed herself into her narrow quarters.

"What a dreadful place!" she cried. "Quick, Martha!—my pink house dress and boudoir cap. The stage is waiting!"

"De stage kin wait, Miss Addie," said the mulatto woman calmly. "It kain't go nowhar 'thout y'all on it, I reckon. Yo' 'spect I'm gwine th'ow yo' cloze onto yo' any which-away? A actress got to look like quality folks."

Followed a period of breathless exertion which was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Hurry, Miss Aldine! We are waiting on you!"

"Coming!" cried Mrs. Gribble, frantically powdering her nose. "The cap—quick, Martha! That's the director himself! Just a minute, Mr. Montague!"

The one minute lengthened into seven before a pink-silk vision appeared on the stage, aflutter with lace and ribbons. Being entirely a woman, Mrs. Gribble was prepared to create a sensation. And she did; but the sensation was not exactly of the sort she had expected.

Jimmy Montague was standing by the camera, conferring with Charlie Dupree, the Titan Company's film wizard. Hearing the tap of high-heeled slippers, the director whirled in his tracks, and Mrs. Gribble's conception of a boarding-house keeper in reduced circumstances smote him in its gorgeous entirety. Montague staggered and tore his hair.

"Not a bit like it!" he shouted. "Is that your idea of a kitchen slavey, Miss Aldine? You are cooking for twenty miners in Blue Butte, Montana! You don't own a scrap of silk and you've never seen a high-heeled slipper in your life! Go back and take those fluffy ruffles off and dress the part!"

"I—I'm sorry," said Mrs. Gribble humbly. "I thought — "

"I will do the thinking for you!" stormed Montague. "Go back and put on a gingham dress, a dirty one for preference. . . . You haven't one? Wait a minute!"

Montague raced across the stage and plunged into the wardrobe room, returning immediately with a checkered gingham atrocity, known as a Mother Hubbard, and a pair of knitted slippers.

"Take off those corsets," he commanded, "and do your hair up in a little knob on the back of your neck. It's contrast I'm after, woman—contrast! I want you to make yourself just as unattractive as possible, because in the second reel we show you in your mansion on Fifth Avenue—the butterfly escaped from the chrysalis. As an artist you must learn to subordinate everything to art—even your personal appearance. It's contrast I must have! Now hurry!"

Much abashed Mrs. Gribble returned to her dressing room, where she wept and explained matters to Martha, who was unpacking the suitcases. The faithful servitor listened with open mouth and saucer eyes.

"Miss Addie, yo' ain' neveh gwine get yo' picture tooken in dis rag?" said she.

"I must! The director says so," wailed the poor lady.

"I'd direct him!" snapped Martha. "Yo' lemme go talk to dat man!"

This time the wait was a long one; but when the Blue Butte boarding-house keeper appeared she was wearing the Mother Hubbard and her hair was neatly coiled at the back of her neck. Montague surveyed her critically.

"Well, that's some better," said he grudgingly; "but you look too clean—too tidy. Oh, Langdon!"

The scenic artist came from his workroom.

"Send a stooge out here with a brush and some black paint," ordered Montague. A disreputable youth obeyed the summons. "Slop that dress up," said the director. "And you might put a little dab on her nose while you're about it. That hair will never do!"

He laid violent hands on the neat coil and shook it this way and that, until the loose ends appeared in a golden aureole and one braid hung down the lady's back.

"That's more like it," said Montague, surveying her critically. "In a picture the chief thing we strive for is absolute fidelity to life."

While Langdon's apprentice splashed away with his brush Mrs. Gribble found time to look about her. The stage was filling up with the members of the company and her heart leaped as she recognized her film favorites in the flesh—handsome Jack La Rue, the leading man; and Myrtle Manners, the leading woman. She even recognized Buck Parvin, in spite of the almost impenetrable disguise of evening dress, mustache and cane.

These were the real actors, the movie stars; and they were to appear in her support! Their listless half-interested attitude went far to convince her that everything happening to her was part of the routine and all in the day's work. The thought comforted her immeasurably.

"Now then, to the stove, Miss Aldine!"

She drew a deep breath and advanced, one eye on the camera. Under skillful stoking the ancient wood burner was throwing off a surprising amount of heat. Even the stage hands gave it a wide berth.

"You are making pancakes," said Montague, consulting his script. "By the way, I am assuming that you know how to cook?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gribble; "I can cook."

"Good!" said Montague. "But can you flip a pancake into the air? That is purely a Western trick. It comes under the head of atmosphere—local color. Do you know how to do that?"

"I never tried it," said Mrs. Gribble.

"Try it now. We'll rehearse the scene. First you grease the pan with the bacon rind; then you pour the batter. When the time comes to turn the cake you pick up the frying pan—so—and toss the cake into the air. That stamps you at once as a Western woman. This is one of the first scenes in the picture and I want as much atmosphere in it as possible. Try it, please."

Mrs. Gribble bent over the stove. The terrific heat made her gasp; but, obedient to stage directions, she greased the pan, spooned out the batter, and leaned over the fiery furnace until her very soul seemed to be shriveling in the blast.

"It's about ready now," said Montague. "Flip it!"

Now those who have tried it know that flipping a pancake is an art acquired only by long practice. Mrs. Gribble's first attempt splashed on the floor.

"Too bad!" said Montague. "Make another, please. And save all the cakes; we will need them later for the breakfast scene."

A second attempt fell on the stove, contributing an unappetizing odor. The third, fourth and fifth also met with disaster. Mrs. Gribble's face was crimson where it was not black; her make-up was furrowed with tiny rivulets; she was rapidly being reduced to a liquid state; and all the while Montague, in the shade and not too close to the stove, was patience itself.

"You must keep on until you learn. Again, please." And he spoke of the sacrifices necessary for art's sake.

At last the perspiring martyr mastered the technic and the camera man took his place at the crank.

"Now we'll make it," said Montague. "Ready -action—closer over the stove, Miss Aldine!—go!"

The camera clicked, as a camera will, even when the magazine is empty, and Mrs. Gribble bent bravely over the despised frying pan. The batter bubbled and widened on the greased surface, grew firm, and the bubbles changed to tiny holes. Mrs. Gribble grasped the handle firmly; a toss and a jerk sent the cake flying into the air; it described a perfect half circle and fell back into the pan.

"Stop!" yelled Montague. "You looked at the camera and registered triumph. You must never look at the camera—never! Do it again, please, and watch nothing but the pan. Ready?"

At last the director announced himself as pleased, and Mrs. Gribble collapsed into a chair, panting for breath and mopping her face with the sleeve of her Mother Hubbard.

"Next we have a parlor scene," said Montague briskly. "Your ball dress, please—at once."

Jennings pounded on her door at least half a dozen times before Mrs. Gribble appeared. She was entirely satisfied with herself until she felt the eye of the director on her.

"Not so bad," said Montague, glancing at the Paris gown. "Your shoulders are a little beefy, though. . . . Oh, Buck!"

"That's me!" answered Parvin, swaggering forward, twirling a cane.

"And this is Mr. Parvin!" gushed the lady. "Do you know, I've seen you do so many wonderful things—on the screen, of course—that I feel as if ——"

"Attention, please!" said Montague. "Now this is the business of the scene: You are in your drawing room in New York. This man holds the secret of your past. He comes to you threatening exposure. You plead for mercy. He laughs. You drag yourself to him on your knees. You seize his hands and weep. He spurns you and hurls you to the floor. Then he exits. Rehearse it, please!"

With much prompting and advice, Mrs. Gribble struggled through the scene. Buck's natural weakness for the softer sex asserted itself in the spurning process and Montague yapped savagely.

"I said hurl her, Parvin; and I want you to do it. Slam her down hard!"

"Real hard?" asked Buck.

"You bet your life! You're not only a bad man—you're a brute. Remember that. Understand, Miss Aldine; when a moving-picture actor takes a fall, it's a real fall. That's the only way we can make it register. No slides and no subterfuges. Don't try to save your dress, and fall as hard as you can. Again, please."

Five times the lady dragged herself after Buck, was by him spurned and hurled to the floor; and at last Montague announced himself as satisfied. Mrs. Gribble was more than satisfied. Art is art, but a bruised hip is another matter; and so is a ruined gown.

"I—I'm all out of breath!" gasped Mrs. Gribble. "It—it's hard work, isn't it?"

"This emotional actin' ain't nothing," grinned Buck. "Wait till we get to the stunt stuff. You never can tell what a director'll ask you to do. Once I played a outlaw, and it was in the script that I had to be lynched ——"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Gribble.

"They put a rope round my neck, tied it to a limb an' led my hawss out from under me. I come pretty near chokin' to death before Jim got the effect he wanted—and then the darned censors cut the hangin' scene plumb out of the film. This emotional stuff is a cinch! Wait till they ask you to fall off a hawss, or something like that."

"Hurry, Miss Aldine!" called Montague. "Get back into that gingham thing. You're in the boarding house again."

The rest of the morning was a cruel nightmare. Mrs. Gribble choked in the steam above a boiler; she draped herself over a tub and renewed her acquaintance with the corrugated surface of a washboard; she ironed four shirts; she scrubbed a floor; she washed a mountain of dirty dishes and dried them on an unclean towel. Every soft muscle ached; every dainty instinct cried out against these outrages. Her spirit alone sustained her. She was thinking of the second reel and hoping that the promised contrast would be striking enough to make up for the physical discomforts of the first.

"Half an hour for lunch!" called Montague. "Get busy on that dining-room set, boys."

Mrs. Gribble dragged herself to the dressing room and fell in a limp heap on her trunk.

"Yo' call dat actin'?" demanded Martha. "Looks mo' to me like plain pot-wrasslin'."

"It will show contrast," sighed Mrs. Gribble.

"An' dat ain't all!" sniffed Martha. "Yo' wouldn't even let Mist' Gribble see yo' in a nasty rag like whut yo' got on, an' dese folks done tooken yo' picture in it fo' eve'ybody to laugh at! Dat's contrast, I reckon! I declah to goodness, Miss Addie, I dunno whut yo' see in dishyer movie business to be so crazy 'bout!"

"Be quiet, Martha!" snapped Mrs. Gribble. "Your opinion is not called for."

"Yas'm, Miss Addie; but I'm tellin' yo' ——"

"*Will* you hush? Take this filthy thing off and get me a kimono."

In an inconceivably short space of time Montague's fist was hammering on the door.

"All ready for you, Miss Aldine! As you were in the last scene, please."

Mrs. Gribble groaned as Martha assisted her into the loathed Mother Hubbard, and she limped out to serve twenty miners with cold, greasy pancakes, an unsavory mess of pork and cabbage, and steaming coffee. It was some slight satisfaction to find that the handsome La Rue was one of her boarders, and Buck Parvin's eyes twinkled at her above a thicket of moving-picture whiskers; but the presence of professional talent was more than offset by the odor of pork and cabbage, which almost made Mrs. Gribble ill. She was thankful that it was her duty to serve the food and not to eat it, but in this she reckoned without James Montague, director.

"You will eat in the kitchen, Miss Aldine," said he.

And eat she did, though her stomach revolted and her soul rebelled. Mrs. Gribble had never liked pork and cabbage, even when she knew who cooked it.

"Is there—very much more of this?" she asked.

"Why, we've only begun," said Montague. "You'll have a change now, though. We'll do some location stuff. The boys are all in their costumes, so we might as well make the chases."

"Chases?" said Mrs. Gribble.

"It won't be a real moving picture without chases," said Montague. "Audiences like 'em and expect 'em. This is where you get a chance to show how fast you can run."

"I—I don't think I can run very fast," said Mrs. Gribble.

"You'll have to." Montague referred to his script. "See all those figures? They represent the chases. The miners suspect that you have sold information to a Wall Street syndicate. They drive you out of the camp. You flee into the hills. The whole crowd follows. . . . Better put on some thick shoes with low heels and take along a cloak to wear between times so that you won't catch cold. Don't change that gingham dress. It's a good thing to run in."

"I haven't done any running since I was a girl," said Mrs. Gribble.

"You'll soon get hardened to it," said Montague encouragingly. "A moving-picture actress has to be a good runner. It's one of the first things she learns. You will be ready to leave in my auto in five minutes and you may take your maid with you."

Mrs. Gribble learned to run. She ran until she could run no more, always with a mob of miners in close pursuit. She ran through the streets of small suburban towns, and the inhabitants swarmed to the sidewalks with ironical cheers and yells of "Go to it, Fatty!" "We're bettin' on you!" She ran on mountain roads covered with sharp flinty stones; she ran through deep sand; she ran uphill, downhill and 'cross country. Art is long, but Mrs. Gribble's breath was short; and when it failed her she begged for mercy.

"I—I c-c-can't run another step!" she wailed. "I simply can't!"

"You're a bit fat for this sort of thing," remarked Montague impersonally, "but you'll soon sweat it off. You waddle too much now; I'm afraid an audience would mistake these scenes for comedy relief. Get your wind and then I'll rest you with some climbing stuff."

The climbing stuff was even more tiring than the runs. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak and soft—and oh, so weary!

"Straight up that hill and over the sky line," said Montague. "We'll tilt the camera and keep you in the picture. Ready—action—go!"

Up, up, up she went, spurred on by yells from the heartless director and howls from the bloodthirsty miners.

"Faster! Faster!" shouted Montague. "Make it snappy, Miss Aldine—make it snappy!"

Sick, dizzy and blinded by streaming perspiration Mrs. Gribble endeavored to make it snappy. She put the last ounce of her strength into a desperate attempt to reach the summit of the hill; but a loose bowlder turned as she stepped on it and she fell heavily, rolling into a patch of whitethorn.

Sputtering incoherently Martha scrambled to the rescue, followed by Montague and Buck Parvin.

"Your maid spoiled a great scene by running in on it," said the director. "Take a rest, and then we'll try it again."

"Look yere, man," snapped Martha, "whut yo' tryin" to do—kill dis lady? Kain't yo' see she's all in?"

"That will do, Martha!" panted Mrs. Gribble. "Hold your tongue!"

"Lots of gameness, but no sense," murmured Buck Parvin. "I've seen men that was troubled that way, but mighty few women. . . . Well, ma'am, this is the life!"

Mr. Gribble spoke the truth when he said there was more to him than appeared on the surface. Not the least of his uncatalogued virtues was the ability to see much, say little and bide his time. Greater men than Elmer Gribble have lacked this gift.

When his wife answered him in monosyllables and dozed at the dinner table he said nothing; when she decided to retire immediately after dessert he sat alone and grinned at the smoke as it curled upward from his cigar. Later he poked his head in at the door of her room.

"Tired, Addie?" said he.

"Not in the least," sighed Mrs. Gribble. "I'm only relaxing—that's all."

"You like this movie business, then?" said he.

"Simply mad about it!"

"Aha!" said Mr. Gribble.

"Yas'm, Miss Addie," said Martha; "but y'all betteh lemme rub yo' wif dis linimint or yo' won' be able to act none to-morrer."

Mr. Gribble, thus banished to the hall, executed something remotely resembling a double-shuffle.

Five Times the Lady Dragged Herself After Buck, Was by Him Spurned and Hurled to the Floor

IV

ON THE morning of the second day the electric coupé delivered a cargo of aches and pains at the Titan Studio; and Buck, watching the lady's progress, rolled a cigarette and mused aloud.

"She walks like that lame camel out to the animal farm," said he. "Yes; she sure favors that nigh hoof a lot. . . . Good mornin', Miss Aldine! How do you like actin' as far's you've gone?"

"It's lovely!" said Mrs. Gribble. "This is the life, Mr. Parvin!"

"Yeh," said Buck to himself as the lady hobbled into Montague's office, "this is the life, you bet; but not for fat people."

Again Mr. Montague was all business.

"Ah! Gingham again this morning, please, Miss Aldine!"

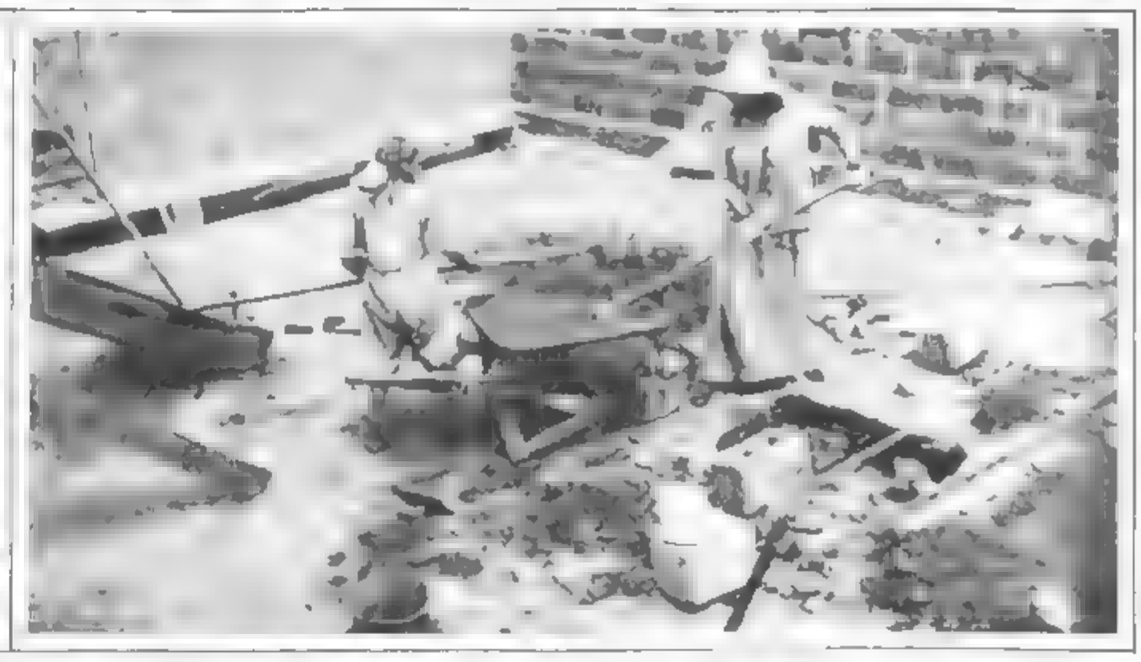
Mrs. Gribble was disappointed.

"I thought we might begin the second reel to-day," she pouted.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

Open Well Dug Within House Foundations. Windlass for Lifting Earth and Rock



Our Family Mixing Concrete for Chimney Piers

By John R. McMahon

A WEEK before the foundations were finished I had started a well in the corner of the basement under the future kitchen. The immediate object was to collect water for building in case the dam supply failed. We still had vague hopes of ultimately getting city water or of being able to use the spring in the woods. If we had to have a well, we decided, it was better to locate it within the house rather than outdoors. In this matter we would not let ourselves be guided by rural traditions of inconvenience.

I had studied with care a Government pamphlet on Underground Waters for Farm Use, which seemed to be scientific and authoritative. It was neatly illustrated and gave cost data on all types of wells throughout the country. I regret to say, however, that though it was generally illuminating, I found this pamphlet of small practical value. It proved misleading as to cost figures, reserved on important essentials and diffuse on kindergarten points of sanitation. I hereby respectfully offer the Government experts the benefit of my experience and my invention of a type of well that has notable merits.

A stocky Italian with a red mustache and only one eye, who lacked two fingers on his right hand, began to dig the well. Despite his defects he was the hardest worker I ever knew. We called him the human mole. In a single day he burrowed himself out of sight, making a hole five feet across and seven feet deep. I did not prompt him or even watch him while he burrowed. A helper removed all the excavated earth in a wheelbarrow to the edge of the woods. It was yellow clay down to a depth of seven feet, when hardpan began to appear.

Work With Pick and Dynamite

TO CONTINUE the work I rigged up a massive gallows of chestnut and hickory posts with a crosspiece eight feet above ground, attaching to it a block-and-fall with seventy-five feet of three-quarter-inch Manila rope. We cut the timber in the woods, borrowed the pulleys, and bought the rope secondhand for $2. The owner of the rope was a Père Goriot of junk. I had to supply a pair of rubber hip boots for the digger. The galvanized ash cans which had been used to hold water served for lifting out the dirt. A week after the first attack the human mole spent eleven hours in the hole and went down six and one-half feet, making a total depth of thirteen and a half feet in two days' work. The soil was modified hardpan, a hard mixture of clay, trap rock and pebbles running into a fine whitish sand. A little surface water oozed down from the sides of the hole.

The block-and-fall method of bringing up dirt proved extremely arduous. For a time three men, including myself, hauled on the pulley rope attached to the bucket. I now suspect that the pulleys were arranged backward, so that we lost rather than gained power. Anyhow the windlass, which we used afterward, proved much easier. A single man could operate it. So far the digging had been done on holidays by workers who were regularly employed elsewhere; but about this time a couple of men came to me and applied for the job of going on with the excavation. One of them looked especially bright and intelligent, and his face somehow seemed familiar. He turned out to be the leader of the procession of strikers who had called out my solitary "hand" when we were working on the road.

I hired the strike leader to work for me. He asked $3 a day, but he was an expert well digger. He agreed to bring a helper at $2 a day and get the loan of a windlass. The latter was a ramshackle, homemade affair that had to be treated with care, but it served. On the first day the expert went down six feet in the whitish sand, making the total depth about twenty feet. Progress became slower after this, due to increasing depth and the presence of layers of gravelly hardpan in the sand. The young Italian helper and I usually manned the windlass and dumped the filled cans. In four days we were down to twenty-nine feet. After that the result of a day's work was measured by inches.

As the sand came up I squeezed handfuls of it for moisture and put samples in water to test it for clay. When I was not working at the windlass I squatted beside the hole with tense eyes watching the hip-booted digger as he stood in a little puddle and plied his pick or shoveled into the can.

At a depth of twenty-nine feet the obdurate hardpan quickly blunted the pickaxes, which had to be often resharpened by the blacksmith. We decided to try a little dynamite. A hole was drilled and a charge placed in it. The former strike leader lighted the fuse. My task was to haul him up in the bucket.

The signal was given. I turned the windlass, lifting the well digger above the spluttering fuse. He was a very self-possessed Italian, but suddenly when he was part way up he cried, "Faster!" Nevertheless I did not hurry, fearing more an accident with the ramshackle windlass than a premature explosion. We had time to remove the spindle of the windlass and get behind some trees before the dynamite went off. The mortarlike well bombarded the sky with sand and gravel. We threw burning paper into the hole to drive out the heavy, yellowish vapor. We also tried to ladle out the dynamite fumes with my wife's parasol which we lowered to the bottom of the hole at the end of a string. But in spite of our efforts there was enough gas left in the well to give one a severe headache, so we postponed examination until next morning. It turned out that the explosion had been of little benefit. Fortunately the hardpacked sand between the top and bottom hardpan had not been dislodged.

A business trip called me away for a week. On my return I obtained for a day the services of the one-eyed digger who had started the well. I wanted him to drill and blast. No other Italian was willing to go with him into the hole, which was now thirty feet deep; so I offered to go down myself and hold the drill while an Italian stayed at the windlass. The human mole, however, refused to go down with me and trust his compatriots to run things above ground. He would go down only provided the boss stayed at the windlass. I was touched by this proof of confidence in me, and finally one of the Italians was shamed into going with him. After the blast was shot the human mole insisted on going right down to investigate. He disappeared completely in the cloud of yellow gas, and we could hear him coughing like a bear at the bottom of the well; but for some moments he refused to come up.

A new team of well diggers drilled and dynamited for two and a half days, at the end of which time the leader, Angelo, announced: "No can dig. No can drill. No can go farther. I think she is enough." We were down thirty-one and a half feet in something between hardpan and solid trap rock. For ten feet above the bottom water trickled slowly from various points on the sides of the well. In twenty-four hours the water was about three feet deep at the bottom and amounted to about two hundred gallons. I was told that the household allowance of city water at the minimum charge of $12 a year was eighty-six gallons a day, and our supply apparently was more than double this quantity. At this stage the vigilant Jeremiah and others threw me into doubt. A real well should have water gushing from the bottom, they said. We ought to have ten feet of water. It would not be long before our hole would go dry.

My wife and I paid a social call on the strike leader, who had worked on the well. I asked his opinion of the well. He told me it was all right. By accepting the advice of this Italian workingman instead of the counsels of several Americans, including a professional well driller, we saved several hundred dollars. The well driller came in a little automobile and told me the well was all a mistake; that it would have to be filled up with earth again. He offered to dig a new well for me at a charge of $3.25 a foot for boring through the earth and $4.75 a foot for boring through rock. I thanked him and told him we would first try out the merit of our own plan.

Completing the Cistern

IT WAS thanks to our Italian friends also that I got the idea of making a tile reservoir at the bottom of the well and filling up with earth round small tile to the top, thus giving the advantage of an open well below and at the same time insuring the well against contamination from above. I improved on this idea by placing stones round the large tiles, thereby increasing the capacity of the reservoir and preventing it from filling up with sediment. I also constructed a cistern on top of the well.

Though the idea of putting the cistern on the well and having both equally convenient under the kitchen was mine, it was my clever wife who scouted and negotiated for the materials of which the cistern was built. A firm of contractors was making reënforced concrete pipes for a street drainage system a couple of miles from our site. A few of the pipes had defects, having superficial cracks or being slightly thicker on one side than on the other. We obtained two of these technically defective but practically perfect pipes, delivered, for $5 apiece. The pipes without defects were valued at $14 apiece.

COST OF THE WELL

75 feet ¾-inch Manila rope	$ 2 [illegible]
Rubber hip boots	[illegible]
Four 2-foot tile for bottom reservoir at $2.50	[illegible]
12 6-inch tile at $0.30	[illegible]
Two pounds forcite at $0.20, 6-foot fuse, 6 caps	[illegible]
Galvanized iron bucket	[illegible]
Use of windlass	[illegible]
Sharpening drills and pickaxes	[illegible]
Sand and cement	[illegible]
Brass force pump, double cylinder, secondhand	[illegible]
Pump repairs, $2.17; foot valve, $0.[illegible]	[illegible]
Used galvanized iron pipe bought for [illegible]; pump installed gratis by the seller.	
Labor:	
One man 5 days at $[illegible], balance at $2 per day	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

COST OF THE CISTERN

Two reënforced concrete pipes 4 feet in diameter and 4 feet long at $5	$10.00
Contractor putting pipes in place—5 men 3 hours	10.00
Two spruce planks for cover at $0.80	1.60
Linoleum to cover planks	.80
Cement, 4 bags, $1.50; sand and gravel, $0.30	1.80
Labor at $2 per day	4.00
Total	$28.00

We have used the cistern and well now for more than six months and have had no trouble whatsoever with them.

The cistern does not leak and shows no signs of settling, despite its enormous weight of over six tons when full of water. It rests on a massive concrete arch braced against unyielding hardpan. Of course all the cementing was done with great care. The inside of the cistern was painted with pure cement after the joints had been filled with a rich mixture; and an entire bag of cement was used to waterproof the bottom. The same care was used in cementing the small well tiles, not more than three lengths of tile being cemented at one time. There has always been plenty of water in the well, even through the dry summer and when a great deal of water was used for building; it is cold and sweet, and as good as any well water in our neighborhood.

An old mason from Holland and his silent, brawny son, who was a carpenter, intercepted me one day as I emerged from my usual late afternoon dip in the near-by swimming place. They wanted the job of putting up my house. It was nearly midsummer; I had long since given up the notion of doing most of the mason and carpenter work myself. The old man said that he and his son would do the job by contract, piece work or day's wages, any way I pleased, and I would have the privilege—denied to many employers—of working along with them. I decided in favor of employing them by the day, and I agreed to pay each of them $3.25 for an eight-hour day. They were skilled mechanics; and the terms arranged were equal to or a little better than conditions in the neighborhood.

My wife helped me to make a mortar box, a sand screen and a tar paper-roofed shelter for cement, in preparation for the next day's arrival of our high-priced employees. Six dollars and a half a day, about forty dollars a week for labor, meant for us grave financial responsibilities. After hoarding money for years it seemed daring to squander it in this way. I thought of economizing on tobacco; but I found a happier economy in not talking unnecessarily with our workmen, who easily spent ten cents' worth of time in answering a casual observation on politics or the weather. In a way I admired the singlemindedness which demanded absolute concentration.

About four hundred and fifty concrete blocks were laid in the first three days; and we exulted in the speed with which our walls at last were rising, for they were waist high in places. I had no easy job as laborer, fetching blocks that weighed between forty and sixty pounds and often moving several tons' weight in a day; but the walls were going up and they were the walls of our home, so nothing else mattered. The garden, too, was by this time beginning to produce vegetables, and we had water.

A Profitable Deal in Blocks

FOR some weeks I had been accumulating odd lots of concrete blocks. The regular size was 8x8x16 inches, but there were also halves and quarters. I could have obtained all the blocks I needed from a local manufacturer, but I did not like the price or the quality of the article he offered. The ideal block for our needs, one having a double air space, was made too far away for profitable transportation. The odd lots we procured were mostly of fair quality and had the advantage of being ripened with age. Concrete does not attain its full strength under a year's time. I am convinced, after my experience, that no building material that is available and convenient for small-scale enterprises can compare with concrete blocks. Unfortunately it is easy to make inferior blocks and temporarily deceive customers with them, and such dishonest manufacture has injured the market for them. However, even a second-rate block of sand and cement is better than wood or brick, and it is cheaper than tile or stone. There is no trouble with dampness in suitable block construction.

We picked up our odd lots of blocks all round the countryside within a distance of four miles. My wife and I went

Lowering Big Cistern Pipe in Place Above Well. A Regular Bridge Builder Did This Job and Charged $10, as Much as the Two Pipes Cost

block hunting in the long twilights of early summer. We had experiences both amusing and instructive. In one case the man who owned the blocks was a suspicious little soul who was afraid of being cheated and wanted spot cash. He did not know how many blocks he had lying round, and it was impossible to estimate the number very accurately, but he asked a lump sum, guaranteeing a certain minimum number; all above this number I was to have gratis. The bargain was made in writing, and I paid cash.

It developed afterward that there was a considerable number of blocks above the guaranteed minimum. The owner hated to see them leave his premises; and I was forced to go with a team and collect the surplus under a bombardment of unpleasant adjectives. As I told the owner, if he had not subjected me to loss of time and assault of language I should have felt under moral obligation to make him a gift on account of the extra blocks.

The total number of blocks we bought amounted to 2669, and the price, including cartage, averaged 14 cents apiece. The regular manufacturer's price was 16 cents or more. I did not know except very roughly how many or what sorts of blocks would be needed. We took the odd lots as they came, sorting them as we piled them in fortification style round the foundations. Full size, half size, quarter size, corner blocks and window blocks were brought to the wall as the mason called for them. And when the house was finished we had left over less than half a dozen blocks.

It was sometimes as exciting as a child's game to find the needed block in a mix-up of miscellaneous sizes. The halves and quarters with which the odd lots abounded, and which the regular manufacturer did not make, came in especially handy, owing to my not having taken the size of the blocks into account when I drew my plans. The old mason told me that I ought to have made my plans to fit the blocks instead of fitting the blocks to the plans, and he was right. It was mere luck that we had odd sizes, and it took extra labor to place them. I am told that in some places the building regulations forbid the use of quarter blocks, presumably because of their inferior strength; but I know that our method of using them was quite safe.

The question of whether or not to use lime in the cement mortar was a puzzling one. As the old Hollander insisted that we must use some, we compromised on ten per cent of it, mixed with sifted sand and Portland cement.

After laying a pair of corner blocks with the spirit level applied horizontally and vertically, the old mason stretched a line tautly between them and at their outer edge. On the longest wall it was necessary to support the line in the center with a small stick weighted with a block. Between the corners the blocks were laid according to the line and without further use of the spirit level. A man who put up a block house unaided told me that he did it all with the spirit level; but our mason's method produced walls that seemed mathematically flawless. The first course of blocks, laid in the center of the 12-inch foundation wall, had two inches of margin on each side, and this angle was filled with mortar and troweled into a slope. We also filled the spaces in the entire first course of blocks with mortar.

Pointing Fresh Mortar

THE silent, brawny son and I officiated as laborers and pointed up the joints between blocks with cement. The pointing was done with a slender, slightly curved bit of steel just wide enough to force the mortar between the joints. My wife and I took our first lessons in this art, and it was not long before we were arguing about the right way to do it. It did not take me long to see the importance of immediate and careful pointing on the inside as well as on the outside of the walls; otherwise there may be crevices left for wind and weather to penetrate. If the pointing is done after the walls are up, or when the mortar in which the blocks are laid has hardened, the joint filling is comparatively insecure and liable to fall out. I did not want to imitate the careless ways of some contractors, and resolved to have every block pointed up as we went along if it took us all summer.

The old mason said nothing, but I know he thought me finicky for pointing up the inside of the wall as carefully as I did the outside. The inside pointing was my special job and I did about all of it on the entire building. I was careful also to wet the blocks before they were laid, in order to obtain good adhesion between blocks and mortar. Dry blocks—or bricks—cause a premature hardening of the mortar. On warm, dry days I often found it necessary to wet down the newly laid wall. Moist and showery weather was the most favorable for our work.

We had bought our basement door and window frames ready-made from a large lumber company not far away; and I was surprised to learn that the price for all sizes of frames, little and big, was exactly the same—$1.75 each. We decided to eliminate one of the basement windows from our original plan, to shift the position of others, and to cut down the height of the basement door frames from seven feet to about six feet and a half. I had the young carpenter bore holes through the small window frames and we put two steel rods through each frame; they projected enough so that their ends could be embedded in cement. The object of the rods was to discourage possible intruders. A native visitor remarked the bars and seriously inquired whether we meant to keep horses downstairs. The small window frames did not come out evenly with the blocks; so we propped them in the wall, and afterward made forms and filled in with stone and mortar. The sills were also made in place.

Strips of wood on the sides of the door frames made a channel that was filled with mortar as each course of

Basement Window and Door Frames. Steel Bars Inset in Window Frames and Embedded in Cement

Concrete Pier With Embedded Steel Rod for Porch Column. Supposed to be Tornado Proof

blocks was laid. To hold the frame still more firmly to the wall, nails were driven into the wood at each course and buried in mortar. After the basement was finished I discovered that the door frames had shrunk away from the mortar, leaving a considerable crack on each side. I was told that wood and mortar never stayed together; that they always obtained a divorce. This did not seem right to me, and I resolved to make them remain together. Chiseling out the mortar beside the wood for the entire height of the frames, I put a two-inch screw into the wood at every block joint and replaced the chiseled mortar with a rich mixture of sand and cement. Wooden braces held the frames while the new cement hardened round the screws. The result was entirely satisfactory.

I followed this plan with all door and window frames on the first floor, putting in two long screws on each side at every joint. It required thirty-two screws for each of our window frames, quite a little extra labor and a comparative trifle of extra cost; but as a result the frames are absolutely tight and everlastingly held to the walls. In this connection I wish to emphasize the point that mechanics often do slipshod and inferior work even when they are working by the day and have no object in doing things poorly, for the simple reason that contractors have drilled them into the habit. A specially intelligent and skilled mechanic told me once that he had two styles of work, one for first-class jobs and the other for hurry-up work. He was generally able to figure out which style was wanted and to act accordingly.

My wife put shellac on knots and painted all the frames with a first coat of white lead and oil before they were put in the wall. Our youngster and a lot of others were eager volunteers for this job. It is not often that frames are painted before they are set in place, yet it is decidedly worth while to do so. I was puzzled by the advice of a house painter and a carriage painter in regard to linseed oil, the former saying that it should be raw and the latter vowing that it should be boiled. As the raw oil was handier to get and a few cents cheaper it was elected. We had given up the idea of having a reënforced concrete floor for our house because of the lack of city water and because of unforeseen expenditures. A wooden floor would be cheaper. We had plenty of fine chestnuts, as well as oak and hickory trees, in our woods, and I planned to have some of these trees sawed into floor beams. But I found that the nearest sawmill was more than four miles away, and that it would probably cost more to transport and saw up our own logs than to buy lumber which came all the way from Oregon or Michigan. A friendly lumber dealer suggested hewing the chestnuts into shape with an adz; but I am glad we didn't try this, for the skilled adzmen sleep with America's pioneers. An amateur could not hope to hew anything decently. So although we had enough wood on our premises to build our house and another one like it, the conditions of modern industry made this timber as unavailable as if it had not existed.

It occurred to me that a portable sawmill would find plenty of occupation even in settled communities, where many sizable tracts of timber are going to waste, and the dying trees are not even used for firewood owing to the untimely extinction of the open fireplace.

While I was mourning over our unavailable trees, an opportunity came my way of obtaining steel girders for our floor and a quantity of steel for concrete reënforcement. A bridge over a small river not far away was being demolished to make way for a larger structure, and the wreckage included all kinds of steel in good condition. The contractor told my wife that we could have as much steel as we wanted at the junk price of half a cent a pound, and she went to investigate. I picked out two I beams 9 inches in depth and 27 feet long, together with a lot of stay-bars and screw-eye rods. The entire lot weighed two thousand pounds and with cartage cost $11.50. The I beams cost us less than if they had been wood. At the estimated weight of 700 pounds, each cost $3.50 and a proportionate trifle for cartage. A similar beam of new steel would have cost $14. We paid for the entire lot one quarter the price of new material and had no freight bill.

After the first flush of exultation I began to wonder whether the I beams were elephants on our hands. Could we cut one of them down to make room for the basement stairs? How would we place them on the walls? I borrowed a blacksmith's cold chisel with a handle, got out my hack saw, an oil can and a sledge hammer. On a holiday, assisted by my wife, I began to saw the flanges of the I beam and to chisel a groove on the thin part of the metal. When the flanges were half sawed a neighbor came along and showed me the advantage of pounding the end of the beam with the sledge hammer, having a support below the cut place and frequently turning the beam over. The steel screamed and made a hideous din, but in three hours' time we conquered it. The sawed end gradually yielded, bending a little back and forth under the sledge hammer; then suddenly and quietly it dropped off.

A professor of classical languages was visiting us when the time came to put the steel beams on the wall. He wanted to direct the whole job, having studied engineering under Archimedes and Cæsar, but we ignored his erudition and told him that his job would be to put his shoulder under the beam and help lift it. We shoved the beam over steel rollers on planks and raised one end by stages on scaffolds of concrete blocks and planks. When one end had finally been boosted on the wall the other end was similarly elevated by stages. The professor, the two workmen, a late volunteer and myself put both beams in place in a few hours.

One day when I was accompanying one of the teams that were carting concrete blocks for me, I passed a river bridge where somewhat worn roadway planks were being replaced by new material. I bought thirty-six of the best of the discarded planks for 55 cents apiece, including cartage. They would have been worth new round $2.25 apiece. They were 20 feet long, 10 inches wide and 3 inches thick,

(Continued on Page 38)

THE STRANGE BOARDER

V

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Very Next Evening She Began Earning Her Money

SITTING in his shirtsleeves, Gardner gripped the arms of the big wooden chair, and his heart pounded at his ribs. His round gray eyes were fixed intently on Inspector Ryan's broad back as that officer sat at his desk negligently writing. One circumstance puzzled him tremendously—namely, the police had at once taken away his coat and vest.

Finishing his writing at leisure, the inspector lit a fresh cigar and swung round in his swivel-chair to face the prisoner—slipping down to a lounging attitude in the chair and comfortably crossing his legs.

"Where were you last night, Gardner?" he asked amiably.

"Why, I came downtown along about eight o'clock, I reckon, and went up to Jake Bloom's," the prisoner replied, staring very hard at the inspector and rallying all his wits.

"What for?"

"Why, I wanted to see Bloom—have a little talk with him, you know."

"What about?"

"Oh, it was just a little matter of business. I—you see, I thought maybe he'd set me up in that place that Kittie Hinch ran on Wycliffe Street. I wanted to talk to him about that."

"I see. Well, what did you do at Jake's?" The inspector's air was amiable, almost genial, as though it were a little sociable chat between friends.

"Why, I inquired for Bloom. I asked Pat Maloney if he was about or where I might be apt to find him. He wasn't there, and Maloney couldn't tell me where to find him; so I went out to wait a while."

"Where did you go?"

"Oh, no place in particular. I just hung round the neighborhood, strolling up and down, you see."

"I see. For how long?

"Why, I hardly know maybe a couple of hours."

The inspector chuckled good-naturedly.

"Just strolling up and down when it was raining cats and dogs! You're fond of rain, ain't you, Gardner?"

The prisoner blushed.

"Well, when it was raining hard I stepped into a doorway."

"Do you happen to remember where that doorway was?"

Gardner hesitated a moment, perturbedly debating whether he should lie.

"Yes, sir; it was almost across the street from Bloom's doorway."

"I see. Where you could kind of keep watch, eh?"

"Well, I could have seen anybody who went in, I suppose."

"Now is that all you did, Gardner?" the inspector asked amiably. "You went up to Jake's about eight o'clock and stayed there ten or fifteen minutes, say: and then you went downstairs and out on the street and you stayed outdoors—most of the time in this doorway—for a couple of hours, or such a matter. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir; that's right," said the prisoner soberly.

"Then you didn't go upstairs—over the gambling house—at all?"

"Why—yes, sir, I did go upstairs."

"Ah! Well, tell me about that."

"I went upstairs—you see"—he stumbled unhappily over it a moment; then brightened visibly—"you see, I was anxious to see Bloom; so I went upstairs, thinking he might be in his living apartment."

"I see. Had you inquired about that?"

"Why, yes; I had asked Pat Maloney, and he'd said Bloom wasn't upstairs, but I thought he might be mistaken; so I went up to see for myself."

"Well, where else did you go, Gardner?" the inspector asked, as though the improvement in the prisoner's memory greatly encouraged him.

"That's all just upstairs and then out on the street.'

"And in the alley there beside Bloom's place?"

"I came down the alley in the first place—before I went up to Bloom's at all."

"Just walked through it, you mean?"

"Yes, sir—just walked through it."

"Did anything in particular happen when you walked through the alley?"

"No, sir; nothing at all. I just walked on through it and turned the corner of the building and went upstairs."

"I see," said the inspector, and pushed a button on his desk.

A man in police uniform entered, to whom the inspector spoke under his breath, and as the man went out the inspector swung his swivel-chair back to his desk and began writing again.

Three or four painful minutes elapsed; then the uniformed man returned with three frightened-looking strangers, whom he stood up along the wall, while, with an imperious motion of the finger, he ordered the wondering Gardner to stand beside them.

When the group was posed the human hippopotamus, whose swarthy face seemed to have been lightly washed with stove polish, entered, conducting a pursy man in baggy trousers and a torn alpaca coat. The latter immediately pointed to Gardner.

Inspector Ryan took the pursy man in hand and had him describe exactly how he had seen Gardner drop from the fire-escape. As Gardner listened to the examination his nerves relaxed and he felt so much at ease that he had to repress a smile—because then it first dawned upon him that the police suspected him of having killed Jake Bloom.

"Well, how about it, Gardner?" the inspector inquired genially when the pursy witness and the three dummies had been led out and the prisoner was back in the big wooden chair.

"Why, you see, that happened afterward," Gardner explained easily. "That wasn't when I came through the alley the first time at all. It was after I'd gone up and inquired for Bloom and come down again. It had begun to rain a little then and when I first came through the alley it wasn't raining at all."

The inspector frowned slightly, for there did seem to be a small confusion in chronology.

"But what were you doing on the fire-escape at all?"

"Why, it was just curiosity. I was at the mouth of the alley and saw the fire-escape. Of course I'd seen it before. I just wondered whether it would be possible for a man to reach it from the ground; so I climbed up on the window-sill and jumped for it and caught it, and drew myself part-way up. When I saw a man could reach it I was satisfied and dropped back to the ground. That's all there is to that."

"I see—mere idle curiosity. And that's the way you got the iron rust on your coat and vest, is it?"

"Yes, sir—that's how," Gardner replied, understanding for the first time why his garments had been taken from him.

"Well," said the inspector pleasantly, "this gets us down to sometime after ten o'clock, when you were watching in the doorway across the street."

"Yes, sir; and then I went up to Bloom's again."

"Having seen him enter meanwhile," the inspector suggested.

"Yes, sir—having seen him enter meanwhile."

"Go on. What next?"

"Well, there really wasn't much of anything next," Gardner replied, nervously running his hand through his hair. "You see, I went upstairs and Jake was there." He shifted his hand-hold on the chair-arms and gaped foolishly at the inspector.

"And you went up to him, of course, and talked to him about this important business you had on your mind."

"Why, no, sir—no, sir; I didn't say anything to him at all," Gardner confessed unhappily.

"What!" the inspector exclaimed. "Your business was very important, you know. You wanted Pat Maloney to tell you where Bloom could be found. You were particular to know whether he wasn't upstairs. You even went upstairs—when Maloney said he wasn't there—in order to satisfy yourself. And you waited round in the rain for two hours. Certainly you said something to him about it?"

"No—no, I didn't," Gardner replied blankly. "I didn't speak to him at all."

"Not a word?"

"No—really—not a word."

"Why, what was your idea, Gardner?" the inspector inquired as though in amiable surprise.

"Well—you see—it didn't seem to me that it was a good time to speak to him. He was talking with other people, you know. I thought I'd put it off until a better time; so I left."

The inspector chuckled again very good-naturedly, saying:

"I see. Well, go on."

"Why"—Gardner hesitated a moment, looking earnestly at the inspector, and his fingers tightened on the arms of the chair—"that's all. I went home then—to Number 2 Carlisle Terrace, where Sergeant Worrll and Detective Smith found me this morning."

"What time was that?"

"Well, I remember looking at my watch when I got off the street car at the nearest corner and it was ten minutes past eleven. I must have got home about five or ten minutes later."

"What time did you go to bed?"

"I don't know exactly. Of course it was some time after a quarter past eleven."

"Did you wind your watch when you went to bed?"

"I suppose so. I usually do. But I don't remember noticing the time. Probably it was half past eleven."

"Did anybody see you at Number 2 Carlisle Terrace? Anybody speak to you?"

"Why—yes, sir. A young lady saw me and spoke to me there." He related the incident.

As he related it Inspector Ryan stopped smoking, eying him sharply; and for the next fifteen minutes the inspector cross-examined him closely on that incident, making him describe the minutest details repeatedly. He was frowning when he got through and, touching a button, he instructed that Gardner be taken back to a cell.

Half an hour later Jane glided over to the little desk between the windows to answer the telephone. The president's secretary was speaking.

"Mr. Byron wants you to come down to his office," he said.

Jane was a little fluttered, for it was the first time the president had ever sent for her. She went briskly along the gallery, tripped down the winding stairs, and crossed the big banking room to the bronze gate through which the bogus banker had come to take Gardner's ten thousand dollars. Beyond the gate stood many desks, at which under officers of the bank sat, and beyond the desks were private offices for the directors, the president and the first vice-president. Mr. Byron's pale and serious young secretary opened the door to the president's room for her.

"I Saw Him Just as Plain as I See This Here Pan of Potatoes"

A mahogany table on a rug of price stood in the center of the warm-colored room. Behind the table sat the president—a short and heavy man of fifty, bald except for a fringe of close-cropped sandy hair and with a smooth-shaved, red face. At first glance he seemed to have no eyebrows at all, but on closer inspection a few hairs, much the color of his flesh, were discernible above his thick-lidded and dull-looking blue eyes. At the end of the table sat a lank man, somewhat older, with a neatly trimmed iron-gray beard and a lean, heavily wrinkled face, who lounged in the chair, with his legs crossed, smoking a cigar.

Mr. Byron greeted Jane with a nod and said, in a casual manner:

"Miss Ingraham, this is Inspector Ryan of the Police Department. He wants to ask you a few questions."

She may have blanched a moment as she stood beside the table, with her dark eyes fixed on the inspector. At any rate, for a moment, she was afraid; and all her faculties were aroused defensively.

"You know Mr. Gardner—Sam Gardner—Miss Ingraham?" the inspector inquired kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known him?"

"Three or four months, I think. I live at Miss McChesney's, Number 2 Carlisle Terrace. Three or four months ago Mr. Gardner came to board there, with his son—a boy about six years old."

"Have you known him pretty well since he went there?"

"Only casually until just recently. I was very much taken with the little boy; but it's only recently that I've known Mr. Gardner more than just casually."

"Since when do you mean?"

"I mean since he was arrested for gambling and sent to jail. He sent me a little note here at the bank explaining where he was—because the little boy would be alarmed, you see. And I sent him one or two notes to the jail saying the boy was well."

All her wits were at work, and it occurred to her that probably the police would know of that jail correspondence. Underneath she was wondering with all her might what trouble Gardner had got himself into and why the inspector was questioning her.

At this point President Byron leaned back in his chair and said good-naturedly:

"Sit down, Miss Ingraham; sit down."

He was, in fact, much pleased. Inspector Ryan had told him of the jail correspondence and had suggested that the young lady would deny it. As a mere human being, Jane's conduct was a matter of much indifference to him; but she was an employee of the Cereal National Bank, and when she plumply mentioned the jail incident he felt that the bank, so to speak, had taken a trick from the Police Department.

"It was after you knew he was a gambler and had been sent to jail that you became better acquainted with him then?" the inspector suggested pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," Jane replied gravely. "Naturally that led him to tell me something about himself—sort of explain himself to me—and so, as you say, we became better acquainted."

"In a general way what did he tell you about himself?—if I may ask."

"Why, that he had a ranch in Arizona—where, he said, they don't take gambling as seriously as we do here—and came to Chicago meaning to go into business; but he immediately lost all his money." She turned to the president. "You remember, Mr. Byron, that man who was robbed of ten thousand dollars here by somebody impersonating Mr. Farson?"

"I heard a rumor about it," the banker replied, with a frown, while Inspector Ryan looked interested.

"Well, that was Mr. Gardner so he told me. That left him with hardly any money, and he took to gambling in Bloom's place. Then this man Bloom, he says, forbade him to gamble there any more; and he had dropped in at the place kept by the man Hinch and was merely looking on the night of the raid He says he tried to prevent a policeman from abusing the man Hinch and that's why he was arrested."

"I see," said the inspector, stroking his beard. "Now, Miss Ingraham, please tell me everything that you can remember of Mr. Gardner's movements last night."

Immediately a light shone in Jane's groping mind.

"I didn't see him at dinner-time at the boarding house," she replied steadily. "Billy, the boy, was with me in the early part of the evening—until I sent him to bed. There was a thunderstorm, you know, and the boy was afraid of thunder; so I took him to bed with me. My bedroom is across the hall from Mr. Gardner's and Billy's. I was sleepless for some reason and presently I heard the front door open and some one come upstairs. Then I saw a light under my door; so I knew Mr. Gardner had turned on the light in his room across the hall. I thought he might be alarmed because his son wasn't there; so I opened my door a little and spoke to him—told him Billy was with me."

Jane's lips felt dry and she was wondering whether her voice sounded quite smooth and natural. Her fingers knit together in her lap.

"Can you recall, Miss Ingraham, just what you said to him?" the inspector asked, his eyes fixed on her.

"Why, not exactly. I think I said: 'Are you looking for Billy? He's in here with me. He was afraid of the thunder.' That was about what I said. Of course I didn't wish to disturb the other people in the house, who were asleep."

"Did he say anything?"

She considered it a moment.

"Why, yes. I remember now. I asked him whether I should send the boy to him—or I said: 'I'll send him there.' And Mr. Gardner said: 'Never mind; let him be.'"

"What else was said?"

She considered again.

"Nothing."

"Nothing at all?"

"No; that was all."

He had her draw a rough little diagram of the hall, indicating her door and Gardner's door; wanted to know

how far her door was open; whether she could see Gardner plainly; how much of him she could see; whether he had anything in his hands. She took time to reflect, but answered all the questions plumply.

"And he said: 'Never mind; let the boy stay with you'—or words to that effect. And exactly what happened next?"

"Next I closed my door and locked it and went back to bed. . . . No. I hadn't been able to get to sleep, as I told you, and I wondered what time it had got to be; so I turned on the light and looked at my clock. Then I went to bed."

"Did you see anything more of Gardner between the time you closed your door and morning?"

"No, sir."

"Or hear anything of him?"

"No, sir."

"Of course you don't know whether he went to bed then?"

"No, sir. I know that the light from his room which shone under my door went out soon after I closed the door."

"H'm! And when you looked at your clock what time was it?"

"It was twenty minutes past eleven."

"When did you next see Gardner?"

"At the breakfast-table this morning."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir—except to say Good morning! I was just leaving the house after breakfast when he came out with his son. He started to say that he was going to take his son over to Lincoln Park when two men came up and called him, and he went away with them."

"Did you know who those men were?"

"No, sir; they were strangers to me."

"H'm!" said the inspector, stroking his beard. "Well, I think that will be all—for this morning. Thank you."

Jane glanced at President Byron and at his assenting nod left the room. Mr. Byron leaned back in his chair, taking its carved arms in his stout hands and holding his head a little to one side as he looked at the inspector with a triumphant and ironical air.

"Pretty straight story, eh?" he suggested—feeling that the honor of the bank had been quite vindicated.

"She did it very well indeed," Inspector Ryan admitted. "It exactly agrees with what Gardner told me, which shows that they made it up together sometime between midnight and morning."

The banker's red face turned a slightly deeper color and his eyebrowless forehead contracted in a frown.

"She's a perfectly respectable girl!" he asserted, with some heat. "Otherwise she wouldn't be here. She comes of a good family and her record is as clean as a whistle. We know she's all right."

"Wait a while!" the inspector replied good-naturedly. "Gardner murdered Jake Bloom and that girl knows it. Wait a while!"

Inspector Ryan returned to headquarters and called in Sergeant Worril—the massy person whose great face, with its swarthy, metallic tinge, looked as though it had been lightly washed with stove polish.

"We're up against a snag there," the inspector said thoughtfully, stroking his beard, when he had given the substance of his talk with Jane. "It makes a pretty strong alibi. This Gardner himself is such a mild, innocent-looking cuss—and that girl's a beauty. With her eminently respectable record and her looks and her air, if she'd sit in the witness chair and tell the story as straight as she told it to me she'd have any jury in the world on the wing in no time."

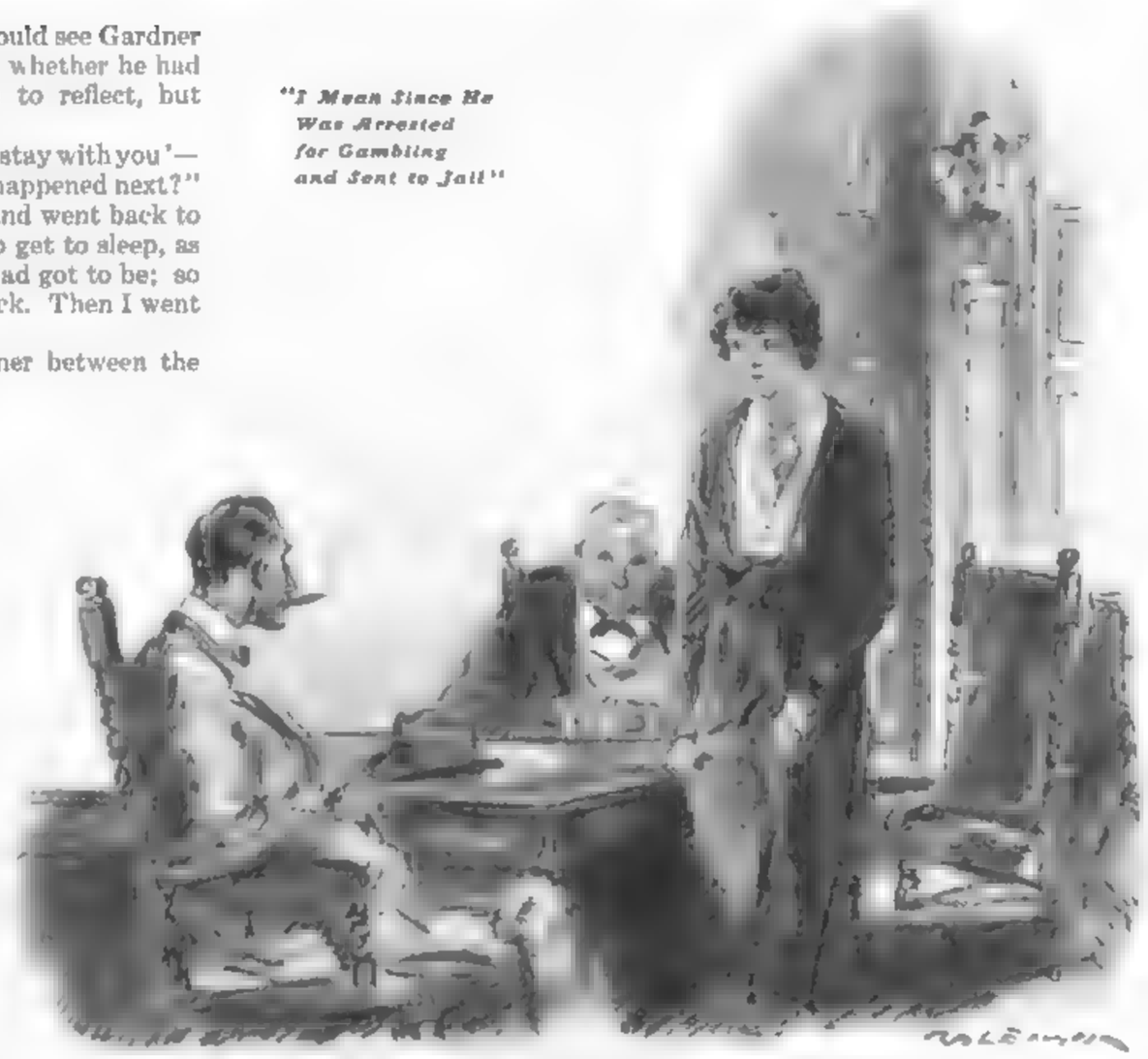
"Why don't you throw her in, Tim?" Sergeant Worril inquired. "Keep her in a cell a few days and let me get my mitts on her all I want—and she'll come across all right."

"I can't do it," the inspector replied, with some annoyance, nervously biting into the butt of his cigar. "She's too good a case for the newspapers. They'd raise hell about it. We've got to handle her carefully."

"I don't see that she's so much," Sergeant Worril replied calmly—"clerk in a bank; lives in a boarding house; father dead; mother broke. Who's goin' to holler if we lock her up for a while?"

"The bank'll butt in for her," Inspector Ryan replied, frowning with annoyance. "She's in with that theological seminary bunch. They'd make a roar. She's so good-looking everybody will sympathize with her. Honest business girl, you see—earning her own living. No; she'd make too good a case for the newspapers. We've got to be careful. This thing has set all the newspapers to shouting about gambling and the police anyway. We can't afford to make any mistakes."

"Well, we've got to do something, Tim," the sergeant observed, his beady eyes fixed on the inspector. "The old man's crazy about it. He liked Jake, you know, and Jake did as much as anybody to carry the First Ward primaries for him. Here's a fall election coming on. He couldn't afford to lose Jake now. Here's the newspapers roasting him to a frazzle over Jake's gambling joints. Of course he's going to take it out of somebody unless there's action pretty quick," the sergeant added philosophically.



"I Mean Since He Was Arrested for Gambling and Sent to Jail"

Faint spots of anger burned in the inspector's lean and wrinkled cheeks. He was already painfully aware that the murder of Jake Bloom had put Mayor Prouty in a towering passion. All round, it had been exceedingly inopportune for the administration.

"Of course, I'd hate to see you get the hook, Tim," Worril observed calmly.

Inspector Ryan spat out the butt of his severed cigar and threw the other part to the floor.

"Prouty's the cheapest skate that has happened in my time," he declared, glowering at the sergeant.

"Oh, sure!" the sergeant replied cheerfully. "But that don't help you any. We've got to make a move pretty soon. The best shot I see is to throw this woman in. She'll come across all right if we get her where we can handle her."

The inspector took his nether lip between his teeth, making his pointed beard stick out, while his brow contracted in a painful frown as he considered.

"I tell you we can't do it. It's too big a risk. I looked her in the eye for half an hour and she's got sand. If she held out against us until somebody got her on habeas corpus she'd walk off giving us the laugh. Then the whole town would be down on us for abusing a respectable young lady. It would queer the whole case! We've got to take time to break down her alibi. I don't know whether this fellow Gardner killed Bloom or not," he added in a burst of extreme exasperation.

"Huh!" the sergeant grunted contemptuously. "That's a cinch! Who else was there? I've checked off everybody."

"There was that business of Kittie Hinch and the woman," the inspector observed.

"Nothin' doin'," Worril replied coolly. "I've told you before that Kittie was right there in the poker room from nine o'clock till past twelve. Half a dozen men saw him there all the time. Pat Maloney saw him. He didn't go outside the joint all the evening. That's certain. It was Gardner."

Inspector Ryan reflected, gnawing his lip and puckering his brows ill-naturedly.

"We've got to do two things," he announced: "We've got to find somebody who saw Gardner near Jake's place round midnight. If he was there somebody saw him. Go over the district with a finetooth comb. And we've got to break down this girl's alibi. If we can show that there's anything between her and Gardner we can break her. I'm going to turn Gardner loose and watch 'em."

At half-past four that afternoon Gardner was released, with a friendly admonition not to leave town. An hour later he turned into Carlisle Terrace and found himself face to face with Jane and Billy. At the unexpected meeting she flushed and paled a little, and her eyes questioned him.

Holding the boy's hand he murmured to her aside:

"I'm released for the present, but under surveillance. They suspect me of killing Bloom, you know. Have the police been to see you?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He laughed contentedly.

"I thought probably they had—when they let me go. It was splendid of you!"

They were walking slowly toward Miss McChesney's and Billy was claiming his share of the conversation. It was probably a dangerous situation—this having a vital secret to whisper about, with heads bent together. There was no good chance to talk, however, until Billy was in bed. Then they walked away together. As soon as they were away from the house Jane demanded breathlessly:

"What happened? Where were you? Tell me everything!"

He took off his hat, ran his blocky hand through his sandy hair and began soberly:

"You see, I was afraid there was going to be trouble between Jake Bloom and Kittie Hinch. So I went down to Bloom's place about eight o'clock, thinking I'd have a talk with him, and then talk with Kittie and see if I couldn't smooth things over. But Bloom wasn't there; so I went out. Then soon after ten I went back, and Bloom and Kittie were both there; but Kittie was sitting quietly in a corner playing poker. I talked with him and he seemed quite calm and good-natured; so I thought there was going to be no trouble at all and came home. But on the way home, you see, I got to thinking it over again and it struck me I'd taken too much for granted I thought I ought to go back and make surer. That's really why I left the house—after you spoke to me up in the hall."

"You did go back, then, to Bloom's?"

"Yes; I went back. I went down the alley, you know, because that's the way I usually go. I suppose it must have been four or five minutes past midnight. While I was going through the alley I saw three men in the gray uniform of a detective agency and a policeman run along the street past the mouth of the alley. I could see that they turned in at the stair door to go up to Bloom's place. Naturally that rather startled me; so I stood still, listening. Just a minute or two later I heard a noise—a thumping and crashing—so I knew they must be breaking down the door to Bloom's living quarters. There could be only one reason for that. A sort of horror overcame me and I left the alley."

"But you didn't come home," she reminded him.

"No," he confessed gravely. "I was a good deal shaken up—with the horror of what I thought had happened. So I hung round until near morning, picking up what news I could."

She looked round into his face and spoke under her breath:

"The man Hinch killed him?"

"Well, that's what I feared at first," he replied soberly; "but, you see—I suppose you have read the newspaper accounts?"

"Yes."

"Well, there it is, you see. Kittie Hinch was down there in the poker room playing cards all the evening from about nine o'clock until past midnight—when the games were broken up by the commotion over the murder. He wasn't outside at all."

"But, Sam—who did do it then?" she asked, with a frightened little catch of her breath.

"Bloom was a man who had a good many enemies," he answered gravely. "He ran the gambling business here, you know, and he was a pretty ruthless sort of man. He'd walked over a good many people. I suppose his gallantries offended some people too. He had plenty of enemies."

"But what earthly reason had the police to suspect you?" she asked in amazement.

"Why, no real reason at all. Only he had forbidden me to play faro; and a vengeful man might have laid that up against him. In a way he'd been the means of sending me to jail too. Then there were one or two little circumstances. For example, that fire-escape that figures in the case—a man happened to see me drop down from it early in the evening."

"Drop down—what were you doing there?" she demanded incredulously.

He explained the circumstances.

"You see, I had this affair of a possible quarrel on my mind; and it occurred to me to see whether a man could climb up to Bloom's window by the fire-escape. I tried it just to satisfy myself."

"Oh! How unlucky!" she cried in alarm.

"Yes; it was unfortunate. Then I was sort of prowling round there, trying to see Bloom." He related his encounter with Pat Maloney and Peter. "And, what the police seem to regard as very suspicious, I didn't say a word to Bloom when I saw him, though I'd made all those attempts to see him earlier. They argue, you know, that in these earlier maneuvers I was merely making sure the coast was clear for me to conceal myself in his room. Of course, at first glance, their theory looks rather plausible. That's why,

when Inspector Ryan was questioning me and I saw his drift, I caught at your having talked with me at Miss McChesney's after eleven o'clock. It was taking a long shot, and taking a liberty with you, too, Jane—but I thought you wouldn't mind that if you knew the fix I was in."

"No, indeed!" she replied.

"And then, I didn't know whether you'd back me up."

"As though I wouldn't!" she retorted indignantly.

"I knew you'd know I was innocent of murder," he explained gravely; "but I didn't know whether you'd see the point in time to say that I came in—and forget to say that I went out. Not one woman in a thousand would or one man in a hundred. You see, Jane," he added in an entirely sober, matter-of-fact tone, as though he were discussing the weather, "when I comprehended the fix I was in I took my liberty in my hand, as you might say, and played it on the queen. All the afternoon I sat in my cell wondering whether the queen was going to win and having a pretty strong hunch that she was. I told you I'm a good gambler—my one accomplishment, you see."

These words, spoken in other than a sober, matter-of-fact tone, might have been embarrassing. Even as it was Jane reddened with pleasure—being not a little vain of her victorious duel of wits with the inspector.

"That's all you have to protect you, though, Sam—just that crumbly alibi of mine. The police will get other circumstantial evidence against you. They'll find somebody who saw you in the alley at midnight. Bloom was a friend of theirs. They'll be bound to punish somebody. They'll strain the evidence to the limit. They'll even manufacture evidence. You don't realize what danger you're in! Many men have been convicted on less. If they make up their minds to convict you, you don't know what they may do."

In her anxiety she peered round into his face, her brows contracted. They had reached the park by that time and struck into it at random.

"Well, I've thought that over," he replied soberly but quite unemotionally. "I suppose the police will do all they can to punish somebody. Of course I have little money and no influence. I'd rather not stand trial."

"Oh! It's no question of rather not!" she protested hotly. "You mustn't! You can't! Haven't you got Billy to think of? There must be some defense—something you can do to protect yourself!"

"Well, I don't know what it would be, I'm sure," he replied in mild deprecation.

"But you must think of it!" she insisted vehemently. "They'll convict you! They'll send you to the penitentiary! They'll hang you! You must work on the case yourself—find out the guilty man!"

With her rising alarm and his calm detachment she felt something of that heartbreaking helplessness she had experienced more than once in trying to deal with Billy in his stubborn moods—when the boy would shut his small lips, look her firmly in the eye and resist, not in a passion, but with all the rocky immobility of a balky mule—only, in the present clash of her active and passionate temperament with a passive and contemplative one, there was the difference that Gardner was much larger than Billy. As a matter of fact, she yearned to box his ears.

"I don't suppose the guilty man would appreciate that," he suggested, smiling.

"You'd be a fool to consider him!" she retorted passionately, and immediately reddened to the roots of her hair, realizing that she had figuratively boxed his ears.

He halted with a little laugh, removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Shall we sit here?" he suggested, for they had come to an empty bench. "I suppose that's just the trouble," he commented mildly as they sat down. "Almost everybody thinks I am a fool. Probably they're right. But I really can't fight. The only way I can get along is to accept what comes to me."

"But not this!" she urged. "Not this!"

His round, thoughtful gray eyes studied her face a moment and then he replied very gravely:

"Why, yes; I could accept this if it came. I don't think it will; but I could accept it if it did. Why would it be so bad?—a month or two of waiting; then fifteen minutes. Of course," he added, "Billy need never know."

"No!" Staring at him with a kind of fright she shook her head and repeated: "No!"

"I've never been a very lucky sort of man," he remarked in his detached, matter-of-fact way. "I had to leave home when I was sixteen. My father was stern with me. I suppose he expected too much of me and I was always unlucky about doing things that irritated him. There's no doubt I was a good deal of a dunce at school. Finally that offended him so much that I had to leave home. You see, I failed in an examination. It was rather hard to part from my mother, because she was a very gentle woman and loved me a great deal."

Gardner brought up this tragedy of his youth in the same detached, unemotional manner with which he talked of his present case.

"We were living in Denver then, and my father sent me off to a ranch he owned in Arizona. He was a very determined man. I stayed on the ranch over three years. Then I came back to Denver to my mother's funeral. My father sort of charged that up to me. If I had been capable and successful I shouldn't have had to leave home, you see, and she might not have died. Well, I fell into a poor sort of state then—gambled a good deal, hanging round Denver. Of course there was no cordiality between my father and me. He found out I was gambling, and was very bitter about it. After that, in my own mind I gave up—just wiped off the slate and charged it all up to myself, you see, and prepared to go back to the ranch. That seemed to put me right with myself; and immediately after that I met Alice—my wife."

"Billy showed me her photograph," Jane murmured.

"My father was opposed to it. He knew Alice and liked her, and thought she was a fool to marry me; but Alice brought him round—sort of halfway. We were married when I was twenty-one, and went out to the ranch. My father gave us the use of it, but without any money to run it with. We had to be very economical; neither of us minded that—only, no good medical attendance was to be had for her when Billy was born."

He stopped there as though the story ended. After a moment she asked in a low voice:

"Sam—did you ever see your father again?"

"No; I never saw him again," he replied soberly. "After Alice died I wrote him a letter, which I regret now. I don't pretend to judge him any more. I don't wish to blame him even in my own mind. He could have let us come to Denver for her confinement; but he didn't. He was just made that way, Jane. He got his poor, stubborn fighting set and couldn't help himself. It was pretty hard—what happened out there when she felt there was no hope for her. She was a beautiful girl—only nineteen!" Gardner looked round at her then and added soberly: "So, you see, I can't bear to hurt anybody—not if all the wise people in the world say I should. Why should I try to hand some poor, half-made devil over to the police to be hung? Would you really have me do so, Jane?"

Of a sudden her bosom swelled tumultuously.

"You've got me confused!" she burst forth complainingly. "You mix things up so, Sam! That out there really has nothing to do with this—nothing at all!" Striving to get a better grip of her confused mind she added unconvincingly: "There's your duty—what the law requires—to punish a murderer."

He smiled amiably, replying:

"I don't know's I'm so much impressed with what the law requires, Jane. I suppose the man who killed Jake Bloom is a very good sort of man so far as he goes—I mean so far as he is a man at all. No doubt it's somebody like Kittie Hinch—only half made yet, you see—only part man and the rest of him monkey. He gets into a rage and murders his enemy. That puts us into a rage, you see, because it makes us afraid somebody may murder us. So we catch him and tie a rope round his neck and strangle the life out of him. I wonder if it's the man in us that does that—or just the monkey. I guess I'm no good at social problems. It's all I'm equal to if I can figure out just what I myself ought to do."

"You mix things up," she complained again warmly. "Certainly it's nobody's duty to sit down and be convicted of a crime he didn't commit!"

"Oh, certainly not," he assented; "but I don't see much of anything to do—do you? I can't keep the police from going ahead on any theory they choose, you know. What could anybody do in my case? I've just got to take my chances—trust to fortune. That's the way it looks to me. I really had a hunch about it"—he gave an affirmative little nod—"to play on the queen and I'd win. I can't see anything else to do."

He stated it very soberly, as though they were discussing a debatable problem in mathematics.

"But you can't depend on that, Sam," she replied with a sort of humility. "They'll find somebody who saw you in the alley. There must be a stronger defense."

As they were strolling home in silence, thinking of different things, she showed what her mind was at work on by asking abruptly:

"Why are you so sure that Hinch was in the poker room all the time?"

"Everybody says so," he replied. "A man I know very well—a very good friend of mine too—a man named Arthur—was right there playing poker with him all the evening. He says Kittle never went outside."

"But this man you speak of—Arthur—can you depend on him? Would he tell you the truth?"

"Oh, yes; I'm sure he would. You see, I've helped him several times. I'm sure he's grateful to me and would tell me the truth."

"What sort of man is he?"

"He's a poor old sport—hangs round gambling establishments and poolrooms, you know; plays faro and the races according to wonderful systems that always lose. But he's good-hearted—a gentle, ineffectual old fellow. I know he'd tell me the truth."

Again there was silence, which he presently broke by saying apologetically:

"Of course I'll have to leave Miss McChesney's now. It wouldn't be fair to her for me to stay there any longer. I may be formally arrested any time. It would bring her in for disagreeable notoriety. It might hurt her in a business way."

She objected to that, yet knew in her heart he was right.

"I needn't go far away," he explained as they reached the porch steps at Number 2 Carlisle Terrace—"just a little way west into a cheaper neighborhood."

"But I'll see you often? You'll tell me everything that turns up—everything?" she insisted earnestly as they climbed the steps. "It's my case too—I'm Billy's aunt."

"It's very lovely of you," he murmured back, and opened the door for her.

"Certainly It's Nobody's Duty to Sit Down and be Convicted of a Crime He Didn't Commit!"

VI

THE next forenoon Gardner sought Miss McChesney. Guided by a subdued sound of voices he went through the back parlor and peered into the dining room, where the landlady, with upraised, accusatory forefinger, confronted Tilly, the muscular and stolid maid-of-all-work.

Reproachful to the verge of tears, and with a tremulous voice, Miss McChesney was saying:

"I wouldn't mind your breaking my dishes, Tilly, if you'd only come and tell me about it and not hide the pieces. I'm sure I've always been kind and indulgent to you, Tilly. I've tried to more than do my duty by you. And now I find my best salad dish partly in the flour bin! How am I going to serve luncheon? I think you're a very ungrateful girl, Tilly!" A large tear slipped down each sallow cheek.

"I dunno how it come there," Tilly replied unmoved. "I do believe that grocer's boy must have knocked it offen the kitchen table and hid it."

Gardner saw Miss McChesney lift both lean hands and roll her saucerlike pale-blue eyes to the ceiling as she moaned: "Oh, Tilly! Tilly!" Then he discreetly withdrew to the front parlor until Tilly went into the kitchen.

"May I speak with you a moment, Miss McChesney?" he asked at the dining-room threshold.

The landlady started and fluttered angularly over to him, her eyes wide with sympathetic apprehension.

(Continued on Page 57)

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The Acid Tests of Peace

THE soldier digs himself a trench and crawls into it. Somebody several miles away, whom he never sees and who never sees him, aims a large gun at him under telephonic direction and shoots. Such is the salient aspect of war as described by all correspondents at the front. It would be difficult to imagine a more stupid employment.

Nearly all soldiers have always been heroes—that is, they have stood up under fire when ordered to do so and charged as commanded. If any body of troops in this war should refuse to obey a command that exposed them to death it would be considered extraordinary. You can take at random a million men out of any modern nation and in a few months make good soldiers out of them. The number out of the million who will fail in the prime soldierly requisite of obeying commands that involve risk of death will be so small as to be quite negligible; but the number out of any million who will fail before the far more searching tests of civil life will be very much greater.

You can hardly go amiss by pointing at random to any young, healthy man in any crowd and saying: "He will make a good soldier." To say that he will give a satisfactory account of himself under the much more trying conditions of ordinary life is a very different matter. To say that war develops heroism and character is the greatest nonsense. What it develops is blind obedience to a shoulder strap. A man meets twenty situations in civil life that really try his character to every one he meets in war.

More than two thousand years ago a Greek dramatist made one of his women characters exclaim: "They say, while they fight with the spear, we, in our homes, lead a life without danger. They say amiss; for I would rather thrice endure the shock of arms than once bring forth a child." So would anyone else who is sufficiently informed of the two conditions to judge between them.

The Case for Ship Subsidies

VERY naturally insistence at Washington on a fleet of Government-owned merchant vessels revived the drooping hopes of ship-subsidy advocates, for the main arguments that apply in one case apply equally in the other. Among those arguments one may discover some of the most curious reasoning in the world. For example, it is said we are losing the amount paid to foreign shipowners, both on imports to the United States and exports from the United States; as though, no matter which way the goods moved or whether we were the buyers or the sellers, the freight must always come out of our pockets; and as though the amount paid for ocean carriage were a loss—something for which we got no valuable return.

When a European invests capital in an American railroad the interest we send him is not loss, but a payment for the use of his capital. If the same European, however, invests the same amount of capital in a ship to carry our goods abroad and charges us interest on the investment in the form of freight, that is a loss.

Then it is said that foreign ships can carry our goods cheaper than American ships; so the Government should pay a subsidy to maintain American ships in the trade. Under that arrangement we should be paying as much in freights as before, and the subsidy besides. In other words, we are ruining ourselves by paying, say, a hundred million dollars a year for ocean carriage, and the remedy is to pay a hundred and fifty millions a year for the same service!

Our exports increased from less than one billion and a half dollars in 1905 to almost two billions and a half in 1913. This is held up as an unanswerable argument for an American merchant marine; but this huge increase in exports occurred without an American merchant marine, which ship-subsidy advocates declare to be necessary for the expansion of our foreign trade.

Of course whatever we pay for ocean carriage is payment for a valuable service rendered, and is no more a loss than what we pay for the use of foreign capital in any other field, or for foreign wool or lace. We get full value received for it. The very foundation of the subsidy argument is that foreign ships render the service cheaper than American ships can; otherwise there would be no possible reason for a subsidy. So by the subsidy plan we should pay for ocean carriage whatever we pay now, plus a subsidy.

Before the war began a great part of the ocean-carrying trade was represented in various pools and combines for the purpose of preventing competition in rates. These combines were denounced as rapacious trusts, which preyed on American commerce by extortionate rates.

Subsidy advocates add that we cannot compete with those rapacious rates and must escape from them by the strange expedient of paying still more!

When Wheat is Dear

APPARENTLY the only way by which you can change a man or a nation's dietary habits is to break him or it. For example, wheat has risen above a dollar and sixty cents a bushel; flour has risen with it and the price of bread has advanced. Moreover, in view of the tremendous European demand and the known supplies here and in Canada, it is predicted that our wheat bins will be emptied by the time the new crop is made, which is discussed as though it implied starvation.

Of course there is and will be no lack of food in the United States. Pure wheat flour is no more an actual necessity of life than sponge cake. Germany, for instance, manages to maintain a creditable state of bodily and mental vigor, though consuming much less of it per capita than we do. It has been pointed out that by blending white corn with wheat in the proportion of about one to four flour that will make both toothsome and nourishing food can be produced. No one personally acquainted with the South's corn pone and johnnycake would lose heart at the thought of subsisting on it for an indefinite period. Pure wheat bread and beefsteak, at reasonable prices, are among the best of foods. At unreasonable prices we can readily find substitutes if we will.

The Credit of the Nations

IN THE two years since Madero was overthrown Mexico can hardly be said to have had a government, and about the only stable occupation has been revolution. In view of which it looks odd, at first glance, to see Mexican government bonds selling in London at a higher price than the bonds of England or Japan, and nearly as high as those of France and Russia.

There are, of course, different rates of interest and different conditions attached to the bonds; but that people will pay seventy-three cents on the dollar for Mexico's pledge indicates belief in an enduring basis of security down there, though every current phenomenon spells insecurity.

On the other hand, the United States is now the only nation whose three per cent bonds are worth par; and an American railroad recently placed forty-nine million dollars of four and a half per cent bonds above par, while four and a half per cent bonds of Japan sell at a discount of twelve cents on the dollar, Russian five per cent bonds sell at a discount of six cents on the dollar, and French three per cents sell on about a four per cent basis.

In other words, the credit of the Unites States is high, but even Mexico has a great deal of credit left; and, with only half of one per cent higher interest rate, the bonds of trampled and looted Belgium are worth nearly as much as those of Great Britain—the latter having long been proudly designated as the world's premier security.

And Still We Build

BUILDING permits taken out in two hundred and thirty-five cities last year, as reported by the Financial Chronicle, implied an expenditure of nearly nine hundred million dollars, or only nine per cent less than in 1913; while the comparison with 1912—which was, broadly speaking, a high-tide year in business—shows a decrease of but fifteen per cent.

In short, we have our ups and downs, but we keep right on building. It is not really true that anybody is ever discouraged over the condition and outlook of the United States. We have spells in which it pleases us to say that we are just about ready to give up; but we never really think of doing it. For a time Wall Street was the bluest spot in the country. Some men there walked about in an indigo haze that was of sufficient specific gravity to be visible to the naked eye.

The country, they said, was patently going to the dogs, and there was so little stability anywhere that soon nothing would be positively worth anything; but if you had offered them a bundle of nice fifty-year bonds at a couple of points concession they would have sighed and dug up a few million dollars with which to buy them.

We keep on building.

When Heroes Begin to Think

A DUTCH economist argues that the war will cause a shift in the social income, which will probably continue for a considerable time. Already British government bonds issued before the war have sold at little above sixty cents on the dollar, and French bonds near seventy cents. Germany has issued new five per cent bonds at a discount; Austria, five and a half per cent bonds at a discount; Hungary, six per cent bonds at a discount.

These things suggest a tremendous demand for capital and high interest rates when the final bills are paid. And, if capital gets a greater share of the social income, labor will probably get a smaller share. Moreover, several million men in the warring countries will return to civil employment at a time when industry is stagnant. That in itself suggests a fall in wages. If war continues much longer, farm production will be curtailed and food will be dear. Taxes, which are an element in the cost of living, will certainly be high. It will be a good time for investors and for investment bankers, but a bad time for labor. Much unemployment is probable. Money wages are likely to be lower and cost of living higher. Some Rothschild fortunes may emerge, but wage earners will very likely be thrust down to a decidedly lower level.

They may then listen to the Socialists and abjure war, the burdens of which usually fall crushingly on their shoulders. When the heroes return home and examine their situation there may be some dynamic thinking.

Conservatism and Greed

THE truly conservative mind regards high wages as the economic original sin. The one infallible test by which conservatism of the genuine old stock may be distinguished from all imitations is found in its attitude toward wage labor. Some time ago the general counsel of a railroad pointed out that certain railroad engineers received more pay in a year than certain governors. That statement has been repeated many times, as though it were indubitable proof that rapacious labor is bringing the country to ruin.

No doubt, if you should remind the general counsel that his own stipend is several times larger than that of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he would reply that you were trying to compare two incomparable things; for a chief justice, like a governor, gets a large part of his compensation in the honor of the office.

Nobody particularly rejoices because cotton farmers are getting but a meager return for their labor in raising last year's crop. Genuine conservatism regards that situation as a misfortune, because if farmers have little money they can buy little; and it regards surplus money in the pocket of wage labor as misfortune too.

"How far will labor be disposed to go in the direction of concessions that will help to bear the burden of economic strain now and in the future?" asks one journal. If it would take an afternoon's stroll through any of those districts where great masses of wage labor are employed—say, round the Pittsburgh steel mills—it would probably be able to forget a score or so of three-thousand-dollar-a-year engineers long enough to get the right answer.

Let Europe Worry

IT IS true that ocean-freight rates in many cases have doubled and even trebled since last July; but if anybody needs to get excited over that fact it is the people of Europe rather than the people of the United States, for it is the people of Europe who are paying the freight. Our exports of foodstuffs have increased immensely; and, with American wheat worth a dollar and sixty cents a bushel at Chicago, it would be hard to persuade an American farmer that he was suffering much from high ocean-freight rates.

The big orders for army materials that are being placed here name prices which are acceptable to the manufacturer. How much those prices may be increased by the ocean-carrying charge is no concern of his.

There is no particular discrimination against the United States in ocean freights. That part of our trade which high freight rates handicaps is the part which competes with the foreign manufacturer on his own ground; and from that part of our trade, represented in considerable portion by the Steel Trust and other large manufacturing interests, we have not detected any enthusiasm for Government merchant ships.

Lost—Ten Million Dollars a Day

An Interview With the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture

By William Harper Dean

FLOCKS of Washington sparrows, perching round the windows of the Administration's private council chambers, spread the gossip that Carl Schurz Vrooman, of Bloomington, Illinois, was a queer young man. The Administration offered him a luscious diplomatic plum worth twelve thousand dollars a year and a much-bespangled life. And what do you think this queer young man did? Turned it down and chose the office of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, worth five thousand dollars, and three hundred and sixty-five days of work a year! The sparrows are still twittering excitedly over this sensation.

However, the young man of forty-two years and several thousand acres of Corn-Belt farm lands, the author of books on economics, and the generator of a flow of dynamic energy that taxes the elasticity of his body and brain cells to hold it in leash—this queer young man held his peace and took stock of his new surroundings. And pretty soon the Department of Agriculture began to hear him saying things about farm management—"the business end of farming," he calls it.

Presently a scheme developed for taking the Office of Farm Management, hitherto an appendage of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and making it an independent office directly connected with the office of the Secretary. The Secretary found Vrooman an eager coadjutor in pushing along the work of the new Office of Markets. Farm management and rural economics were in the air. Agronomy began to look for a lower seat.

Was the new Assistant Secretary criticizing? Nobody seemed to know. I took advantage of the first opportunity to find out.

"Is there efficiency in the Department of Agriculture?" I asked.

"Yes and no," Mr. Vrooman answered. "There is tremendous efficiency. The Department is so efficient in some ways that it's lopsided. This country has spent over two hundred million dollars in bringing out nuggets of truth for the farmer; yet I dare say not ten per cent of this wealth has been put into general circulation among the farmers who pay taxes to support our agricultural institutions. There's efficiency in production and inefficiency in distribution.

"You see, it's the same with our science as it is with our crops—we fall down in distribution. The taxpayer has invested well—he has many a dollar in his pocket for every one he has put into this Department; but the major part of his potential dividends are still in chancery. Instead of getting a hundred or two hundred per cent on his investment, he ought to get a thousand or two thousand. There's a hitch somewhere. We're going to try to locate it."

Too Much Agronomy

"TOO much agronomy, some of my farmer friends say. I should say that it's a case not of too much agronomy but of too little rural economics. With that goes a certain lack of understanding of the farmer's viewpoint, and an inability to speak the farmer's language. Understand me: I don't want you to get the idea that I have little regard for the scientist or his work, and that I'm gunning for him.

"The Department's work in agronomy and kindred lines has been splendid; the work of our scientists has been efficiency itself. But here's the point: Hitherto the Department has studied and taught agriculture rather than farming; has busied itself with the science of growing large crops rather than with the business of raising and marketing profitable crops.

"It is not derogatory to the scientist to say that he has done a lot of valuable—and you might say invaluable—work which has never been made available so that the farmer can use it to advantage. The scientist has done his work well. We have many such in the Department who have discovered facts that could be made of great value to the farmers if the rest of the machinery of the Department were to take those facts and work them up, as a cook works up raw materials from the grocery store into food for the table.

"Two or three years ago certain interested parties grew hysterical over the assertion of efficiency experts that if the railroads of the United States were to adopt more efficient methods they would increase their net earnings by a million dollars a day.

"Let me hazard a stronger statement: If the American farmer would put into practice the scientific methods of agriculture that already have been worked out at the expense of Government funds, and if prices held, he could increase his yield of corn and wheat alone by more than ten million dollars' worth for every growing day of the year. But," he added emphatically, "be sure that you don't forget my two 'ifs'—*if* the farmer would put these new methods into practice and *if* prices held. On these two 'ifs' hang all the agricultural law and the profits. The average farmer cannot put our new methods into practice without more help than we have given him in the past, unless we translate our scientific principles of agronomy into simple and concrete directions in farm practice.

"As to what prices the farmer can get and ought to get for his products, that is a big question, into the details of which I cannot enter now. But, suffice it to say, until our new Office of Markets and Rural Organization, and the various other agencies that are at work on this problem, have worked out an efficient and equitable plan of financing farm operations and marketing farm products, either the farmer will not get a fair price for his crops or the consumer will pay an excessive price for them; or—what will be more frequently the case—both farmer and consumer will be forced to pay exorbitant toll to those more highly organized business and financial interests which buy the crops from the farmer and sell them to the ultimate consumer.

"Once our problems in agricultural economics are properly solved, our farmers need have no fear of an overproduction of food, and a consequent collapse of prices, when my prophecy comes true of an increase in their yields of corn and wheat to the extent of ten million dollars' worth each growing day.

"Does this suggestion sound extravagant? Look here: The American farmer on an average gets less than fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre and only about twenty-six bushels of corn. These yields can be doubled. Anyone knows that it is no great feat to grow twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre or fifty-two bushels of corn. Last summer I threshed forty-seven and a half bushels of wheat to the acre on one of my own farms.

"It's true that last year was a good wheat year, and that I had put crushed rock phosphate on this particular field; but it is also true that the Department of Agriculture could show the average American farmer how to average twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre if we could only learn to put our information in such a way that he could get what we are driving at."

The Scientific Unit for Study

"AND that brings me," he continued, "to another point: Though we have not made clear to the average farmer how to double his yield, it is not because we have not tried. One trouble has been that, all along, we have been endeavoring to tell the farmer how to increase his yield rather than how to increase his net income. That's the nub of the matter. I think in this respect we have been on the wrong track. Henceforth we are going to tell the farmer how to do better farming—not merely how to grow more of this and that individual crop. We must take the farm as the unit—not the crop.

"For years I have been experimenting in an effort to find out to what extent scientific agriculture can be made profitable. Henceforth I intend to hammer on that idea—to give the farmer, in our bulletins and through our county agents and other demonstrators, the business end of farming."

"You mean that the bulletins have not told the whole story?" I asked.

"Not only that, but heretofore they have not had the whole story to tell. The Department has not set forth the business end of farming because it has not hitherto focused on that aspect of the problem. For obvious reasons it was natural that the Department should first gather a corps of investigators and set them to work on problems of crop production. That work was well organized long before Secretary Houston took the helm. With his advent, the time was ripe for some steps forward, and under his splendid leadership the Department has taken those logical steps.

"By the creation of the new Office of Markets and Rural Organization farm economics at last has become a recognized science. By the passage of the Smith-Lever Bill provision was made not only to send information to the farmer in bulletins but to take information to his very door by means of an army of county agents.

"Moreover, the Office of Farm Management, hitherto a subdivision of one of the bureaus, at last has been given its rightful status by being made into a sort of departmental clearing house—a loom in

(Continued on Page 32)

Still Neutral

THE RAINBOW

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

"Disturb Those Bars and I'll Strike Ye Dead!"

BOB MIDDLEMIST went walking disconsolately down a track of reddish dust, the road from Galena Hill. It was a vile noonday, hot and breathless, except that puffs of north wind rose now and then from the plains below, to stir upward through glaring ravines of greasewood, to crackle among the white-oak leaves and parch a man's nostrils. Bob wiped off the dust from his lips and grumbled.

"Ten years o' this country! What for?"

He halted and looked down—as though to find an answer—through the gnarled oak branches covering the road. Below, past a ravine of those glistening, oily bushes of Dead Sea verdure, all the valley floor quivered in brown heat waves, like the top of a rusty stove. Far off some tiny four-horse wagon trailed its cloud of dust—a straight, low cloud half a mile long.

"Ten years!" growled Bob, staring across the waste. He stood like a defeated and homesick viking, his mighty frame relaxed, his fingers clutching together the breadth of his fiery beard. "Ten years, boy! What for? You went a-lookin' for gold. And you found it. And what was the good?"

At the age of twenty-eight Bob stood there, six feet four in his dust-yellow cowhide boots, a rich and discontented man.

"You can't so much as take it home," he added. "Ran away, didn't you, from the only home you had? And nobody wants you back either."

He slouched the brim of his hat and peered from under it with bright, unseeing gray eyes. The hot valley and the crawling train of dust had vanished. Bob was looking across a continent into the past, into the door of a white farmhouse under a maple tree, where a big, lean, hard-working man, and a little, quiet, hard-working woman, might or might not be still alive.

"You could have written to 'em oftener," he thought. "But then—foh! You were always waiting till you made your cussed fortune in this Golden West. You made it. Oh, yes, you made your fortune all right. And who cares?"

The mood was dangerous. Bob knew that. Lonely despair, the *cui-bono* devil, had never tempted him before; and now its whisper took him the more subtly and fiercely, being so novel.

"Nobody wants you," he thought. "Nor you don't know what on earth you want! Your old friends you were going to surprise, they've died, or forgot even your name. Here you are, in your Land o' Gold; and she beats all Tophet, don't she?"

He took off his hat, wiped his forehead and scowled at the burnt valley.

A light footstep near by made the wanderer turn. He saw coming toward him, under the contorted boughs, a young man in shabby black clothes, who walked with the slow grace of a leopard.

"Good afternoon," said this stranger. "Hot weather, isn't it?"

Middlemist, unlike himself, gave a surly nod.

"Afternoon," he answered. "You hit the temperature fairly acc'rate."

The stranger did not smile. He was a slender young man, of middle stature, with no remarkable trait except the ease of his motion and the brilliance of his eyes, dark and sorrowful under high-curving brows.

"Are you in trouble of any sort?" he asked; and Bob stared at him through the mottled sunshine, for his voice sounded like music. "Don't mind my asking, do you? I thought you seemed to be in trouble."

Bob laughed harshly. This was some fair-spoken green suckling from the East.

"Trouble? No!" he growled. "Nothing but the pursuit o' happiness."

The stranger's face flashed with kindness and humor. It became radiant.

"Ah!" said he. "Gold?"

"Huh!" Bob held out a pair of knotty fists, hardened with managing pick and cradle. "Do I look like much else—nowadays? Ten years! I got it too. Gold is a fraud. The pursuit o' happiness is a wild-goose chase."

The shabby youngster contemplated him; then gazed over the precipice of the road toward the valley.

"A fraud? Yes. It is a fraud." Somehow these words had a magical depth of meaning. "You know, I think that silly old feeble water-color yarn is right: there's no real gold but at the end of the rainbow."

Bob the miner felt of his hands and cursed.

"Damn' few rainbows round this country!" he replied.

The stripling silently agreed. They stood for a moment watching the little four-horse wagon draw its huge tail of dust along the saffron plain, like a gross, earthy comet struggling to rise from the face of the land.

"Have you any people at home?" asked the young man.

Bob shook his head.

"Don't know," said he. "Maybe. My father and mother, they were alive a year ago. I ran away from all that, you see. They wouldn't so much as know me—in this beard—any more. So far as that goes, I guess I'm a failure."

The young man sighed.

"So am I," he answered. "Complete. And my father's dead. I shall never have a home"—he smiled queerly—"except in places that don't exist—Illyria, Venice, Denmark, kings' palaces, camps and courts, where I don't belong. Nobody wants to see *me* there either." He turned and placed his hand lightly for a moment on Bob's shoulder. "But if I were you—do you know?—I'd go home and try it."

Bob gave a careless glance and saw the stranger's face grow infinitely sad.

"Maybe I will. Was planning to go down as far as Bearsville anyhow."

"Were you?" said the young man gravely. "They hissed me off the stage there night before last."

Bob glanced again at the slight, boyish figure.

"Actor? You don't look," he blurted, "like much of an actor."

"I'm not," came the musing reply. "My father was a great one; but I —— Well!" He laughed—a short, dry laugh, as dry as the dust underfoot. "I chose the wrong path it would seem now."

Overhead the burning north wind made the oak leaves crackle. A tarry smell rose with it from the shining green bushes in the ravine.

"Yes," continued Bob's friend in his slow and wonderful voice. "There are few rainbows about this country, as you say. The crock of gold never is where we thought. Yours might have been at home all the time. Who knows? Why not take a look there?"

"Huh! Maybe," said Bob.

Some one up the hill, among the trees, gave a long, shrill whistle.

"Oh, Ted! Coming?" cried a man's voice.

The shabby youngster roused himself as from a dream.

"I must go join my friend," he said; and to this plain saying he gave a sort of courteous dignity, as though he were a melancholy prince ending an audience. "My friend, Old Spudge. . . . By the way, speaking as one failure to another, what's your name?"

Bob told him, and, to be equally polite, added:

"What's yours?"

"Booth," said the young man in black, turning to go "Edwin Booth. . . . Good-by, Middlemist; and I hope you catch your wild goose after all."

The sound of his light steps retreated up the hill and died away among the tree tops. Bob listened, pondering; then shook his head and began once more to tramp down toward the plain, his boots raising a volume of dust that spun and glittered behind him as he went.

"Funny young fellows you see round," ran his thought. "Wonder how some of 'em make their living."

II

BOB came trudging through a hollow among laurels, where glossy leaves closed thickly over a faint trail. Few persons, except old-timers like Bob, knew that such a path had ever been trodden. The laurels—their bright-green tops parted in strange wriggling patterns by many a former wind—glistened as though wet, hanging heavy and still. Bob himself was a quiet walker.

Suddenly, on his left, the foliage rustled. He halted in a trice.

"Who," he thought, listening, wary as a watchdog · "who's got any business round here?"

He peered through the leaves. Glancing sunlight, slender gray shafts, burnished fronds and multiform shadow made the whole thicket a tangle of dubious, puzzling changes.

"Nobody there," concluded Bob. "Wildcat, dare say."

He was passing on—when the clink of a horseshoe sounded against rock.

"That's queer," thought Bob. His right hand went into his coat pocket and stayed there. "That don't sound right."

He went forward quietly, fist in pocket. A few steps brought him abreast of a gap, through which, on the left, a tiny clearing of gray dust and pebbles glowed among the pointed leaves. In it stood a calico horse, saddled and bridled. With one arm hooked through the hanging rein a little man in a blue shirt and lamb's-wool chaps knelt there, busy over something between his knees. Bob stared. The little man seemed to be prying open an earthenware pot, like a pot of beans.

On a sudden the horse lifted his party-colored nose and whinnied.

"What? Eh?" With a snarl the squatting figure wheeled on his haunches and jerked forward his free arm.

Bob had a glimpse of a face covered to the eyes by a grimy handkerchief. Then something burst and blazed from the man's outstretched arm—something which passed Bob harmlessly with an echoing rush. Out came Bob's hand from his pocket, fetching a small, brown, crooked thing which roared in reply. The two shots made but a single confusion. Then the smoke drifted clear, uncoiled in blue layers through the glistening laurel boughs.

"Aha!" sighed the little man.

His calico horse reared, tore loose, jumped over him, smashed the pot with a parting flurry of heels, and plunged galloping down through the thicket. He himself sank back painfully, carefully, on a heap of dry pebbles, sharp-cornered cubes of volcanic stone. The pistol that had failed him lay forgotten. His sighing fluttered the dirty handkerchief, which had come unfastened and now, lifting, slid aside. His face, beardless like a boy's, chubby and sunburned, shone with sweat.

"Why," said Bob in a tone of high distress, "I know you! By gorry, it is!"

The wounded highwayman stared up at him mistily, without emotion.

"It's Davy Alcot!" cried Bob. "Oh, Davy, what'd you fire at me for? I didn't know you were—were in this part of the world."

Years of time, leagues of distance, rolled away like the vanished smoke; and there, looking up with wondering

sloe-black eyes, a boy Bob had known at school lay dying. They were cronies once, making willow whistles together in the spring, swapping pigeons.

"You sat across the aisle," said Bob, awe-struck. "I never would 'a' fired if —— Where'd I hit ye, Davy? Let me see it."

He crouched beside this man he had shot. The familiar face, brown and chubby and foolish as ever, regarded him steadfastly from the heap of dust and pebbles.

"You know me, Davy! Don't you know me?"

A strange noise, between groan and whisper, answered him.

"Never saw ye! . . . Damn the luck!"

Davy's nose and upper lip whitened and grew pinched. His eyes flickered upward and back. Then, with a relaxing tremor, he let his black tousled head roll sidewise limply on the handkerchief.

After some time Bob rose and stood staring, first at the dead man, then at the crooked brown object still in his own fingers. He read unwittingly the words engraved on a barrel no longer than his thumb: Derringer, Philadelphia. Then he flung this murderous toy among the laurels.

"What for?" he mumbled. "What for?"

Far off downhill the runaway horse whinnied to his master.

"You didn't even contrive to make a good road agent," sighed Middlemist with bitter levity. "Your horse was gun-shy. . . . Oh, you poor little foolish devil!"

No trace of blood appeared anywhere as yet. The small, plump body sprawled in languorous comfort, like a naughty child tired out. His earthen pot, kicked into shards, lay strewn at his side, so that the pebbly floor of the clearing was littered with its contents—gold coins, watches, brooches and chains, dull yellow flakes and crumbs of scattered gold dust.

Bob shook his fist at these relics of plunder and heavily cursed them.

"There's your crock o' gold for you," he meditated. "If that's the real article I guess maybe the rainbow kind was better'"

He bethought himself, removed his hat, and stood bareheaded, grimly bashful, amid silence and stifling heat, in which there mingled a faint lemon-scented perfume of broken laurel boughs.

"I'm through with this country!" he swore. "There's my old playmate—and he didn't know me. I'm through! Davy, you and I traveled a long ways to do this, didn't we? Pots o' gold!—Davy! I'll go see what there is to the other kind."

III

HE WENT. The Golden Age took him to the Isthmus; another ship thence to New York; and in that city he tarried only to buy clothes—summer clothes of pomp and splendor, befitting a fortunate man.

Not even the costume of his generation could make Bob altogether absurd. A long-coated black suit of English hop sacking, faced with rich silk and beautifully sewn throughout; a tall, cylindrical beaver hat; the latest device in stocks and in satin waistcoats—even disguised by these, and with his ruddy beard trimmed square according to fashion, Bob remained a viking of a man. He saw himself in the tailor's pier glass, laughed quietly, paid gold coins down and went his way.

"If the folks know me they'll do well," he thought. "'Tain't hardly a fair trial."

His plan was simple, but firmly fixed, beyond alteration.

He would go home, see the old people there, and talk with them. If they should recognize him, if they had missed him badly enough to know him now, he would stay on with them; but if they had forgotten one who gave them so little cause to remember—why, then he would go away again, unknown.

"It's like a bet," he thought sadly. "Not much chance. Davy, he didn't know me from a side of sole leather. And the folks at home won't either. No Prodigal Son work! I'll just take that actor boy's advice and see if rainbows end anywhere. We all know they don't."

His home country lay among evergreen and everlasting hills. When the first bold contours rose blue in the distant morning Bob's heart sprang upward to meet them.

"My golly!" he cried, and slapped his leg. "I'd almost forgotten you!" The Yankee driving the stage turned to squint at this solitary, gorgeous passenger who talked to himself aloud. "Don't mind me, cap'n," Bob explained. "I'm seeing fields again. And those hills, they hit me right under the crop."

Thus, all the summer day, he traveled in glory, hailing, with a sense of delight, as one reborn, the dark old fir woods, the luminous groves of yellow birch, the green timothy fields sloping down perhaps to a brook in which, as the wagon rattled across the bridge, he could see drifting a brown tress of seaweed or the broken cork disk of a seine float—signs of the tide up-stolen from his native sea.

"Oh, my golly!" he growled, sniffing the first breath of salt water, mingled with pennyroyal, balsam and sweet fern. "What a damn' fool I was!"

For a long time he rode with his beard buried in his satin waistcoat, and tried to recall a saying: "'The place thereof shall know him no more.' 'Tain't just the right words; but that's me."

He spent the night in the dingy tavern of his own village. At supper the woman who waited on him was a stranger and eyed him doubtfully, cornerwise. He had teased her when she was a little girl. Her name was Elvira May, and once he nearly called her by it. From time to time people looked in at the door. Bob knew them also; but on them and on all the lamp-lighted room lay a change and a colorless enchantment of years.

From his bedroom window that evening Bob looked through woodbine leaves into starlight and a meadow, at the bottom of which, as he meditated, suddenly hundreds of little green-gold fires began to flicker. They startled him.

"What are those?" he wondered. Then recollection came with a rush and he leaned forth, staring. "Fireflies! Lightning bugs! Me to forget them!"

He went sadly to bed.

It was late afternoon of the next day before he took courage and walked out from the seaport toward his father's farm on a hill. Raspberries hung ripening over the rip-gut fences; a breeze blew upward from the sea, which sparkled among somber promontories and fir islands bordered with pink granite; while, over the furrows of a field that climbed before him in undulating terraces of sunlight and long shadow, gulls hovered or swung down with white pinions flashing aslant.

He came to a high, green bosom of land, girt by stone walls that he himself, long ago, had helped to build. Moss coated the walls now; and a buckthorn hedge inside, not even planted in his day, stood higher than a tall man's head.

He looked over the barred gate. There, in the sunlight counting a flock of black-nosed sheep, stood his father.

Bob nearly shouted, he was so glad to see the old man. Instead, remembering his vow, he lowered one of the middle bars and slipped through into the pasture.

"Hasn't changed a mite!" he thought as he drew near.

The years, in fact, had dealt lightly with Mr. Middlemist, senior, only whitening his forked yellow beard in a streak or two and bending his powerful shoulders. He wore, as formerly, a wrinkled suit of dark brown homespun, the wreck of a Scotch bonnet, without ribbons, and in one ear a thin ring of gold wire. He lifted his shrewd, masterful blue eyes toward the approaching stranger.

"Good afternoon!" said Bob, lifting the new beaver hat.

"Good evening, sir," replied his father calmly.

There was no dearth of light to see features by. Face to face they stood in the great low-streaming splendor that flooded the field. Round them the sheep, a dusty golden flock, went nibbling a few last bites, or huddled under the buckthorn bank, breathing short and quick, like frightened old invalids. Bob and his father looked at each other long and carefully. Then his father looked down at the sheep again.

"Don't know me," thought the son.

A stray lamb across the pasture found itself alone and set up an agonized bleating. Bob laughed quietly at the sound, for in that moment he knew how the runaway lamb felt.

"Fine sheep you have, sir," he began.

"Aye," said his father cautiously; "a fair-sized flock. Moderate. They're not so bad."

Bob, smiling at the old trait, suddenly took his course of action.

"If they're only moderate," he rejoined, "they'll sell at a moderate price. I'd like to buy, say, a dozen of 'em."

His father's blue eyes turned wary.

"A man would not just praise his own," came the retort meditative; "but bargaining—bargaining's a different thing. Ye mean business, do ye, sir?" He exchanged nods in good faith. . . . "Ye do? Then let me assure ye there's not a finer flock o' sheep on American grass to-day. I got them from Scotland last time I was home."

And he gazed lovingly on the black-nosed bundles of golden fleece. Pride, serenity, and trader's caution so mingled in his face that Bob laughed inwardly and was seized by an imp of provocation. If he died for it he must play one more joke on the old man; though, in this very field, it was a joke that had begotten their quarrel and driven him away to cheat his youth among vain hopes and wanderings.

"Scotland? Home?" repeated Bob. "What were you doing in Scotland? You're an Irishman, aren't you?"

The same old spark touched off the same old Caledonian powder. With a snort of rage Mr. Middlemist threw back his shoulders and glared.

"Me?" he cried. "Me? Sir, ye're impertinent! I wish ye good evening, for I have neither time nor inclination ——"

Bob calmed him at last, using much apology and keeping a straight face. To think he had once feared this daddy of his—this kindly farmer, flat-spoken, irascible and honest as daylight! He spoke soothingly until the burst of indignation died away.

"Ye know little o' the world," quoth his father. "Let's see what ye know about sheep."

They bargained together long and well, matching pretty equal wits, and each learning, while they argued, to esteem the other.

"It's a go," Bob agreed at last. "A fair price. I'll take the dozen as you say."

"Very well," replied his father amiably.

Bob drew forth a noble wallet and took pains to find in it the largest single bit of money at his command.

"Here you are," he cheerfully declared. "On the spot."

The old man took in his gnarled brown fingers the strip of paper and turned it over several times in bewilderment. It was a neat, new, but hideous example of the engraver's art—a five-hundred-dollar bill.

"Ye know," began the farmer testily, "man, ye know full well I can't change a great sum like this'"

He crammed it back into Bob's hand. Bob waved it airily.

"Your lookout, then," he retorted. "Legal tender—I offered legal tender. The blessed lambkins are mine anyhow."

So saying, he stalked over to the gate and began to lower the bars. Huddling together and bleating, the sheep followed him.

"Stop!" shouted his father, and leaped to his side in fury, with a

"You Know Me, Davy! Don't You Know Me?"

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clenched fist trembling overhead. "Stop! Ye don't walk over me and my flock so lightly. Disturb those bars and, by the Lord, sir, in all your fine raiment, I'll strike ye dead!"

Bob leaned on the bars and stared over them into the road. The merriment running in his veins turned suddenly poor and thin; for at these bars ten years ago—before men's hands and sheep's bellies polished them so smooth—he had heard something like the same language.

"Ah," said he, "it was a joke, fa . It was only a joke."

In a few scathing words Mr. Middlemist gave his opinion, not only of jokes by and large, but of humor injected into serious affairs of money. Bob listened, returned humble answers, and once more set to work calming his parent. It proved a longer process than before.

Peace was hardly restored when downhill came rattling the stage, and as it slowed up its driver flung to Mr. Middlemist a roll of newspapers tied loosely with spun yarn.

"Here! Wait, Eben!" called the old man; then to Bob: "I'll drive down toward Harper's Tavern," he said, "and get your money changed if the thing is to be done at all, sir. You may take the papers over to my house yonder and while away the meantime with reading. . . . D'ye never feed these horses, Eben man? 'Tis inhumane! Inhumane, sir!"

Bob took the roll of papers and watched his father climb to the high seat of the wagon, which clattered away down the road. Then he turned and set his face toward home—the white gable peering through deep-tufted summer boughs across the pasture. As he went his heart again grew heavy.

"No use," he thought. "I've lost my pains. That young actor chap was wrong. No use! 'The place thereof shall know him no more.'"

While he followed the path over the green sheep-lawn the evening light transfigured all things. Below, where his lean shadow ended above a hedge, the sea lay still and glorious, brimming round the pink-edged islands of warm granite and evergreen.

High overhead, as they had always done, nighthawks already soared about the hill deviously, with the sunlight below them, so that their wings, white-spotted underneath, seemed to be pierced by holes, which let the sky show twinkling through. His father's golden sheep leaned up against their stone wall mournfully, like wailers at a Place of Lamentation. Nothing had changed; yet every beauty was blighted by a spell, the withering enchantment of the years.

"Too late! That's a fact. You'll just go away again."

A man in a dream, Bob passed beneath the maple tree at home, between the pair of West India conch shells lying on the doorstep.

Inside, amid sunset light and deep shadow, his mother stood cutting little cakes on a floury board with a tin cutter crinkled at the rim that flashed as her hand moved busily. The room smelled of good spices.

"I'm buying sheep from Mr. Middlemist," began Bob. His voice rang in the room, steadier than he had expected. "Your husband's gone down to Harper's, ma'am, to change a bill. He told me I could wait for him here and read the papers."

His mother's eyes regarded Bob Middlemist strangely, pityingly, without any amazement.

"You can fool your father," she said; "but you can't fool me!"

NOTHING MUMBLES BUT BRICKS

(Continued from Page 6)

Something had happened to him. His present attitude of mind would brook no opposition. She must rather attempt to guide and then perhaps control. After all, if it did not ruin him first, his experience at Cavia's might wake him up and set him going. But he mustn't be allowed to sacrifice his fifty a week for intellectual freedom! Her wise little mind told her unhesitatingly that so far as G. W. was concerned that would be a very poor trade indeed. She must humor him and help his genius to take wings, so long as it could be induced to come back to the nest for nourishment.

"How wonderfully you talk!" she cried enthusiastically. "I've no doubt if you put your mind to it you could develop lots of new ideas about art," she added.

"Perhaps I could," admitted G. W. modestly. "I've never had a chance. Take all this old junk Burbler palms off on the folks that come in here. We know it's rotten. But why is it rotten? That's the question."

"Yes, why?" echoed Julie.

"One reason, it's all alike," said G. W. with conviction. "Old men and old women all looking out at you in just the same way—same old clothes, same old colors. Dutch school—same old windmills, and clouds like cotton-wool trimmed with sateen. English school—same fat-legged children in garden hats. Flemings—same old inns with same lot of boobs sitting round hitting the bottle and shooting craps. It makes me sick to think of it!"

"And the frames," hinted Julie in a flash of inspiration.

"And the frames—same lumbering, heavy, gold-plated things five inches wide!"

"But why all just alike," suggested Julie *sotto voce*—"all perfectly square?"

"Yes, all absolutely rectangular!" repeated G. W. unconsciously. "Now why rectangular? I wonder I never thought of that before. Why should frames all be rectangular? Or oval?"

"I'm sure I don't know!" mused Julie. "Why shouldn't they be put to some real artistic use? Made to accentuate the salient features of the picture—follow its outline perhaps. . Looking at the thing fundamentally ——" She stopped short, fascinated by the transfiguration in G. W. His eyes protruded, his mouth was agape, his hands were clasped in excitement.

"Eureka!" he almost shouted, springing to his feet and clenching his fists. "I've an idea that no one ever thought of before."

"What is it?" gasped Julie.

"Why, that frames -the frames should be adapted to the picture with an ultimate artistic purpose. Here we are for absolutely no reason in the world framing everything that comes along as if it were a window or a box—perfectly square, cutting off the field of vision at an angle of ninety degrees at every corner! By George, that's an idea! Whoever saw a cow standing with its rump cut off at an acute angle, or a woman's bust severed from her body by a parabolic curve? It's nonsense! Nonsense! Look here, Julie, this is a big thing!"

"Why not?" she agreed eagerly. "We don't look at things square."

"No, of course we don't. The only time we see Nature square is when we look through a window. Every time we frame a picture square it's as if we were inside a house looking out. That's an idea too. We've imprisoned ourselves in a conventionality!"

"Splendid!" said Julie. "How *do* we see Nature?"

"How do we see Nature?" echoed G. W. "How do we see Nature?" He looked at the wall and rolled his eyes. "Why round, of course! The circumference of our field of vision is round, or at least elliptical. That's done by the eye sockets, to be sure; but that's Nature's frame so far as we have any. Logically all pictures should be framed in the same way, if we're going to follow Nature—in a round frame like the natural field of vision of the human eye!"

"Ah!" she murmured. "But why follow Nature?"

"Why follow Nature?" he demanded of her. "Nature isn't art! No, everything should have a purpose, and what should have more significance than the setting of a picture and the shape of its frame. Squares? Rectangles? Ovals? Tommy-rot! The frame should follow and accentuate the salient features of the thing portrayed. If a grove of trees, like that Corot over there, why not have a frame to follow the contour of the branches? If a marine, a frame in curves to indicate the curl of the combers and the movement of the waves? If a mountain scene, a frame to parallel and accentuate the peaks?

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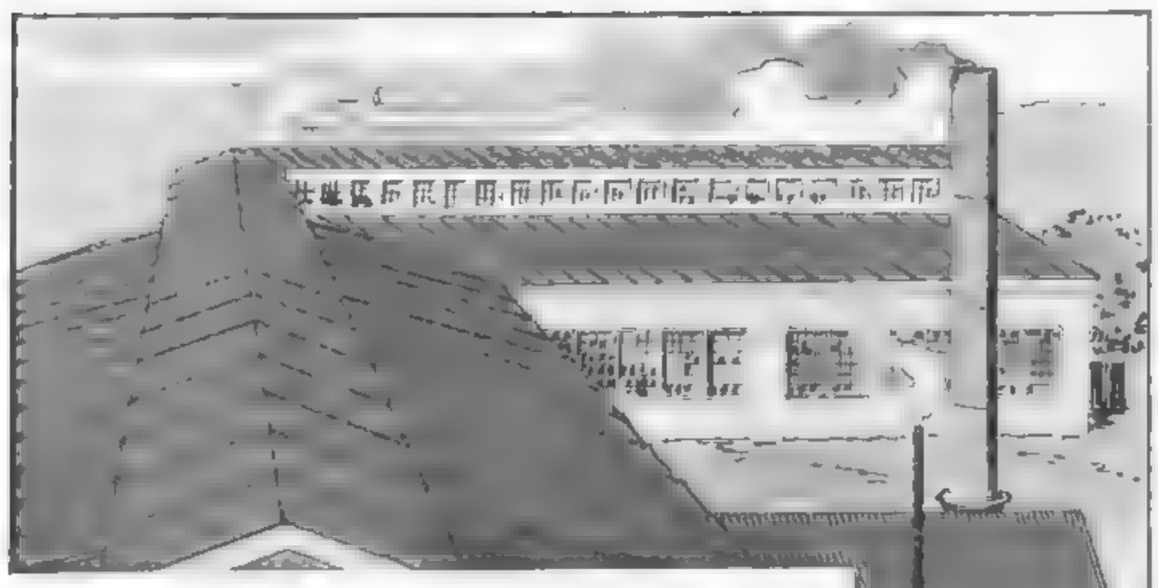

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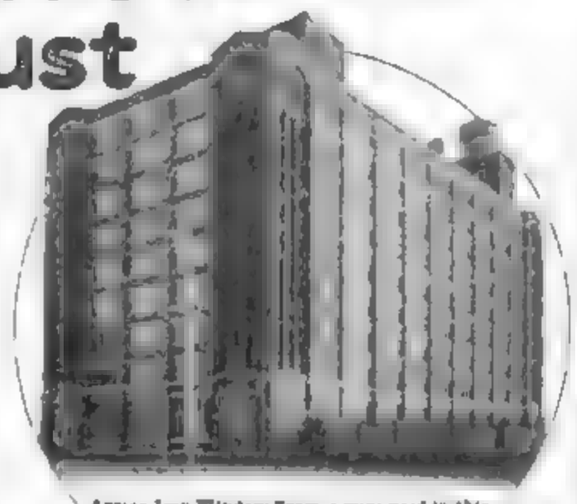

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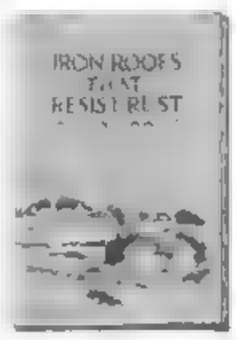

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first day of G. W.'s exhibition. After that the doors were opened only to those who had special cards of admission. Nobody but a select few, however, knew that *La Vieille Brune* was Mrs. Adolphus Busey, the mother of Cavia, and that Chupepsin, the Cubist, had done her in one sitting for the special purpose of illustrating G. W.'s method of accentuation. Meantime, the story that Burbler's had taken up the Cubists and Futurists killed practically all its business and ultimately called forth a quarter-page explanation—paid for by Louie Epstein with inward groanings at advertising rates—to the effect that Burbler's was still selling the same old pictures at the same old stand:

"We beg to inform our patrons that our galleries contain only canvases by the Old Masters, and that no examples of the ultra-modern schools will be found there."

Julie was alternately amused and concerned. She knew that G. W.'s income was, to say the least, attenuated, and she felt sure that in his present state of mind he was unlikely to look for another job, even if he could find one.

Our young celebrity, however, was thoroughly enjoying himself. Futurist Framing took on like nothing since Oscar Wilde. The idea raged over the country, the storm focus shifting rapidly from New York to Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, San Francisco and Seattle. G. W., now in the swim, acquired a marvelously variegated acquaintance among those eclectic personalities who live on tea and talk alone. He was known simply as G. W., a familiar, intimate and rather affectionate *nom de guerre*, which he encouraged as adding a sort of mysterious distinction; and he mastered with astounding ease and rapidity the fluent jargon of the Futurist circle to which Fabyan had introduced him. He loved himself "for the enemies that he made"; and not the least of these was Fabyan himself, who saw in G. W. an ominously dangerous rival for the favor of Cavia. She, sweet girl, as if conscious of having been his inspiration, assumed an air of gentle proprietorship toward our hero, and made him the central figure at her studio parties, to the utter disgust of Humdumderum Rab and the omnipresent Pelleas Swash.

The day of glory for G. W. had dawned with the opening of the much-heralded exhibition of the Ultramoderns at the Lithographic Art Galleries, with a young person in attendance who adapted himself with truly catholic taste, whatever his secret sympathies might be, to an enthusiasm for what he was showing—were it September Morn or Progression No. 32. Almost all the new phases of Cubist, Orphist, Futurist and Vorticist Art which had sprung into existence in America since the International Exhibition were represented.

The artists themselves were all there so that they could appreciate each other. The general public, the rank outsiders, were distinctly disappointed that the artists looked so little criminal, since few of them even had either beards or long hair, and a good many looked comparatively clean, although they had, in dressing, decidedly risen above the instructions as to what "the man"—or the woman—"is wearing" as described by the theatrical-program arbiters of fashion. G. W. was himself today resplendently conventional, with the one concession to his environment of a tango orange tie with black and white explosions, his lady's colors. His highly polished and clean-shaven face radiated his elation as he showed his friends about, modestly leaving his own contribution—which was really the main feature of the show—to be seen last.

"Oh, I think the man in armor is lovely," said an uneducated girl with premature enthusiasm.

G. W. corrected her with some severity.

"If you will look at your catalogue," he said, "you will see that is a Still Life Progression No. 6. What you take for armor is just the Cubistic, rectangular vision—the reduction of the onion beside the watermelon to its primitive contours—every curve being, you know, a succession of planes that—— Oh, I beg your pardon," he added after a glance at the catalogue, "I looked at the wrong number. It is really an Old Lady on a Balcony. But, of course, that ought not to make any difference. You see it isn't the objective vision that is important. What really ought to count is that something of moment has happened to the artist and he makes it occur—that's the whole thing."

He passed on hurriedly to the next picture, called Shooting Pains—Stellar Attraction—Luna Park.

Just then Cavia came in, tall and white and distinguished, just one black pineapple in her leopard skin hat, but the ubiquitous Fabyan was also there.

Fabyan still wore his assured air of ownership, although G. W. seemed to distinguish in Cavia a flagging interest which Fabyan in his confidence did not yet appear to notice. She was obviously distrait and a little curt—enough bored to be bestowing her smiles absent-mindedly.

G. W. cursed Fabyan inaudibly, and, dashing away from his unimpressionable friends, caromed from elbow to elbow till he reached Cavia's side, panting with pleasure. Her attitude toward him was very different now that he was no longer obscure. Everybody in the galleries seemed to know him; they pointed him out. She was very cordial, but always with the reserve of elegance.

"What a wonderful success you have made," she said, "with your quick apprehension of what we are all trying for, some of us still groping. Of course it must have been in you, but I love to think that I helped a little to bring it out, to make your mind contemporary, so to speak. Didn't I?"

He modestly gave her all credit for his awakening.

"Does your mother," he asked politely, with an obsolete respect for age, "like the way her portrait is framed?"

"I don't know," she answered; "she is not here yet, I think. There wasn't room for her in the taxi and she loves to walk she doesn't mind the snow a bit. She'll be here soon—it isn't very slippery out. Do let us see, without waiting for her, how your things look. I hear they're splendidly terrible!"

They reached G. W.'s frames and had to push their way through the mass of humanity that gaped or frowned or giggled before them.

Mrs. Busey, having successfully weathered the storm without, joined them before her portrait, her umbrella dripping with melting sleet, although her black bombazine dress and small trimmingless bonnet showed few signs of bedragglement. Only her overshoes gurgled slushily and a few damp, yellowish-gray wisps had detached themselves from the smooth surface of her thin parted hair and hung now over her fast blearing eyes, giving her the appealing look of an old and faithful Skye terrier. Perhaps it was because she was not at her best that the portrait, as she stood under it, so little resembled her—perhaps only water-color could have done her justice as she now was—but in any case it had to be remembered that this was a soul portrait, and it was doubtful if even in the days of the unregenerate Adolphus Mrs. Busey's soul could have been so kaleidoscopic.

Resignation she had evidently learned since those combative days, and, resigned, she now gazed upon her effigy. Its triangular lemon-colored face looked back at her reproachfully, more perhaps from the purple eye near the hair than from the red one near the mouth. Mindful both of her spirituality and of the occult transcendentalism acquired from Humdumderum Rab, G. W. had framed the head in an aura of orange scallops. Below these carved rudimentary wing forms followed the shoulder line, changing to angular, irregular lines below and terminating in two square blocks of wood upon which the spirit feet rested. The accessories of the portrait were all spiritual.

Fabyan must gradually have become conscious, too, that since G. W.'s star had been in the ascendant he himself had rather dropped below the horizon, for the camaraderie with Cavia that he had boasted of seemed difficult to maintain. She was turning, as might an artificial sunflower, toward the limelight. G. W. was in it now, and she liked to stand beside him figuratively and literally.

She moved away to the next canvas. It was called Pianoletta and had in a contradictory way enough objectivity to be somewhat distinguishable. It seemed to be the back of a child with vermilion pigtails, pounding on something blue. Here the frame was invaluable in enhancing the artist's impression, for it was in the silhouette of an upright piano, and notes leaped and quivered over its polished black surface, while black and white key motifs were decoratively disposed at intervals. It was more than full of suggestion, and

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Quaker State is *certified* and *guaranteed* to be the highest known quality of oil suitable for every gas or automobile engine purpose. It prolongs the life of the motor. Will not burn before lubricating. Gives practically double mileage. Prevents engine over-heating. Cuts oil bills. Eliminates frequent removing of carbon deposit. Unsurpassed for all makes of water-cooled cars and motorcycles.

Latest test—100 miles non-stop on low gear throughout U. S. Ask for name of nearest dealer.

PHINNY BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. A — Oil City, Pennsylvania
Agencies Everywhere

Cavia, having taken it in, was wavering toward a framed sculptured group called The Polo Game, when she was joined by Mrs. Livering-Spotts who had come puffing asthmatically across the room to her side.

Cavia was about to make an erudite comment when a loud burst of laughter disconcerted her, and Mrs. Livering-Spotts exclaimed: "Good Lord, that's my daughter. I know it is. It's Nomora. I know her voice!"

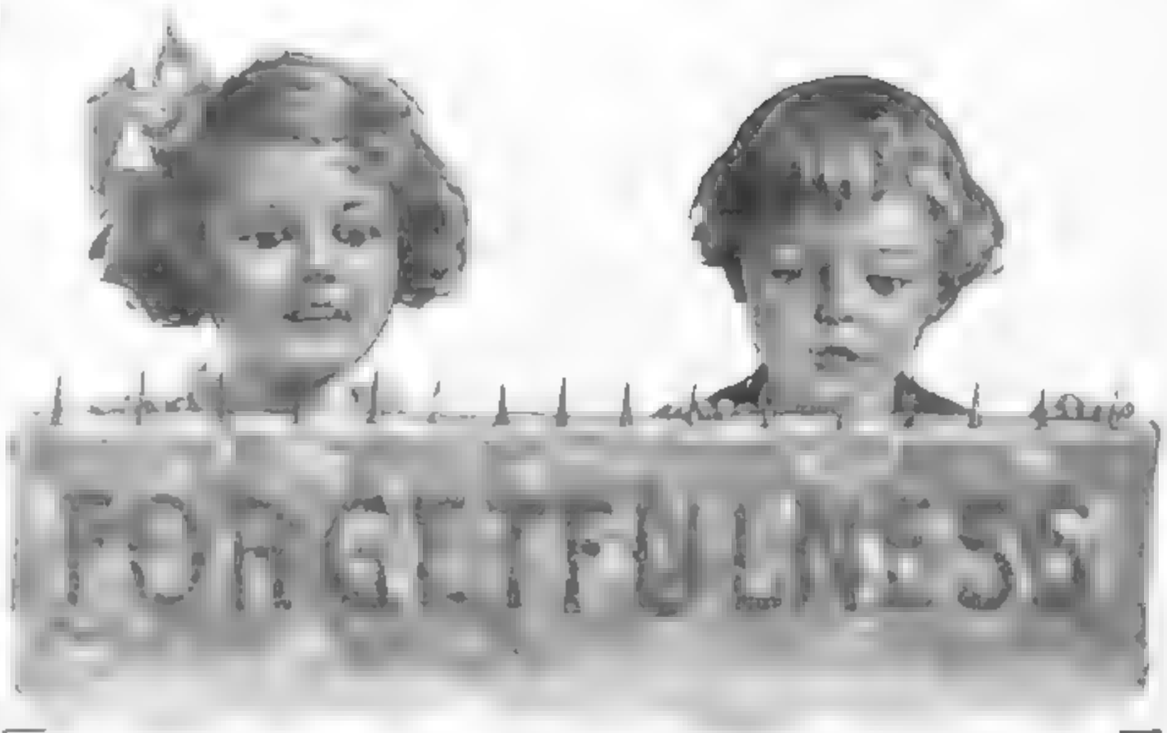
They hurried anxiously to the next room, where now the crowd was gathering, curious and alarmed. Peal after peal of uncontrolled laughter rang out, interrupted by significant gasping pauses that were reminiscent of whooping cough. But the laughter had rapidly given away to gurgling sobs, and Mrs. Spotts threw herself headlong at her unfortunate daughter, who was by now gyrating frantically, waving her long arms and beating the too-near faces with her muff. Nomora Spotts was indeed taking modern art very hard. Her mother made ineffectual efforts to soothe her by patting at her and murmuring brokenly through rising tears: "There! There! She is so sensitive! So spiritual! I should never have brought her here—it is the color—she can't stand it!"

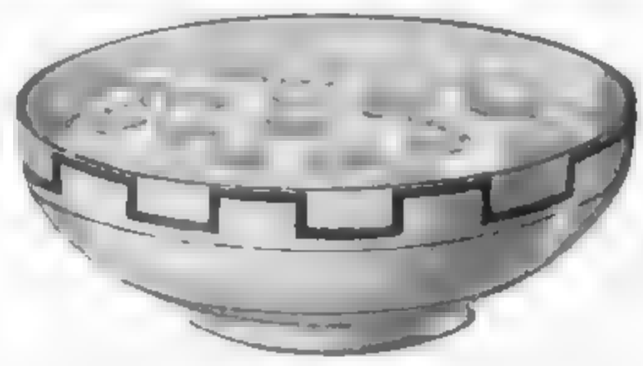
She could say no more just then, for Nomora was stuffing her muff into her mother's mouth so that she could only helplessly spit fur. Then Nomora Spotts broke away and hurled herself at the young man in attendance, who, in the excitement, had come dangerously near. He tried to say: "Calm yourself, my dear young lady; nothing more will hurt you," but she choked him off in the stranglehold of her encircling arms, kicking first at his shins, and then at her solicitous mother a rapid back-fire of pointed heels. Her hat, entangled with her falling hair and loosened hairpins, hung dangling down her back and was now the only animate thing about her, for she had suddenly stiffened like a naughty child and her ungainly length leaned at an acute angle against the frail inadequacy of the salesman's chest.

He staggered, bravely upheld behind by stronger hands, toward the door and air, his little legs curving under the dead weight, his neck strained back, his distorted face an agony of apprehension, for all the world—the two together—like a Cubist canvas, no limb or feature in its normal place. Before they reached the street door she had borne him to the floor, where, limp and purple, he was extricated from beneath her cataleptic rigidity; while her poor distracted mother rolled her over on her back, wailing: "My poor darling! My poor, poor, tender, darling flower!" Then to the solicitous bystanders: "It was the pictures. It was the whole atmosphere. She was not prepared, poor child—just from India—all unstrung and so—sensitive!"

The crowd came and went all the afternoon, most of them ignorant of what had befallen Nomora Spotts. G. W.'s triumph was complete, only there had crept a little shadow over his success, and on his simple soul there weighed a little sadness. It was out of proportion to the hysterical disturbance that had momentarily ashened his world's *couleur de rose* and he was almost relieved to go, taking Cavia and her mother home in a taxi to her studio for tea. There they talked it over, rehearsing the flattering comments, discounting the adverse, and Cavia found it worth her while to exercise all the power of her charms—so sure she felt of his ultimate notoriety; so more than willing was she to add herself to his new glory. Although there was the same exotic quality to her dim rooms, the same faint Oriental odor that had disturbed him heretofore, he felt this afternoon a vague unformed discomfort in her presence in spite of his consciousness that she had never been more alluringly beautiful. Something critical was astir within him, some Puritan reaction made him suddenly alive to the flaw in her modernity, gave him a glimmering of the tawdriness of her pseudo-elegance. As he dangled a gilded spoon over his Dresden cup there came to him, as if in protest against the heavy elaborateness of this setting—but dimmed by disuse—a feeling for the need of something clean and wholesome and true, however simple. And spontaneously his memory found it—the clear, friendly eyes; the honest, hearty clasp of a firm hand; a gay laugh and a comrade's solicitude for his well-being—and he knew that he was missing Julie.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





That's the Wall

Which Bars Many a Child, for Many a Day, from the Joys of Puffed Wheat and Rice

Mothers forget. They let the Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice run out. And some who have read about them month after month have never yet ordered them at all.

That's why countless children miss them in the morning. Hungry children in the afternoon don't have them to eat when at play. And the evening bowl of milk has something less delicious in it.

Not because children don't love them. Not because mothers don't want to supply them. They simply forget. That is why this reminder is published month after month here.

Cereal Confections

These Puffed Grains—Wheat and Rice—are the cereal confections. They are bubbles of toasted grain.

So nut-like that millions of pounds are used in candy making. So thin and airy that they float. So fragile that they almost melt away.

They don't need cream and sugar to be made enticing. Children eat them between meals, like peanuts or popcorn. And not another dainty made is so good for them.

Did you ever know a child who didn't like them?

If not, why not always keep the pantry shelf supplied with these digestible whole-grain tit-bits?

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS 15¢

The Only All-Hour Foods

These are the only foods which are perfectly fitted for eating at any hour. They are the only cereals in which every food granule is broken for easy digestion. They are the best cooked cereals that one ever eats.

They are made by steam explosion—by a hundred million steam explosions inside every kernel. Prof. A. P. Anderson invented the process, and has given you here scientific foods which have wondrous fascinations.

Don't ever be without them.

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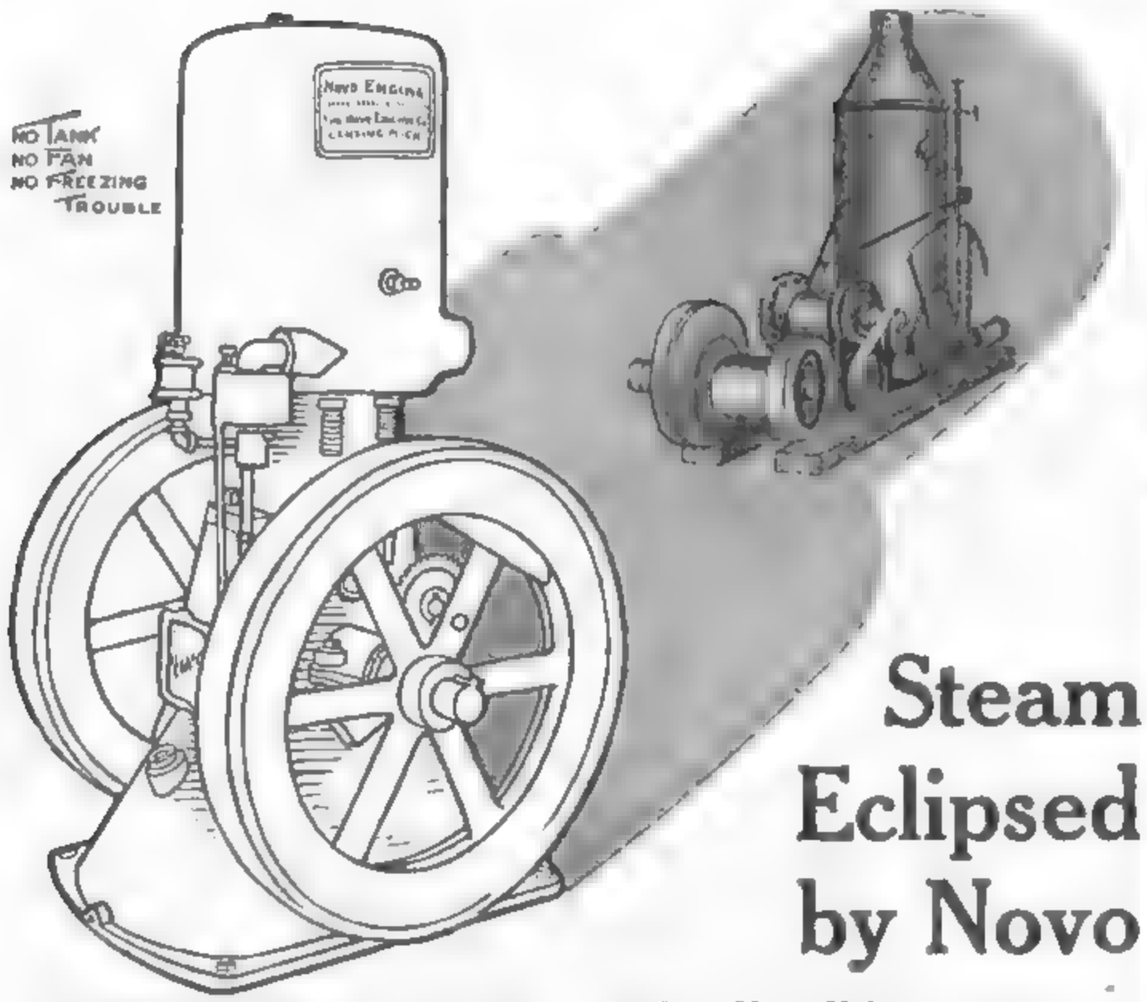

Steam Eclipsed by Novo

ENGINEERS of construction work are progressive—they have to be. Methods which were good yesterday are obsolete today. In nothing is this more clearly shown than in the use of Power.

A few years ago, labor did most of the work. Then steam came into general use. Now Novo is the popular power of the contractor.

Over 80% of concrete mixers—brutal work for any engine—are run by Novos. Most of the pumping and air compressing is done by Novo Outfits. Novo Hoists are seen on almost every job. The buzz of Novo saw rigs is heard wherever construction work is in progress. The reasons for this supremacy of Novo Power are convincing. They come under three heads:

Economy—Reliability—Convenience

Economy: A Novo Outfit costs much less than the same outfit driven by steam or electricity. One contractor saved enough on wiring alone to pay for Novo Outfits.

NOVO ENGINES and OUTFITS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A steam outfit requires licensed engineer and fireman. A Novo does not need highly paid men to run it and will operate satisfactorily with much less attention than any other kind of power.

When steam is used, a contractor has to own several types of boilers to conform with state and city ordinances. A Novo can be used anywhere.

The fuel cost of a Novo is much less than that of steam.

Reliability: A Novo delivers absolutely steady, reliable power under hardest possible conditions. It runs equally well in zero or torrid weather.

It can be left all night in zero weather without danger. In case of repairs the whole engine can be taken down and put together speedily and accurately. A gang of men is never kept idle because of breakdowns. Novo works from whistle to whistle.

Anyone who has used Novo knows how dependable it is under all conditions.

Convenience: A Novo Outfit is complete. It can be set up anywhere and put to work in a few minutes.

It is light, compact and easily moved about. It carries its own fuel. It needs no wire or water connections.

Have we proved our case? In view of these facts can you wonder that Novo is taking the place of other forms of power in the contracting field?

Let us discuss this matter in detail by letter. Send for our Book, **"Reliable Power,"** and learn a lot of ways to save money on construction jobs, on the farm, on irrigating or spraying work, or wherever power is used.

Novo Outfits include every kind of a Power Pump, Hoists, Air Compressors, Spraying Outfits, Engines for Vacuum Cleaners, Saw Rigs—over seventy-five different outfits in all—all of them portable. A new outfit is our Estate and Village Fire Pump. A small air compressor for garages is also new.

Our book, "Reliable Power," is free if you will write on your business letterhead.

Novo Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol or distillate.

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or Station A, San Jose, Cal.
CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secretary and Manager

DEALERS: This advertisement will bring thousands of inquiries, many from your own locality. Write us for our dealer proposition. Novo offers you a permanent and profitable business.

Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pump Fig. 1473
Fig. 1401
Novo Suction and Force Pump
Novo Trench Pump Outfit, Fig. 1457
Novo Reversible Hoist, Fig. 1455
Novo Suction and Force Pump Fig. 1412

Five of the Seventy-five Varieties of Novo Outfits

LOST—TEN MILLION DOLLARS A DAY

(Continued from Page 25)

which all the practical threads of thought from the various other bureaus and offices can be coordinated and woven into something of practical value to the farmer back home.

"If the science of agronomy is the warp, surely good business management is the woof of this fabric of successful farming we are trying to weave. By good business management I mean not only the efficient handling of the problems of crop production but the equally efficient handling of the economic problems connected with financing the enterprise and marketing the crops."

The Assistant Secretary sank back in his chair for a moment with a reminiscent smile, and then continued:

"On one of my farms I wanted to convince the tenant that alfalfa was a money-making crop. I got bulletins from the Agricultural College and from this Department, and studied them until I was sure I had the trick by the tail. Then I insisted on alfalfa. The tenant was opposed to book farming of all sorts, and was especially suspicious of alfalfa, as a number of his neighbors had already failed with it. But I insisted and finally carried my point.

"I had the satisfaction of seeing him get a stand that was thicker than the hair on a dog's back; but when I went out to congratulate him and celebrate our joint success, what was my amazement to find him in a towering rage.

"'Good heavens, man,' I said, 'what's the matter?'

"'Matter!' he bellowed. 'Matter enough! Here's this alfalfa to cut and my corn plowing has got to be done. I haven't men and horses enough to do both at the same time, and I'm right up against it!'

"And he was. I had got him into this trouble, and I didn't know how to get him out. His first cutting made over two tons to the acre, but it got his other work all balled up. I had plenty of bulletins that told me how to raise alfalfa, but I didn't have any bulletins telling me how to incorporate the raising of alfalfa into a general scheme of farming. So it is with every one of the crops we are dealing with. See?"

The Story of Little Brother

"By trying the one-crop-at-a-time method of teaching agriculture I got my tenant into a hole. The moral is, as I have said before, we must base our teachings on the farm as a unit, and not the crop. Instead of dosing the farmer with various brands of agronomy, we must give him a balanced ration, compounded with agronomy, economics, practical business and horse sense.

"It cannot be questioned that the efforts of this Department and of the agricultural colleges have lost in practical efficiency because the scientists, in their search for truth, too often have missed the farmer's viewpoint. Right in this Department is a gold mine of agricultural information that if made available for practical application would revolutionize farming in this country. But not ten per cent of this wealth of agricultural knowledge has actually been made available for the majority of our farmers.

"Look here!" He strode across the room and brought back a neat gilt-lettered volume. "Here is a group of projects—lines of work selected by workers in this Department. Suppose a bunch of farmers had helped the scientific specialists make up this list. I dare say not many of them would remain precisely as they are. It is not only in the literary output of this Department that the scientific attitude holds. In determining on the investigations we are going to make we often assume the scientist's position instead of that of the farmer for whom we are supposed to be working!"

"Then, according to your definition of scientific agriculture, Mr. Vrooman, the Department has not in the past done its whole duty by the farmer?"

"Well," he answered with a laugh, "I should prefer to say that it has not yet realized all its latent possibilities. This pursuit of pure science that we hear so much about is a noble work. To my mind, any scientific agricultural data that cannot eventually be made of some practical value to the farmer is not pure science but pure rot! Perhaps I can explain how I feel in this regard by a story of my little brother.

"There it is, John!"

The "Crescent-Filler"—the outside filling device

—the one proven by time and usage—16 years on the market and over a million satisfied users. After all, *that's* the only worth-while proof.

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

NON-LEAKABLE

The "Crescent-Filler" never fails to fill the pen *full* in 4 seconds from any inkwell. It is on the *outside* of the barrel, open and aboveboard, simple, easily get-at-able, positive in action and absolutely trouble-proof. Before buying any fountain pen insist on seeing the *inside* of them all—see for yourself the Conklin's simplicity in comparison with all the others.

Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

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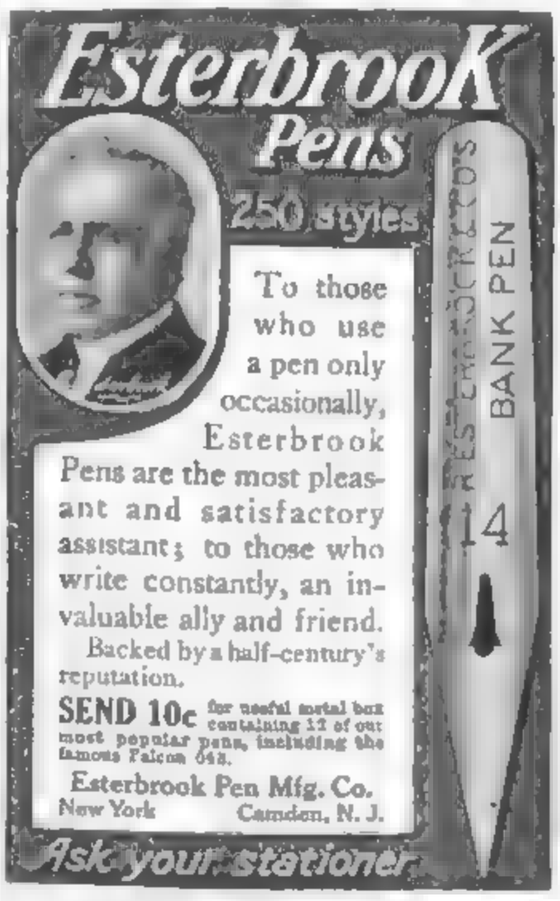
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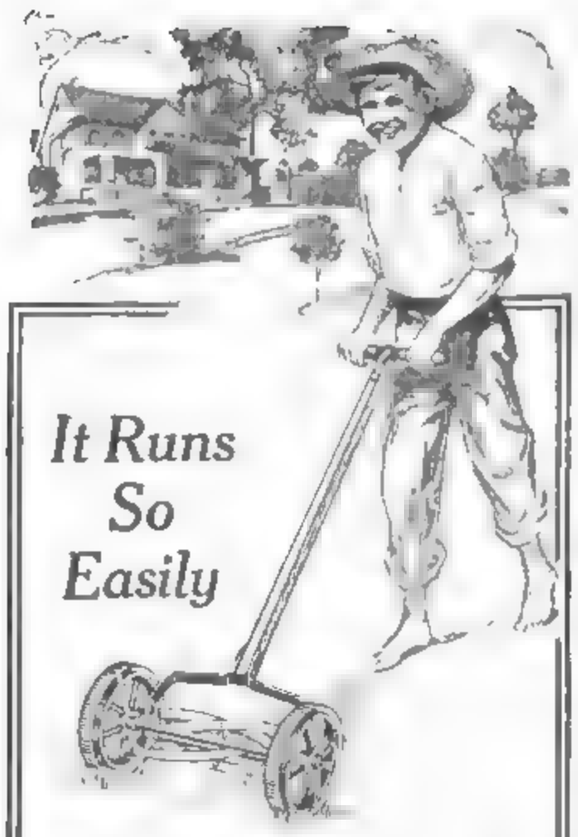

It Runs So Easily

AND why?—if you had one you'd understand. The many superior points of construction, ball bearings, simple adjustment and excellence of self-sharpening cutting parts make the "W & B" the first choice of lawn mower users.

"W Easy Running AND Clean Cutting B"
Lawn Mowers

represent 61 years' experience in the manufacture of grass cutting knives. "Service" resulting from the superior quality of "W & B" Mowers is the testimonial from hosts of satisfied owners.

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or write us for FREE interesting booklet telling how to select a lawn mower best suited to your needs.

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$7.50 The Calculator $7.50

[illegible] size [illegible] weighs [illegible] does except to list the numbers on a paper tape. The results appear on face [illegible]

With the Calculator it is not necessary to make a memo of the amounts to be added, nor call off the numbers to a second person for registration, as when using some of the other, larger machines. Simply register the figures to be added, subtracted or multiplied and the result is automatically and correctly registered.

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Have us send you the Calculator guaranteed to [illegible] If you [illegible] we'll be [illegible] refund your money on receipt of the machine. Have it sent now—what you think of it.

THE CALCULATOR SALES COMPANY
420 Fourth National Bank Building, Grand Rapids, Michigan

AGENTS: Communicate at once and receive proposition for territories still open. Every day counts.

CANOE BOOK FREE

Canoeing makes you "hungry as a bear"—puts color in your cheeks, sparkle in your eyes, strength in your body. Book tells about paddling, sailing and maneuvering in a Kennebec. Describes perfect style, great [illegible]

KENNEBEC

KENNEBEC CANOE CO.
10 R. R. Square
Waterville, Me.

"My brother was a slight, pale little fellow. Consequently wherever he went his life was made miserable by bullies. I got tired of this and decided to put the youngster to rights. I taught him every trick in boxing and wrestling that I knew or could dig up. After a few months I had the satisfaction of feeling that he was able to take care of himself.

"About that time, having finished my course at Harvard, I went back to Kansas, where I had been brought up, taking my brother along with me. The Kansas youngsters immediately sized him up for an Eastern tenderfoot, and the bullying again commenced. One day he came and begged my permission to put his boxing and wrestling training to the test. He wanted to earn the right to be let alone.

"'Well,' I said, 'I'm here for the purpose of winning a seat in Congress and I need every vote I can get. If you sail in and wallop several of these fellows you're going to lose me a lot of votes.

"'Here's what I'll agree to: You may lose me just one vote; but you've got to clean up the son of that vote so thoroughly that there won't be any encores. Now go to it!'

"He did. He called the bluff of the biggest bully in the crowd—a fellow much larger than himself. It was short and sweet. The bully went down with a bloody nose and a prayer for mercy. The ring began to call for volunteers to continue the show, but there was no response.

"There was a little darky in the crowd who had won a reputation as a fighter, together with the nickname Eagledy Bill. Eagledy was standing by, watching the fight, and as soon as it ended he began digging into the earth with his bare toes, looking very thoughtful. Every voice in the crowd was taunting Eagledy to take on the tenderfoot; but he shook his head in the firmness of resolution, stuffed his hands in his pockets and stared at my brother.

"'Naw, suh,' he said. 'Not me! Dat's science!'

"My idea of science is effectiveness."

Too Much Theory

"Science is something that wins—not temporarily, but permanently. And scientific agriculture, to my notion, is agriculture such as we'd like to have it—agriculture made efficient; agriculture conducted along successful lines and in every sense of the word. To bring about this condition—and that is the avowed function of the Department—we must seek and deliver truths in terms of the great outdoors. We must tackle all farm problems and give definite and practical instructions—complete the circuit. We must think the farmer's thoughts and speak his language.

"As I see it, the people of the United States, through their Congress, created a Department of Agriculture for certain definite purposes. These purposes were not theoretical; they were profoundly practical. Yet, if there is any one criticism of our work I hear oftener than any other—and I heard this before I was connected with the Department—it is that the Department is too theoretical.

"It's no wonder our bulletins aren't read as we would like them to be read. We print any number of splendid scientific bulletins, valuable to the occasional reader, but many of them Greek to the average farmer. We are also trying to reach the farmers through the newspapers, magazines and other channels of publicity; but we might as well face the fact that up to date, so far as reaching the people as a whole is concerned, we simply haven't done it. The only cure for this, as I see it, is to purge our practical teachings of scientific jargon."

"What is the Department going to do about it?" I asked.

"It's going to tap its reservoir of knowledge and pass all the practical information it has on to those who have paid for the right to receive it," Mr. Vrooman replied. "The Department of Agriculture is going to make its twenty-two-million-dollar budget the American citizen's best-paying investment. In a word, we are going to abandon everything savoring of Hindu jugglery and get down to brass tacks.

"I came here from the farms because I thought I saw a chance to help do for other farmers what the colleges and the Department did not do for me when I first began to farm scientifically. One of the biggest jobs of this Administration is to try to inject the farmer's point of view into the projects and teachings of this Department.

When a Man Studies the 5 Superiorities He Buys an Oakland

THERE are a lot of good cars. But buying rules are still the same. The car that gives you the tangible values is *your* car—and that's the

Oakland

1—Low Center of Gravity with Usual Road Clearance. Safety on turns, prevention of skidding—no swing and sway to eat up tires.

2—Great Strength with Light Weight. Safety—*Tire Economy.*

3—High Speed Motor with Great Power. Extra speed on straightaway—extra power on hills.

4—Flying Wedge Lines with Least Wind Resistance. Beauty of body modeling. Your car goes farther on the same gasoline and oil.

5—Economy with Luxury—few repair bills—low upkeep—with handsome appearance and comfort. Special springs—smooth road movement.

The Oakland alone has all these advantages. To prove these things, have an Oakland demonstration—drive the car yourself.

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Oakland catalog on request, showing Fours and Sixes. Speedsters, Roadsters and Touring Cars, $1100 to $1685 f. o. b. factory.

5 Leading Oakland Superiorities

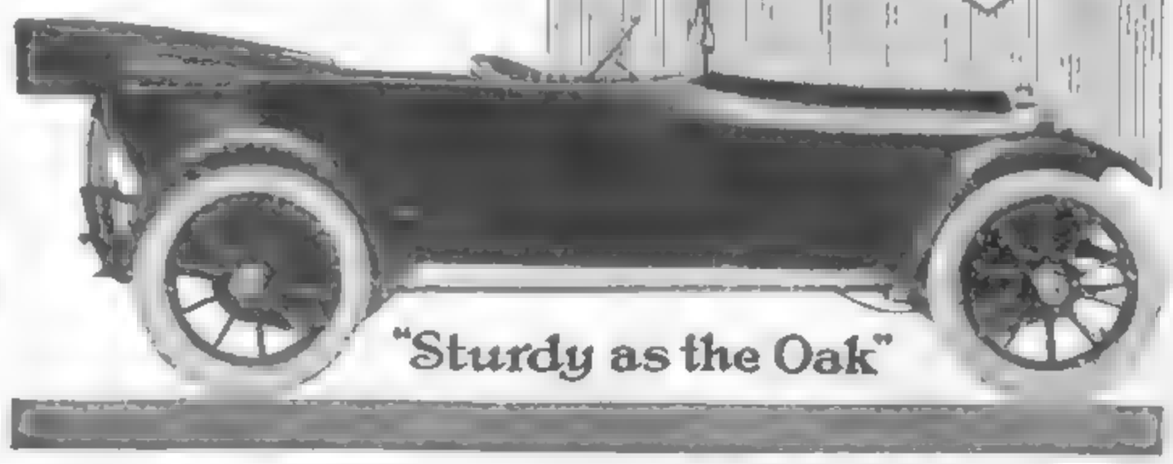
5 Low Center of Gravity With Usual Road Clearance

Great Strength With Light Weight

High Speed Motor With Great Power

Flying Wedge Lines With Least Wind Resistance

Economy With Luxury



"Sturdy as the Oak"

Twenty-seven years ago Mrs. Mary L. Miller of Illinois was left with a home to support and with two daughters to educate.

She read an advertisement for subscription representatives for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and a week later she was at work.

Her work during that year paid for a course at the New England Conservatory of Music for her daughter, then sixteen years old, and before graduation her daughter had secured a position as a teacher of music at a salary of $800 a year. The next year's work paid for a course in the same conservatory for the younger daughter.

From that time until now Mrs. Miller has held her position as a subscription representative for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Her work has enabled her to support herself and her family, to live comfortably, to educate her daughters and recently to purchase a home of her own.

Many of the subscribers whose orders she took in 1888 are on her list of customers today. Their yearly renewals give her a permanent, dependable income.

Mrs. Miller is only one of thousands of men and women who devote all or a part of their time to looking after the renewals and new orders of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* The amount of their earnings depends on the time given to the work. They are paid salary and commission.

If you have some spare time, whether it be much or little, that you want to convert into money, let us tell you what so many others are doing and what you can do.

Box 780, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"This was ground into me on my own farms. Like most farmers I was in the business primarily for business reasons. When I sent to a college or to this Department for a bulletin, and turned it over to one of my managers or tenants, I would generally find that fact-hungry fellow wallowing helplessly in a quagmire of theoretical jargon. The bulletin answered theoretical questions more often than practical farming ones; so I formed the habit of digesting bulletins as soon as I received them. Then I would talk with experts, ask them questions, and, with their help, work out a set of instructions, which I sent to my tenants and farmers. But this translating should be done right here in the Department before the bulletins go to the printer."

It is worth the interruption at this point to emphasize the point that the man who spoke was at that moment the owner or administrator of farm lands totaling in value more than seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which are operated in accordance with the strictest business principles.

"This task of making farming a business proposition, so far as the influence of this Department is concerned, is not going to be so hard as it may seem," he continued. "You know what the work of the Department's demonstration agents has been—a man-on-the-ground method of teaching farming. No doubt the results of this work helped induce Congress to pass the Smith-Lever Bill. And this Department gradually gets its field agents into every county, whose business it is to diagnose the troubles of the individual farmer on his individual farm. The practical experience gained by our agents will react on the Department and cause it to focus its attention on the practical needs of the farmer.

"But, along with the lectures to farmers in these counties, and any demonstrations and individual advice and instructions from these county agents, should go an educational campaign through bulletins—and bulletins of a widely different character from those that have been printed in the past. It is to this particular feature of the work that I myself am giving special attention.

"First of all, I'm going to write a bulletin myself—perhaps a number of them. Instead of taking the crop as the unit, I'm going to take the farm as the unit.

"This new type of bulletin is to deal with a representative farm of a given region, and endeavor to tell a farmer who has that kind of a farm exactly how he should handle his land in order to increase to the uttermost his revenue from it. I am confident that we can give detailed instructions which will enable the farmer of everyday intelligence, industry and energy to increase his net income by from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

"One trouble about scientists is that, unless they can make a complete scientific demonstration of a given fact or theory, they do not like to say anything about it. The fact that they have a certain amount of information which would be of a good deal of practical value, but which from a scientific point of view did not work out a problem in its entirety, would not seem to them a sufficient excuse for giving that data to the farmer."

Pigeonholed Researches

"I am not going to be held back by any academic consideration of that sort. If we have any facts here that are of any use to anybody we are going to give them out. The people who are paying the bills for this Department are entitled to this information as fast as they can use it, even though we have to run the risk of being criticized by some scientific critics for doing an imperfect piece of work.

"These new bulletins will refer the farmer to various scientific bulletins containing facts that bear on his problems. In such he will find certain questions discussed in great detail. In this way the new order of bulletin will be an interpreter of the old. Our idea is to make available for the farmer the vast amount of information contained in the bulletins that have been issued in the past. We are not abandoning the old ones—just reclaiming them.

"And, on the other hand, not all the material that has been collected by this Department has been allowed to see the light of day. There are musty manuscripts of unpublished bulletins constantly showing up when anyone pries among the cryptic bins of this Department and stirs the dust."

The Assistant Secretary opened a drawer in his desk and brought out a bulky manuscript, dusty and yellow.

"This is a valuable piece of economic research," said Mr. Vrooman, blowing the dust from the cover of the manuscript. He looked closely to make out the date. "What do you think of that—the work was done in 1904 and hasn't been published yet! Months were devoted to gathering the facts typed on these sheets and hundreds of dollars were spent to get those facts; yet somebody sidetracked the manuscript. It has never done a soul a farthing's worth of good.

"You know," he said, as he replaced the manuscript in his desk drawer, "I sometimes think that what our colleges and even our Department need more than money or legislation is sand! Up to the present Administration the rule has been to put the soft pedal on work that dealt with the economic side of an agricultural problem. Our authorities have seemed afraid to jar anybody's nerves.

"So long as it was an army worm or a case of hog cholera that was hampering the farmer's progress, the colleges and the Department of Agriculture would attack the case with a tremendous flourish and beating of tom-toms. But when the pest happened to take the form of a railroad or a grain elevator or a high rate of interest, then there seemed to be an unwritten law that the buck and gag should be applied to all the economic experts in whose power it was to help the farmer fight his fight."

Pussy-Footed Publishing Policies

"Up to two years ago, when it came to dealing with problems in agricultural economics, the colleges and the Department lacked the one essential element that makes for true service impartially rendered—guts!

"Yet we are not inaugurating a campaign of destruction, but rather one of construction. We are willing and anxious to give every consideration to the claims of the railroads that haul the farmers' products and to those of the middleman who sells them, so long as those claims are legitimate.

"The new policies of the present Secretary of Agriculture and the passage of the Smith-Lever Bill bid fair to work wonders in rendering the farmer the real service his business needs. The Secretary is one of the foremost economists of this country, and it's a great thing for the Department and for our farmers that he is.

"Prior to his connection with the Department, the economics of agriculture had been sadly neglected. Though nothing more than a beginning has as yet been made along these new lines of work, the establishment of an Office of Markets and Rural Organization marks a new epoch in the Department's work for the betterment of American agriculture.

"The beginnings of a new era of usefulness for the Department are seen in the creation of this office, in the Secretary's stand for a new and better bulletin service, and in the passage of the Smith-Lever Bill by Congress. The Smith-Lever Bill is the greatest effort at university-extension work that has ever been seen on our planet, millions of dollars being devoted to the democratizing of learning—to taking all the combined agricultural knowledge of this country, and of other countries, and bringing it right down to the barnyard of every farmer in the land.

"Presently no farmer will be too poor or too ignorant to get a county agent to come and look at his problems, diagnose his troubles and tell him what to do.

"One of the most important things to be done by this Department is to win the confidence of a larger percentage of our farmers. This can be done by showing the farmer that the Department stands ready to tackle all the problems with which he has to deal, be they problems of transportation, overcharges for service rendered by the various factors connecting his business with the final disposal of his products to the consumer, or problems of land tenure and farm labor. In short, any problem that worries him should worry us and cause us to set in motion the wheels of our organization.

"There was a time, a few years ago, when farmers, as a class, were in a wholly antagonistic mood toward the work of this Department. Now most of them seem to be in a neutral mood; in other words, they realize that there is real wheat in the product as well as chaff. Unfortunately, however, many do not seem able to separate the one from the other; and, as a result, they ignore it all.

Turn Down the Electric Light in Baby's Room

The same as you would gas. You can do it now with the Dim-a-lite. Before, you had either to keep the nursery in total darkness and grope around when baby needed attention or keep your electric light at full current and waste money. The

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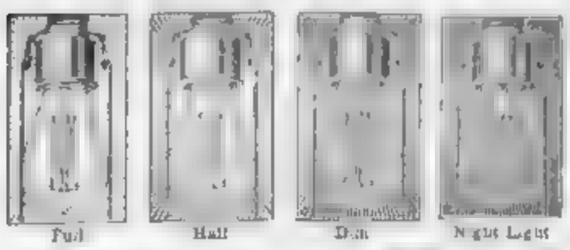

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"But you want to know some details about my plans for the new type of bulletin. Take the first one—the one I was outlining just before you came in. It begins with the soil. How should the soil of this typical farm in this particular region be treated? Advice on this and other problems will be given in the fewest possible words consistent with clearness.

"Then we'll work out two or three different rotations of crops, from which the farmer may choose according to his capital, intelligence and temperamental likes and dislikes. We'll give definite instructions how to secure and test good seed for each crop, how to plant, how to cultivate and how to harvest, with the least amount of labor that will secure a good crop.

"We are not going to stop publishing the results of our scientific investigations in scientific language for the use of the scientific world; but we are going to do, on a much larger scale than ever has been done before, this job of taking everything of practical value in the discoveries of the scientists, coördinating them, and adding to them business advice based on scientific business investigations.

"We are going to give the farmer, as a finished product, instructions that will show him not only how to meet one difficulty but the many difficulties he runs against in his farm operations throughout the year. In other words, we are going to teach him not merely how to reform his methods but how to revolutionize them."

A Beneficent Revolution

"We should be satisfied with nothing less than a revolution of the agricultural methods of the farmers of America. The only thing that is comparable to this approaching agricultural revolution is the industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And the productivity of our agricultural population can be increased by this revolution as much as the productivity of the industrial population of the world was increased by the industrial revolution.

"The possibilities of the new agriculture are well-nigh unlimited, so far as we can see now; for the science of agriculture is very young. If it develops as fast in the next hundred years as it has in the past hundred years the results will astonish even those of us who are expecting great things.

"We can never realize the possibilities of the new agriculture without scientific efficiency, interwoven with business efficiency and economic efficiency. Scientific efficiency alone means big crops, but not necessarily any profit on those crops. Scientific efficiency plus business efficiency will mean the largest crops that can be successfully raised in conjunction with other crops; while the addition of economic efficiency will mean that the farmer will get the profit to which he is justly entitled.

"To work toward the elimination of the ten-million-dollar daily loss already mentioned, and to raise agriculture to a broader, higher plane, the Department of Agriculture must face in the immediate future the all-important task of making available to the farmers of this country, on a sound and economic basis, the wealth of agricultural knowledge it already has brought to light.

"If every experiment station in the United States and every laboratory of this Department were to close to-morrow, and if the agricultural colleges were all to be destroyed to-morrow, and every scientist turned from his research work forever—if this were done and the whole energy of this Department were devoted to the one task of getting to the farmers the agricultural science we already have, duly mixed with sound principles of farm business and economics—we could boost the output of the farms of this country by fifty per cent inside of a decade!

"Mind, I'm not advocating any such destruction. I merely put it thus to show you how keenly I feel the lopsidedness of our agricultural science; how out of proportion our whole fabric seems to my eyes.

"I wish I could unveil to you the wide vista of possibilities these constructive Houston policies vaguely foreshadow in my mind. I can't put it into words, but I have a dim sense of a New Agriculture that shall make all things new in rural America. However, I'm only a business farmer, and Delectable Mountains aren't altogether in my line."

I remembered then that somebody had said of this young man:

"He is one in whom I have found that rarest of combinations—a daring imagination and a conservative judgment."

"Tell Me the Charm In Van Camp's"

Ask the man at your table to tell you the attractions he finds in Van Camp's. It will change your idea of Baked Beans.

For this is the man-style dish. There is no question about it. Thousands of restaurants and lunch rooms which once baked their own beans are now buying Van Camp's for their patrons.

You can prove tonight in your own home, if you will, that men prefer Van Camp's.

Some will say, "They are mealy, whole and mellow." Some will say it's the sauce we bake into them. Some will say, "It's the after-effects," because Van Camp's digest.

But none will say they like Old-Style better—the mushy, the broken, the crisp and the hard.

VAN CAMP'S

PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Nobody claims to bake beans like Van Camp's, and nobody does. The proof lies in Van Camp popularity. It lies, too, in every comparison.

Our process is our own. Our sauce is a Van Camp creation. Our costly steam ovens, built to bake in small parcels, are essential to Beans like these.

We select beans by analysis. We test them by sample bakings. We remove their touch of bitterness. We bake them until even the hulls are mellow.

This dish with us has been a 20-year study, and many able chefs have helped on it. It will multiply your liking for Baked Beans. It will lead you, we think, to serve this hearty and convenient meal more often. To please the man and save your own work, order some trial cans.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(364)

The Overlar

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During the last few years tens of thousands of progressive ranchmen and farmers have come to depend upon and regard it as more vital and necessary than any other thing they have or might have.

Five years ago they thought their methods mighty efficient.

Yet now, when they look back to what seems but yesterday, they are amazed at their former slowness; their inability to get there and back quickly; their cramped and narrowed life; their lack of, and hampered, pleasures.

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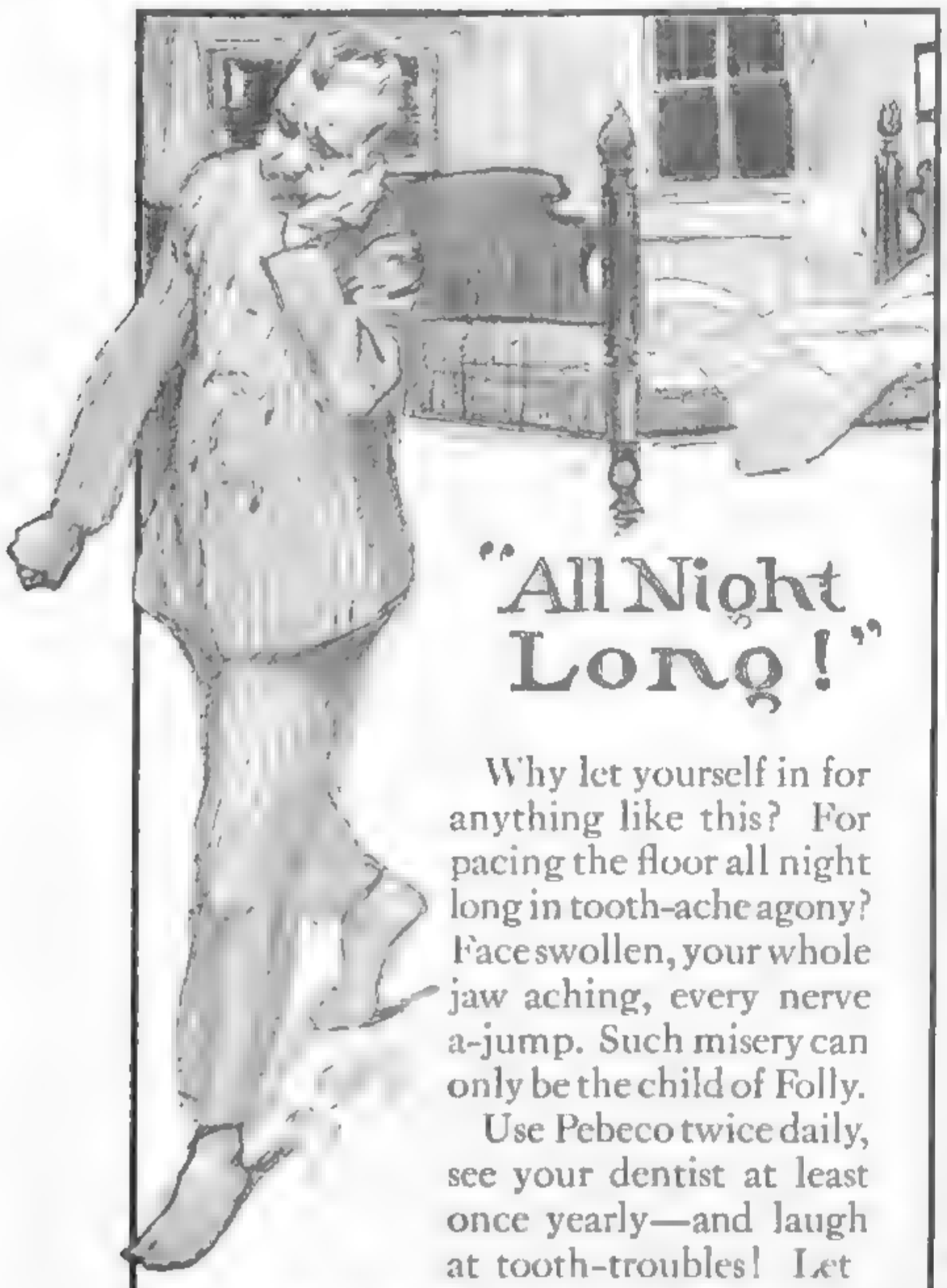
See our dealer today.



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Why let yourself in for anything like this? For pacing the floor all night long in tooth-ache agony? Face swollen, your whole jaw aching, every nerve a-jump. Such misery can only be the child of Folly.

Use Pebeco twice daily, see your dentist at least once yearly—and laugh at tooth-troubles! Let

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protect your teeth from the cause of 95% of tooth-decay—from your teeth's worst enemy, "acid-mouth." *Don't* let "acid-mouth" eat their enamel away and bring destruction to the soft interior. Nine out of ten people have "acid-mouth." How, then, can *you* lightly disregard this warning?

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The Test Papers will show you whether you, too, have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

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THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

(Continued from Page 20)

and of long-leaf yellow pine, which is one of the best and most durable of all timbers. Under the scuffed black exterior the wood was as sound and clean as when it came from the sawmill. Only one side was worn, and that not seriously enough to impair the strength of the planks. Each one weighed about two hundred pounds.

At first I planned to have them sawed into rafters, but afterward decided to turn them into floor beams. The planks were cut to extend over two eight-foot spans between steel beams and concrete block walls, and I had most of them placed thirty-two inches apart. While they made a floor of tremendous strength—strong enough for a locomotive, a railroad bridge carpenter told me—the labor of fitting them was considerable, and I finally found it necessary to insert two-by-four joists between them in order to stiffen a thin flooring. On the whole the bargain in wood did not compare with our bargain in steel. New wooden floor beams 2 by 10 inches, laid sixteen inches apart, would not have cost much if any more than the extra heavy planks and the joists and extra labor. This experience taught me that one must have both eyes open when buying junk.

In advance of descriptions in a later article I insert here two tables of costs:

WALLS OF THE HOUSE

2439 concrete blocks averaging at $0.14	$341.46
50 bags cement, at $0.37½	18.75
6 barrels lime, at $1.25	7.50
18 cubic yards sand, at $1	18.00
Labor at $3.25 per day: Laying blocks, making sills and lintels, concrete coping porch wall and gables, and items not otherwise listed	307.58
Total	$693.29

FLOOR

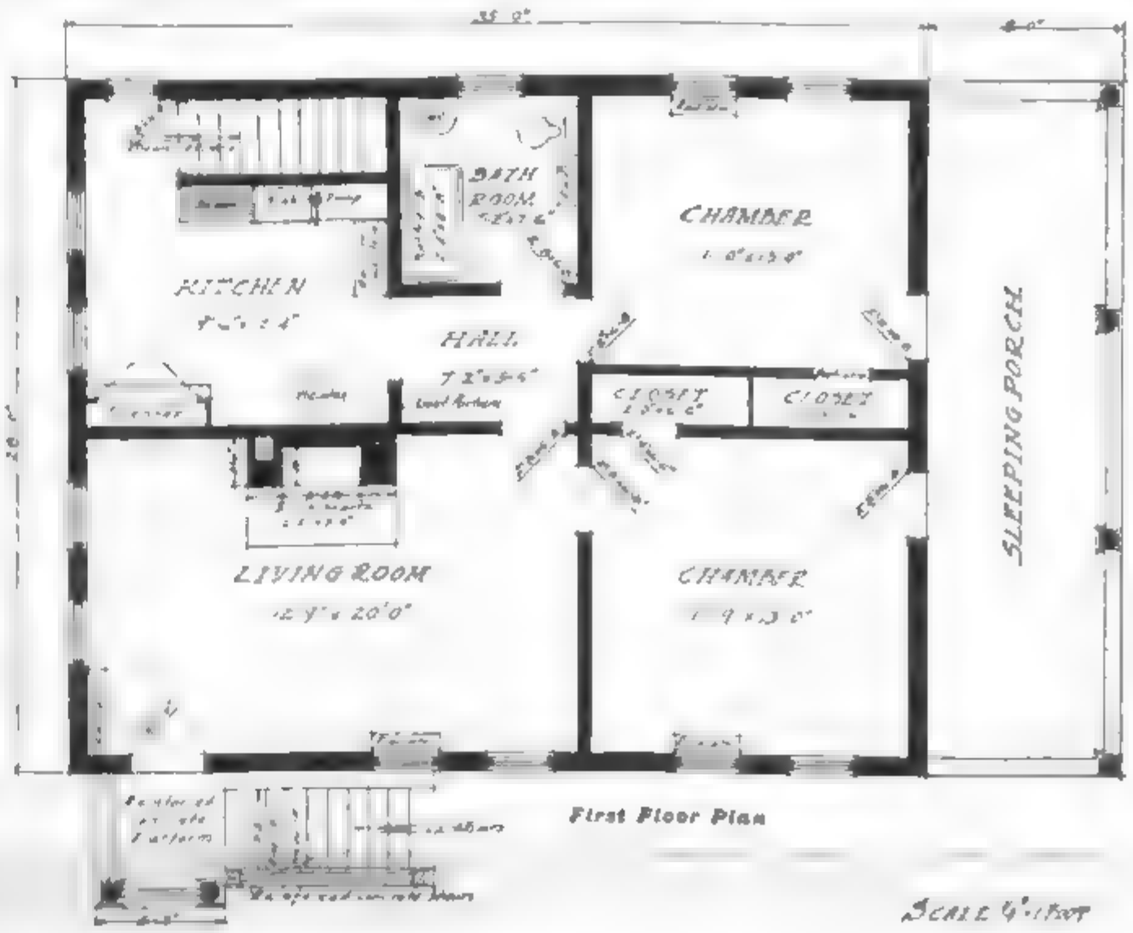
Two steel I beams, 1400 pounds at ½ cent and cartage	$ 8.50
Iron column filled with concrete	1.75
25 wooden beams, 3 by 10 inches by 20 feet, and cartage	15.25
40 hemlock, 2 by 4 inches by 9 feet, at $0.18	7.20
1072 square feet 1 by 4 inch North Carolina pine flooring	39.00
325 square feet 1¼ inch by 4 inch cypress for porch floor	14.63
75 pounds nails and spikes at $.03	2.25
Floor varnish, and paint for porch floor	3.75
Labor at $3.25 per day	4.[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

At the end of each day's work on the walls, during which the grilling sun browned my back through a cotton shirt, my wife and youngster appeared in bathing suits and helped to put away the levels and other tools. Then we walked through a delightful bit of wooded and bush-grown upland to our swimming place. It consisted of a stretch of running water deep enough for diving and large enough for any moderate swimmer, cosily screened by luxuriant thickets and trees along its banks. How that cool water took away the discomfort of overheated bodies and limbered weary joints, and what appetites we took home with us for supper! We vowed the swimming place was the chief asset of our estate; and it was just as much ours as if we owned it.

We started the walls of the house on July eleventh. On August first we were about ready to lay the sills of the windows of the first floor. I bought the sills from a concrete manufacturer at 83 cents apiece. They were three feet four inches long by ten inches wide and eight inches thick. Some of them were old and ripe; others had been lately made and required very careful handling. One sill broke in two on delivery and was replaced. I believe none was reënforced. If I were building another house I would make all sills reenforced with iron. The sills were placed at a moderate outward slope on the wall and were well cemented to the blocks beneath them. All crevices between sill and window frame were carefully pointed with cement. A special kind of concrete block shaped like an L was used on both sides of each window frame. The lip of the block clasped the frame and prevented it from falling outward; and on the inside there was a space left to be filled at each course with mortar. I made it a special point to see that this mortar was tightly packed, so that no air might penetrate between window frame and wall. And as in the case of the basement windows, two long screws were put into the frame at each course of blocks and the screw heads embedded in mortar.

We made the lintels for windows and doors. They were better than anything the manufacturer had and cost a great deal less. We made a continuous form about forty feet in length and another half as long, by using the second-hand bridge planks. They were laid on blocks at the shady edge of the woods and near our sand and cement. Smooth-planed inch boards made the sides of the form, and we put in wooden spacers at desired intervals. All but two of the lintels were four feet four inches long and eight inches square. I went to the village blacksmith to get reenforcement and helped him to straighten and cut into lengths flanged wagon tires—junk material—for which he charged me $1.25. We put two pieces of tire near the bottom of each lintel, taking care to lay them on edge in the concrete. We poured a sloppy mixture of gravelly sand and cement into the forms and put in some broken trap rock where it would not touch the boards. Afterward I marked the top of each lintel so that no mistake would be made in placing them on the wall. It is always necessary to have the reënforcement at the bottom; steel would be comparatively useless at the top or sides.

At the end of two weeks the lintels were hard enough to be placed on the wall. They weighed between three hundred and four hundred pounds apiece. The brawny young carpenter and I carried most of them to their resting place, and though my



First Floor Plan

WHETHER it is March wind or April sunshine that inspires that "Spring-is-here" feeling and a consequent desire for new hosiery, don't make the mistake of buying just *any* silk hosiery. Insist on McCallum's.
It will insure you a beauty and quality in your hosiery that will mean lasting satisfaction.

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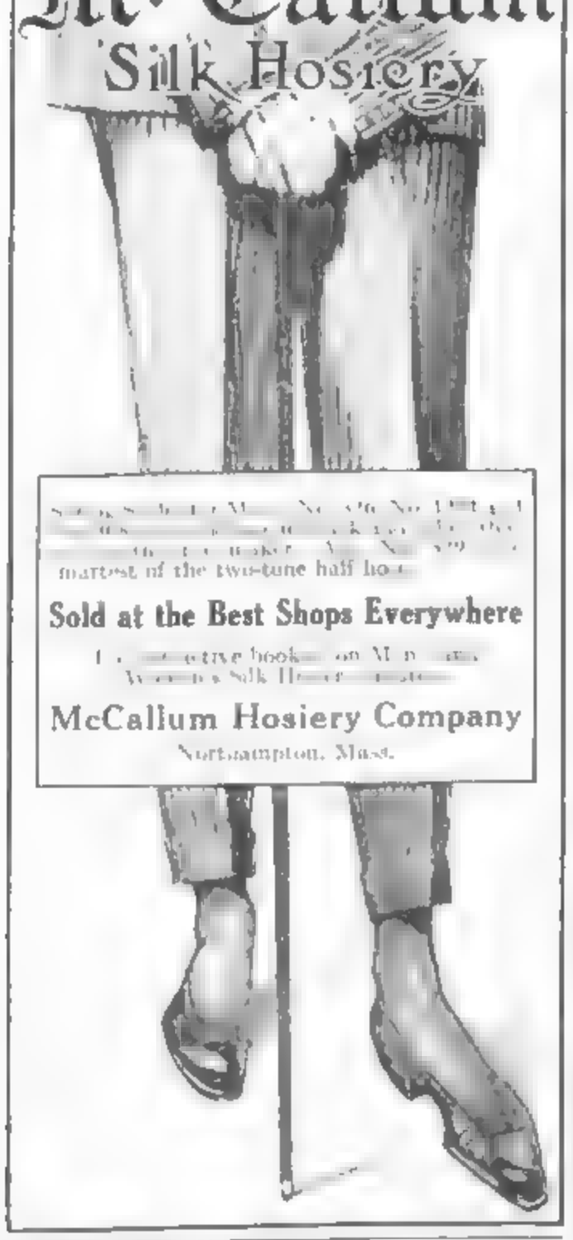

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muscles were well hardened with shifting concrete blocks I felt at first like a White Hope with a black future. Afterward we learned how to handle the lintels better and set up half a dozen in a day. The old mason pointed out to me the value of lintels in knitting together and stiffening the walls, besides taking care of the spaces above windows and doors. He said there was little danger now of the walls' coming down under the stress of wind and rain and that we might even venture to remove the window braces, which were in the way. We should be absolutely safe, he said, when the ceiling beams were put in.

A disconcerting thought had been suggested to me some time before by a concrete manufacturer. He told me of an amateur builder like myself who had got his house two-thirds constructed and then found that he could not "close up." Either he didn't have the right kind of blocks to finish with or else the building department wouldn't let him use what he had. Anyhow he was left with a partly built house on his hands. When I found that we should run short of window blocks, this story came back to my mind. In vain we hunted through our miscellaneous piles of blocks, hoping to resurrect a few more window blocks. The manufacturer did not have in stock what we wanted and he was not making that kind.

In my despair I thought of an old Italian who made blocks on occasion. I went to him, and without explaining my desperate plight asked him to make me some window blocks, which he agreed to do. I told him not to economize on cement, for I would pay extra. No doubt he knew that he had us in his power; but he generously forbore to press his advantage and charged no more than a fair price for a special order.

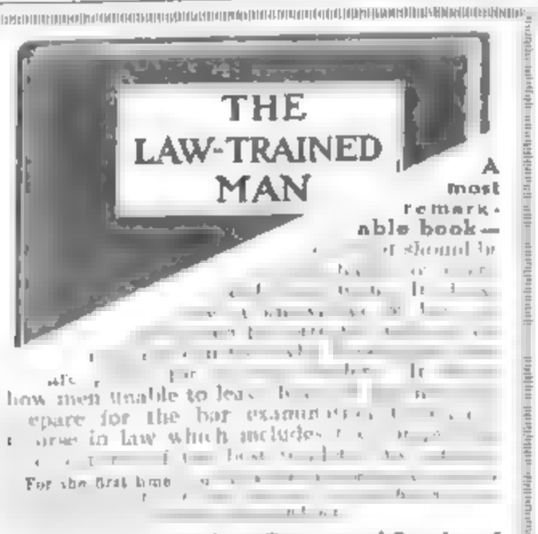
There was a delay of almost a fortnight in "closing up" the walls, owing to this shortage of window blocks. However, we did not lose the time, for we worked on the chimney and the concrete stairs for the front porch. By taking up these details our actual progress was hastened. The concrete stairs proved immediately useful.

The Trick of Building Stairs

I had early considered what scaffolding might be necessary to build the house and feared that an amateur's lack of a builder's equipment would be very troublesome or would entail a considerable expense. As things turned out we had little difficulty or expense on this score. As soon as the walls rose above a man's reach we laid heavy bridge planks on concrete blocks and stood on the planks. When the blocks were piled four high we could easily reach to the top of the basement wall. Then the floor beams were put in place, and a few planks laid across them constituted a scaffold, to which we soon had convenient access by building the basement stairs. Thereafter all blocks were pointed up from the inside by leaning over the wall. The method of the ground scaffold was followed on the living floor until the wall got too high, when the young carpenter built a wooden scaffold of scrap timber and ceiling beams. When the ceiling beams were in place we had a scaffold like the living floor, and from this the gable walls were built and the roof put on. Thus no outside scaffolding was used for the entire building. I borrowed ladders for the last stage of roof construction.

With reluctance I gave up the notion of concrete for the basement stairs; but I did so to save time and expense. My wife was reluctant also when I suggested eliminating the outside kitchen stairs as planned, having the only rear entrance to the house through the basement. But finally she yielded to the argument of financial and architectural economy, of the gain in security and snugness. I showed the old mason and his carpenter son my original plan for the basement stairs; but though they refrained from criticism the carpenter said he guessed he'd rather lay out the stairs with an eight by ten cut. He used the steel square to mark the stringers, which were planed spruce planks two inches thick and ten inches wide. They were angle cut at both ends with a greatest length of eleven feet four inches. The stair space was eight feet high and an inch over nine feet long, with a width sufficient to make the steps a trifle over three feet wide. The steps were made of the same material as the stringers and were driven tightly into grooves in the latter and nailed fast, the stringers being put up first. The stringers rested on a concrete step at the bottom and were spiked

THE LAW-TRAINED MAN



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The whole force exerted to make a stop falls on the *brake lining.*

The brake lining *must* be efficient or the brakes won't hold.

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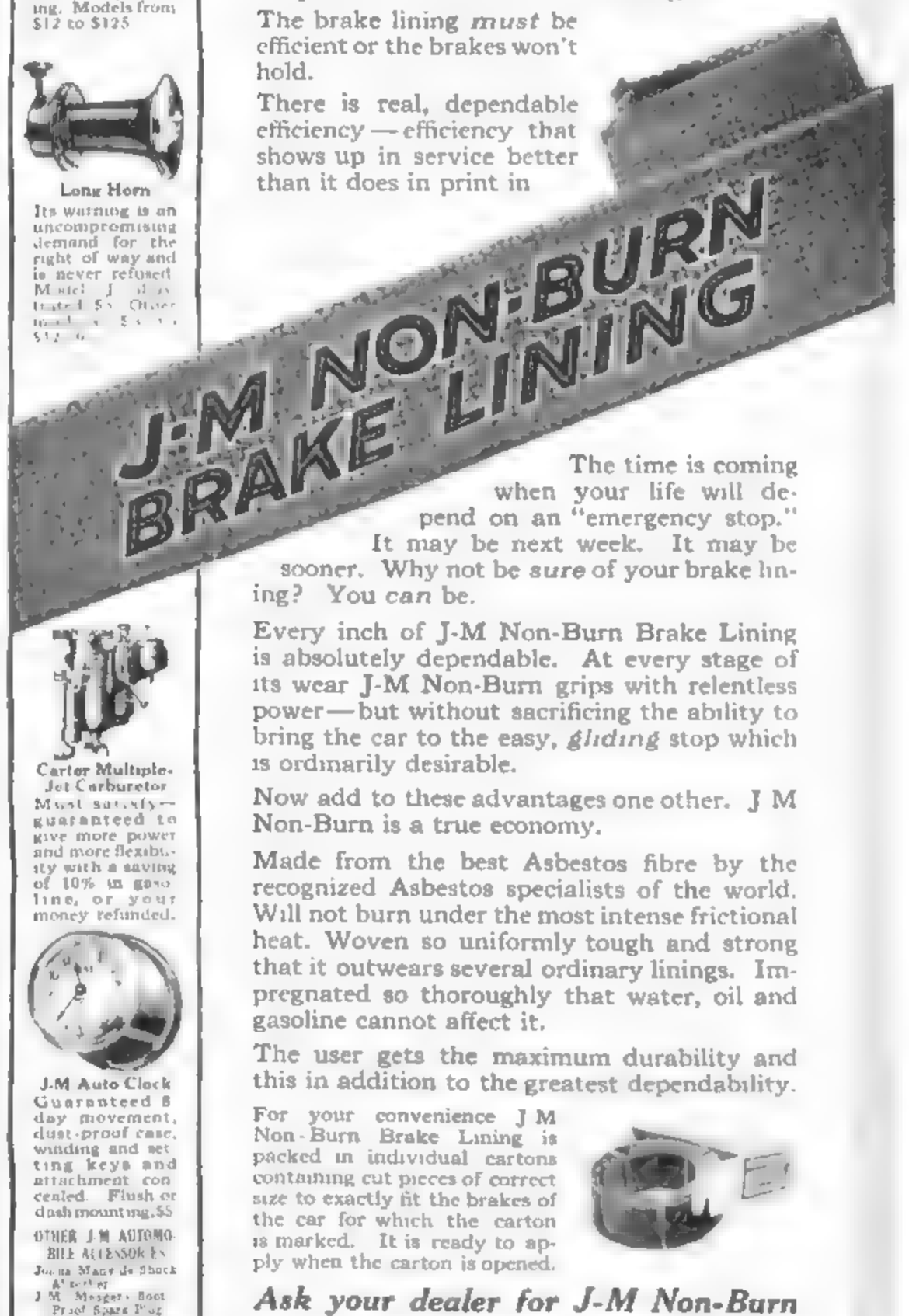

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Every inch of J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining is absolutely dependable. At every stage of its wear J-M Non-Burn grips with relentless power—but without sacrificing the ability to bring the car to the easy, *gliding* stop which is ordinarily desirable.

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For your convenience J M Non-Burn Brake Lining is packed in individual cartons containing cut pieces of correct size to exactly fit the brakes of the car for which the carton is marked. It is ready to apply when the carton is opened.

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It gets away instantaneously. The motor seems always to have more and still more power when occasion requires. On direct drive the speed can be varied from low to high with exceptional smoothness Obviously these features are the direct result of close, careful manufacturing

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
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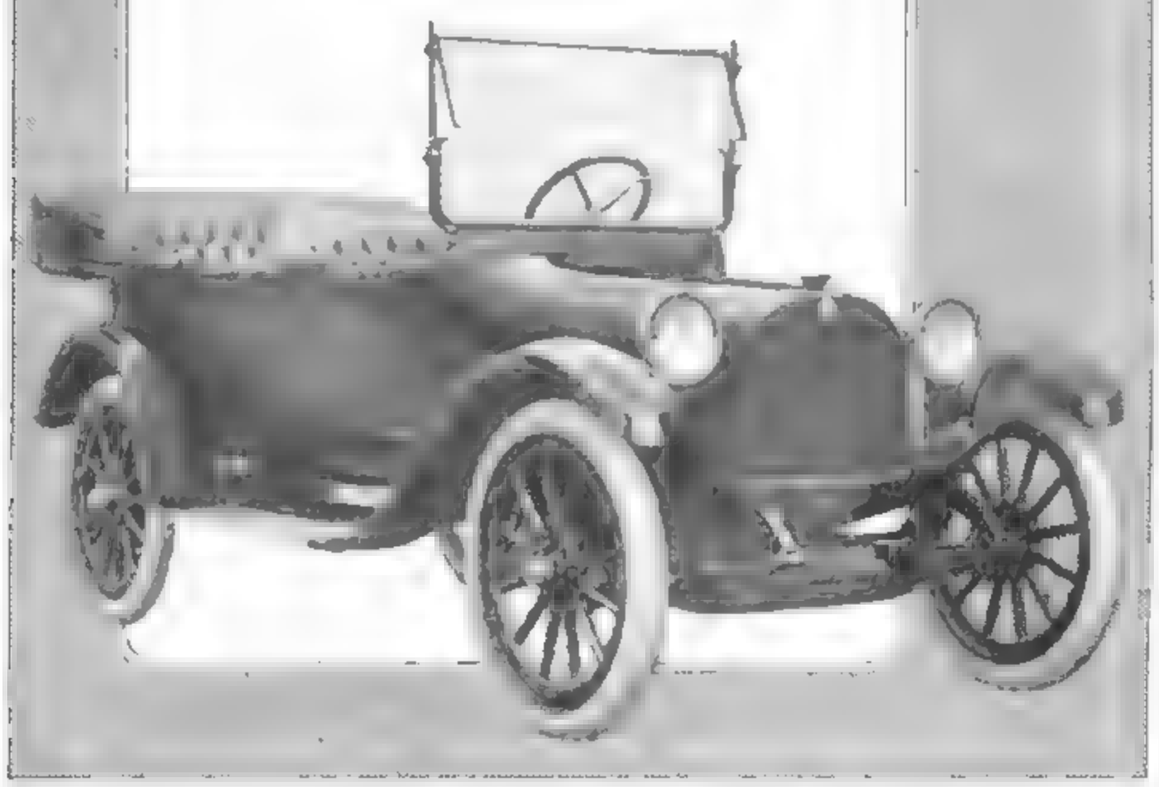

to a cross floor beam at the top; also the inner stringer was spiked near the center to the chestnut post upholding one end of a steel I beam. The actual width or tread of the stair steps turned out to be nine and a half inches and the height eight and a half inches. I believe the recommended proportion is 8-inch "rise" and 10-inch "tread." However, our stairs were praised by every one who used them.

The young carpenter could not explain to me how he made those stairs, and it looked as though my yearning to understand the mystery of stair building would remain forever unsatisfied. Some time later, however, while pondering over his vague remarks about an "eight by ten cut," it flashed upon me that the height in feet of any stair space gives the height in inches of each step, and that the length in feet of the stair space gives the width in inches of each step. And my arithmetic and scale rule seem to corroborate the surmise.

COST OF BASEMENT STAIRS

5 spruce planks 2 by 10 inches by [illegible] at $0.[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Cement and sand for pier and step	[illegible]
Labor at $[illegible] per 8-hour day	1 [illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

My wife and youngster helped to make the concrete foundations of our chimney. I had dug two holes in the clay floor of the basement about three feet apart, each about two and a half feet square and twenty inches deep. We put in good-sized stones and filled with a rich, sloppy mixture of sand and cement. This foundation had hardened well when the old mason, his son and I began to lay concrete blocks upon it. The blocks were of the pier-and-corner kind, laid in joint-breaking threes, so that each pier or "leg" of the chimney was sixteen by twenty-four inches. We filled all the blocks solidly with stones and mortar, though the old mason mildly grumbled against such extravagance. I had planned to connect the chimney's legs with a low arch, in imitation of the chimney in our late home, but it occurred to me that it would be an improvement to connect them with a heavy slab of reenforced concrete high enough for head room, thus giving more space, light and convenience. So we made a slab about six feet and a half above ground. It was eight inches thick and sixteen inches wide, and was reenforced with two five-inch steel I beams and some miscellaneous steel and iron junk laid between the beams. We set a two-foot length of tile flue lining at one end of the concrete. One leg of the chimney, besides supporting the concrete slab, was the central support of a big steel I beam upholding our floor.

Investigations Up the Chimney

Although the chimney with its open fireplace was not completed until the roof was on the house, it may be desirable to finish the description of it now. My ideas of what the chimney should be like above the foundations were vague, owing to my inability to explore the internals of the chimney in our former rented house. My wife insisted on going with me to the lumber yard to pick out fancy bricks for the fireplace. She wanted tapestry bricks with peacock-feather effects, but finally compromised on a smooth yellowish brick with artistic black spots. These cost three cents apiece, and we took the word of the salesman, who looked at my crude chimney plan, that it would take three hundred and twenty-five for the fireplace and hearth. The salesman delighted me with a leaflet on building fireplaces and still more so with a combined iron throat and damper which cost $4.75. I did not know much about the iron throat, but experience had taught me the desirability of a damper. We ordered tile flue lining of two sizes, one for the open fire and another smaller size that would do for basement furnace and kitchen stove. Experience again had shown me that a common flue for open fire and kitchen stove was not feasible. We required common red bricks for the main part of the chimney, and got altogether 1100 of them, costing about a cent apiece.

It was not difficult to make the inner and outer hearth of the fireplace according to the plan. I determined to make the latter of reënforced concrete inlaid with the fancy yellow brick. The common practice is to support an outer hearth by means of a wooden arch beneath; but I wanted a hearth not only spacious but unquestionably strong, isolated from all woodwork

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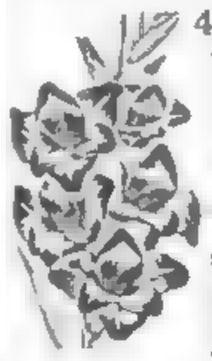

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free to all who apply [illegible]
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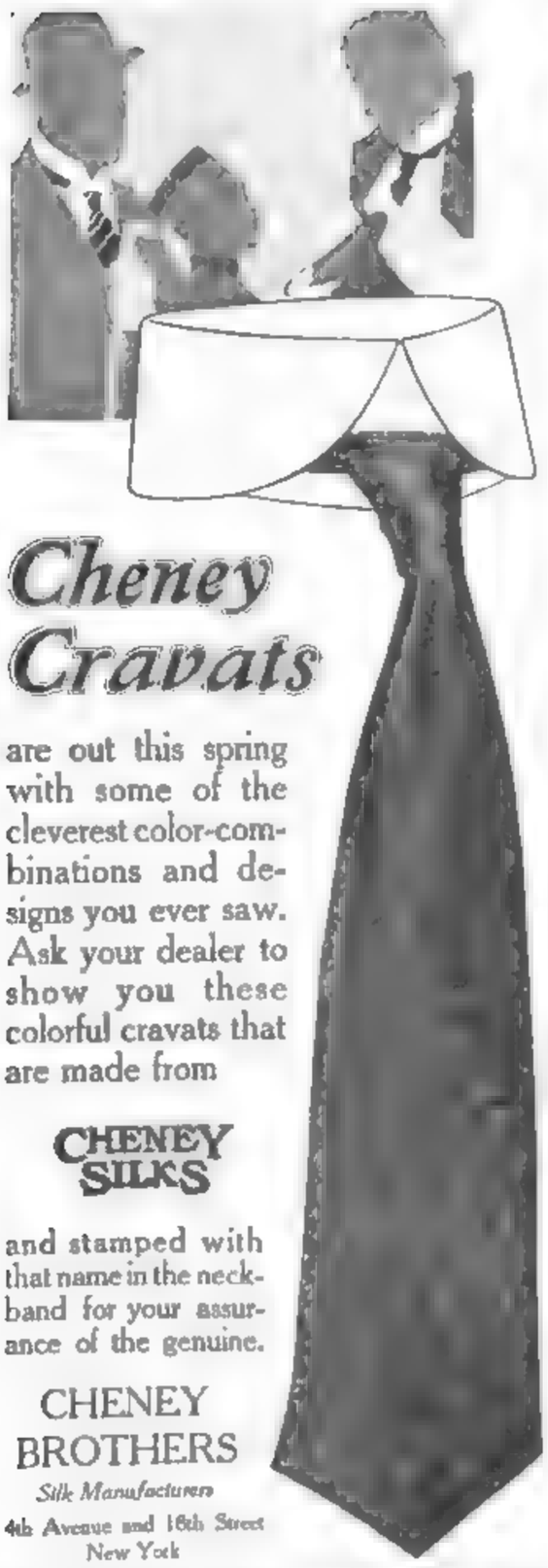

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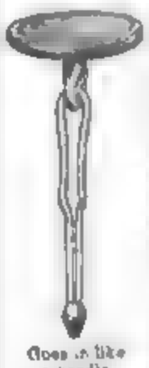

Goes in like a needle

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and secure from the disintegrating effects of heat. The secondhand bridge steel had by this time been mostly used up; but there remained two short lengths of five-inch I beam. The village blacksmith riveted them together with a massive iron plate, and I placed the consolidated beam to cover the eight-foot span between our large steel floor beams, the ends of the former resting on the latter.

Between the five-inch I beam and the reenforced concrete slab of the chimney piers we laid steel rods about a foot apart and some smaller junk metal. A wooden form was then wired to the I beam. At the sides of the hearth space, where concrete would meet wood, we drove nails partly into the wood so that the concrete would have something to hold to. The same procedure was followed with a floor beam which had been cut down but would project slightly into the concrete from beneath. The fancy yellow bricks for the outer hearth were bedded in concrete about six inches deep, so that the tops of the bricks were level with the floor. After the hearth had been made it was a simple matter to build up the sides of the fireplace with yellow brick, the flat dimensions being governed by the size of the basement flue tile which had to pass through one side of the fireplace. The sides came out seventeen by twenty-four inches; their height, as I had planned, was two feet six inches. The flue tile was shielded on its two narrower sides with a four-inch thickness of brick; and the extra space on the other sides next to the tile was filled with stones and mortar. The large space in the other leg of the fireplace, which contained no flue, was filled solidly with concrete. Usually such a space is left unfilled. The back of the fireplace was laid up perpendicularly to the height of four yellow bricks.

At this point we were baffled. None of us knew just what to do next. But the answer to the riddle of the open fireplace came to us quite by chance. A woman whom we had known in the city came to call on us in her touring car late one afternoon, and she invited my wife and me to dine and spend the night at her country place about twenty-five miles away. I dropped my trowel and hastily got out of my working costume. The first thing I saw when we entered the living room of our friend's place was an old-fashioned and massive open fireplace. Next morning, the fire being out and our host and hostess kindly consenting, I crawled into the fireplace, and with a two-foot folding rule, which had become my inseparable companion, I extracted the innermost secrets of fireplace construction.

On our return home I placed the iron throat and damper upon the built-up sides of our fireplace. The front of this metal affair had a flat bar effect to support a line of up-ended bricks for the mantel. The back slope of the iron throat should be

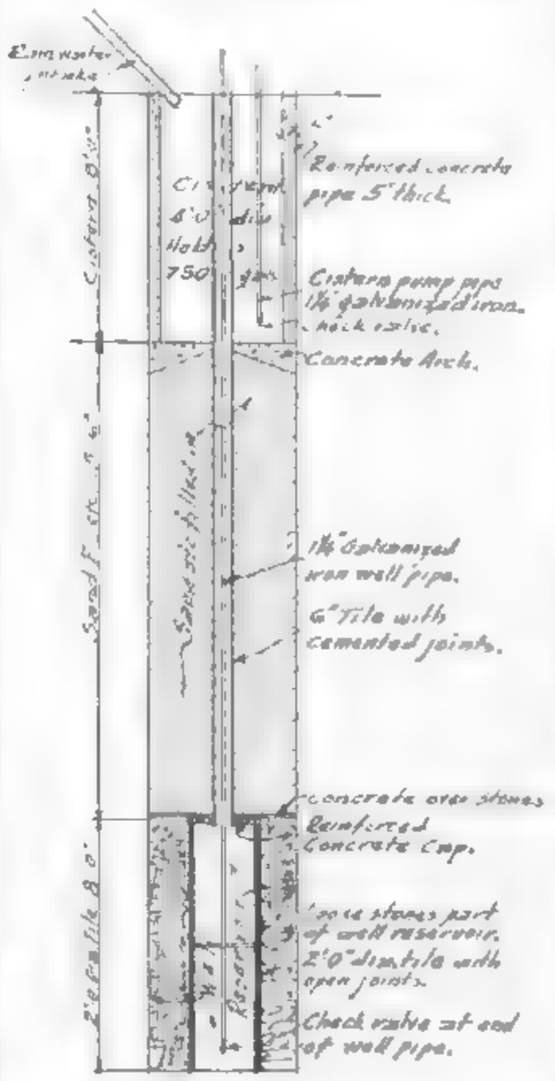
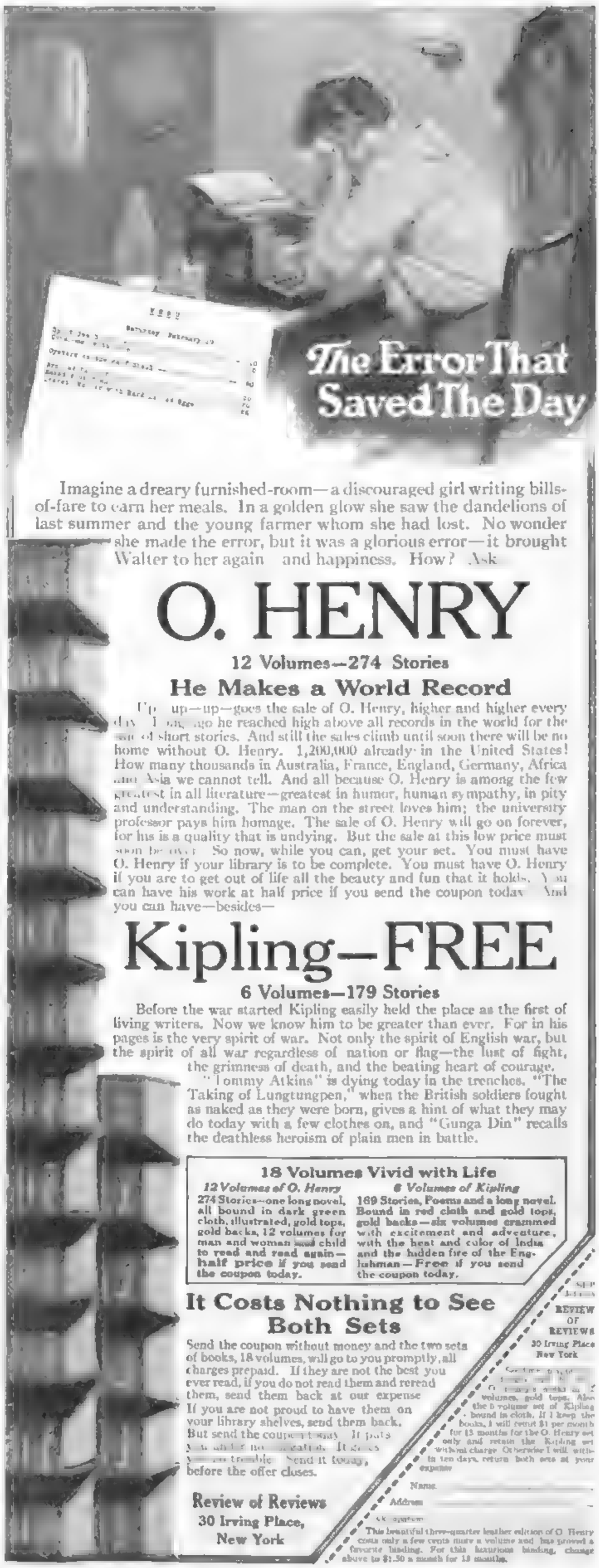

Reinforced concrete pipe 5' thick.
Cistern pump pipe 1½" galvanized iron.
Concrete Arch.
1½" Galvanized iron well pipe.
6" Tile with cemented joints.
Concrete area stones
Reinforced Concrete Cap.
Area stones part of well reservoir.
2'0" dia. tile with open joints.
Check valve at end of well pipe.

Diagram of Well and Cistern



Imagine a dreary furnished-room—a discouraged girl writing bills-of-fare to earn her meals. In a golden glow she saw the dandelions of last summer and the young farmer whom she had lost. No wonder she made the error, but it was a glorious error—it brought Walter to her again and happiness. How? Ask

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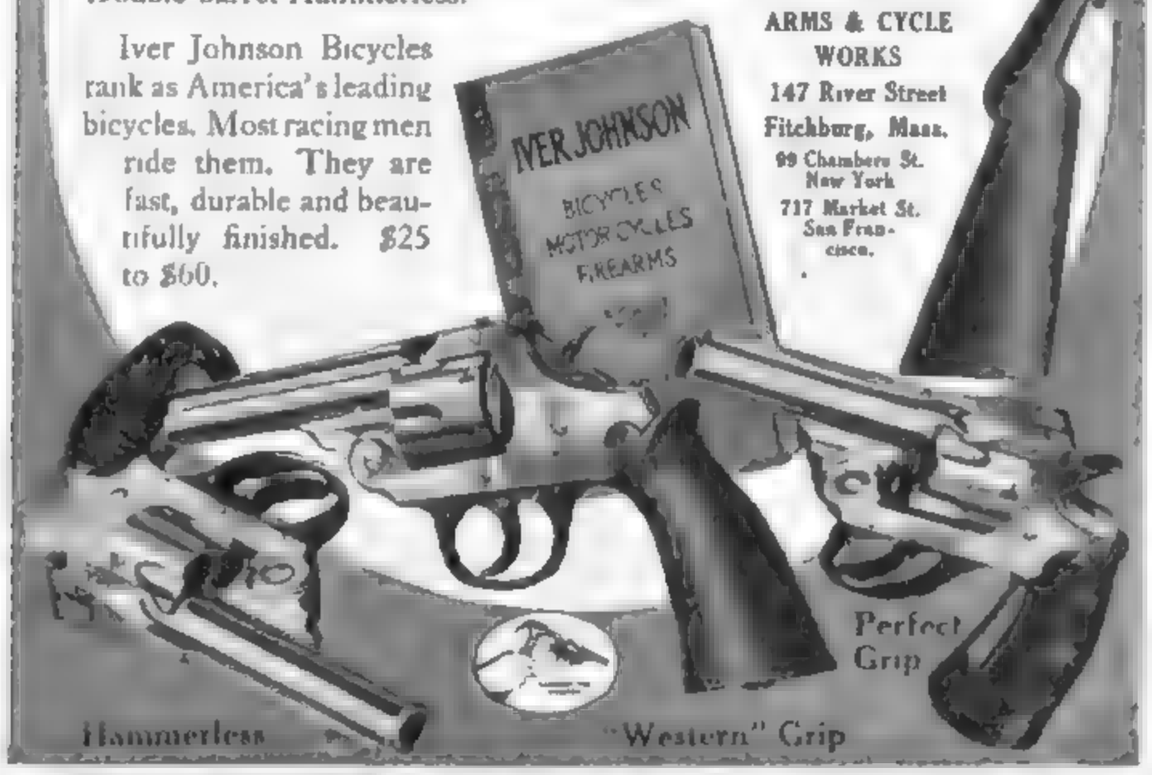

This is PHIL WHARTON

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He started selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on February 21, 1914. Now he has a lot of customers who look for his weekly visits.

He works only on Thursday and Friday afternoons after school hours, but his cash profits during the past year were $210.24. In addition he won a special prize of $100.00 for getting new readers.

And, in addition to his cash earnings, he secured a fine camping wall-tent, a big woolen sweater with roll-collar, a tennis racket, a rubber rain-cape and a number of smaller premiums.

What Phil Wharton did, any live, red-blooded boy can do. The first step is to write us to find out how Phil did it. Address your letter to

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

continued downward to meet the perpendicular ten-inch wall of bricks at the back of the inner hearth. Thus the back of the fireplace would slope toward the main opening and properly reflect heat down and out into the room. The bricks were laid against a slanting wooden form, later removed; and the angular space between them and a rear wall of common brick was filled with concrete.

Our three hundred and twenty-five fancy bricks turned out exactly enough for outer hearth, fireplace sides, back and mantel. The inner hearth was made of concrete. An eight-inch mantel was formed of the width of fancy bricks plus concrete filling to the receded base of the pyramid-like chimney. Experience with wooden mantels that scorched on the under side was responsible for this construction. Having built up the rear interior to the height of the iron damper leaf when open I decreed a smoke shelf ten inches wide and as long as the iron throat, or not quite the width of the fireplace opening. Our difficulties now were practically over.

A smoke chamber was constructed by building in the bricks on four sides to meet the big flue tile about eighteen inches above. We would have saved some trouble and would have had a smooth-walled smoke chamber instead of irregular bricks by buying a ready-made concrete affair, or we might have made a smoke chamber of reënforced concrete. However, the advantages in either case would not have been very great. The tile for the basement and kitchen flue was tilted to meet the fireplace flue tile at the ceiling height, and from this point up a single course of bricks was laid round the twin tiles. Half of the brick pyramid above the fireplace had its motive chiefly in symmetry and was mostly built hollow. At the points where basement and kitchen stovepipes would connect with the smaller flue we left out a few bricks, exposing the tile. I feared it would be difficult to chisel a round hole through the tile, but found that tile held in concrete may easily be cut.

Tile lining for flues is indispensable. Without it the brickwork is attacked directly by gases, mortar drops out of joints, and there is danger of the house being set afire.

Our open fireplace and chimney have fulfilled all expectations, and I believe that nothing short of a seismic disturbance could hurt them. Also the divinity who looks after amateurs has given us a powerfully good draft. On a cold day a three-foot oak log burns with steady ardor, and its heat, reflected out by the sloping back of the fireplace, makes the entire living room comfortable. Moreover, the massive combination of concrete and brickwork acts as a storage reservoir for heat, which is slowly given out for many hours after the fire has died down. In this respect it is superior to steam heat.

The cost of building fireplace and chimney was much greater than we imagined it would be, yet we feel that every penny was well spent. Here is the cost table:

CHIMNEY AND OPEN FIREPLACE

54 concrete blocks 8 by 8 by 16 for foundations, at $0.14	$ 7.56
325 fireplace brick at $0.03	9.75
1100 common brick	10.24
Iron throat and damper	4.75
14 lineal feet 8 by 13 inches flue lining tile, at $0.23	3.22
20 lineal feet 8 by 8 inches flue lining tile	1.76
Blacksmith riveting I beam	1.40
Cement, sand, stone and steel reënforcement	13.65
Fire screen, brass trimmings	5.50
Andirons	3.00
Labor at $3.25 per 8-hour day	5.50
Total	$71.33

Our front stairs and platform had to be made of concrete for the sake of looks, durability, and insurance against possible brush fires that might sweep the adjacent woods. If we used concrete for our stairs we should have nothing inflammable on the outside of the new house within three feet of the ground, except two back doors, and they could be fireproofed.

Having made concrete foundations below the frost line, we set up two piers of concrete blocks of the chimney sort, each pier sixteen inches square. The lower and upper courses of blocks were filled solidly with concrete. Two five-inch steel I beams from our junk collection were placed to rest on the piers and on the house wall under the sill of the front door. Between the beams, to which a wooden form was wired, I distributed an assortment of stay bars from the old bridge, a piece of chicken wire, a few bits of wagon tire and the spring and axle of a wrecked baby carriage. Though I have no superstition it seems to me sometimes on a windy night that this reënforcement contributes some strange sounds to the symphony of the woods.

We made the concrete platform about six and a half inches thick. At three corners I half embedded large spikes. The form was so placed as to give the platform a little slope outward that would carry off rain. In a couple of days the concrete was hard enough to enable us to remove one side of the form and place the reënforcement stringers for the stairs. These were five-inch steel I beams about twelve feet long, the upper end cut at an angle to rest in a groove against the platform side and the lower end embedded several inches in an extensive concrete pier.

We were just finishing this job when my wife appeared on the scene. She demanded with some sternness whether the stringers marked the width of the stairs. If so, she said, the stairs would be perfectly horrid, disgustingly penurious in their appearance, impossibly inconvenient for any self-respecting visitors to walk upon. I want to say right here that my wife did not take an elocution course in college for nothing.

I turned my back on the old mason and his son to argue the matter with her, winding up with the assertion that the thing was done and that it was too late to make a change. When I looked round again I found that the old Hollander, without saying a word, had started digging an extension of the pier so that the steel could be shifted. He was a wise mechanic and observant of American institutions, for he told me afterward that things were different in the old country. Incidentally it turned out that my wife was quite right, and if we had not followed her amendment I should indeed have been ashamed to look our front stairs in the face. For the sake of brevity I shall omit the details of the building operations, but when completed the stairs were nothing to be ashamed of, and, protected with sacking, they were in constant use during the completion of the house.

The cost table for the stairs is as follows:

CONCRETE STAIRS AND PLATFORM

36 concrete blocks for piers at $0.14	$5.04
Steel I beam reënforcement, 250 pounds at $0.00½	1.25
Wire mesh, 12 by 4 feet, to reënforce stairs	1.44
19 iron rods ½ inch, 3½ feet long	1.10
New and old lumber for forms	3.90
Fir stair rail, 20 feet at $0.08; 2 fir newels at $0.75	3.10
Cement, sand and broken stone	7.28
Labor at $3.25 per 8-hour day	12.43
Total	$35.74

Summer was waning and so was our bank account, despite a most gracious and providential windfall of three hundred dollars that had been added to our original capital. Toward the end of August, when the walls were finished and before the roof was on, we had spent for land and building $1989.67, besides our living expenses for five months. I did not know what it would cost to finish our enterprise nor how long it would take, but on both of these points I had many surprises. I had found that things that seemed difficult and expensive were done easily and cheaply, while items quite unforeseen had involved much time, labor and cost. Yet in spite of our uncertain and even dubious outlook, my good wife seconded the proposition that we should continue the construction to the limit of our resources.

We gave up the notion of economy by camping, for my wife had her hands full doing business errands, cultivating the garden and putting up fruit and jelly on an outdoor cook stove, while I for my part felt the need of the three regular meals and the fairly comfortable bed which the boarding house supplied. We could salvage some of our garden stuff, such as string beans, cucumbers and peppers, by putting them in earthenware jars under brine. According to the Scriptures we should not have started building before we knew how we would come out. But we figured that it would be better to build our home well, as far as we were able to, and then if necessary postpone completion until we could lay our hands on some more money. Happily, we were under the special protection of the God of Amateurs.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by John R. McMahon. The third and last article will appear next week.

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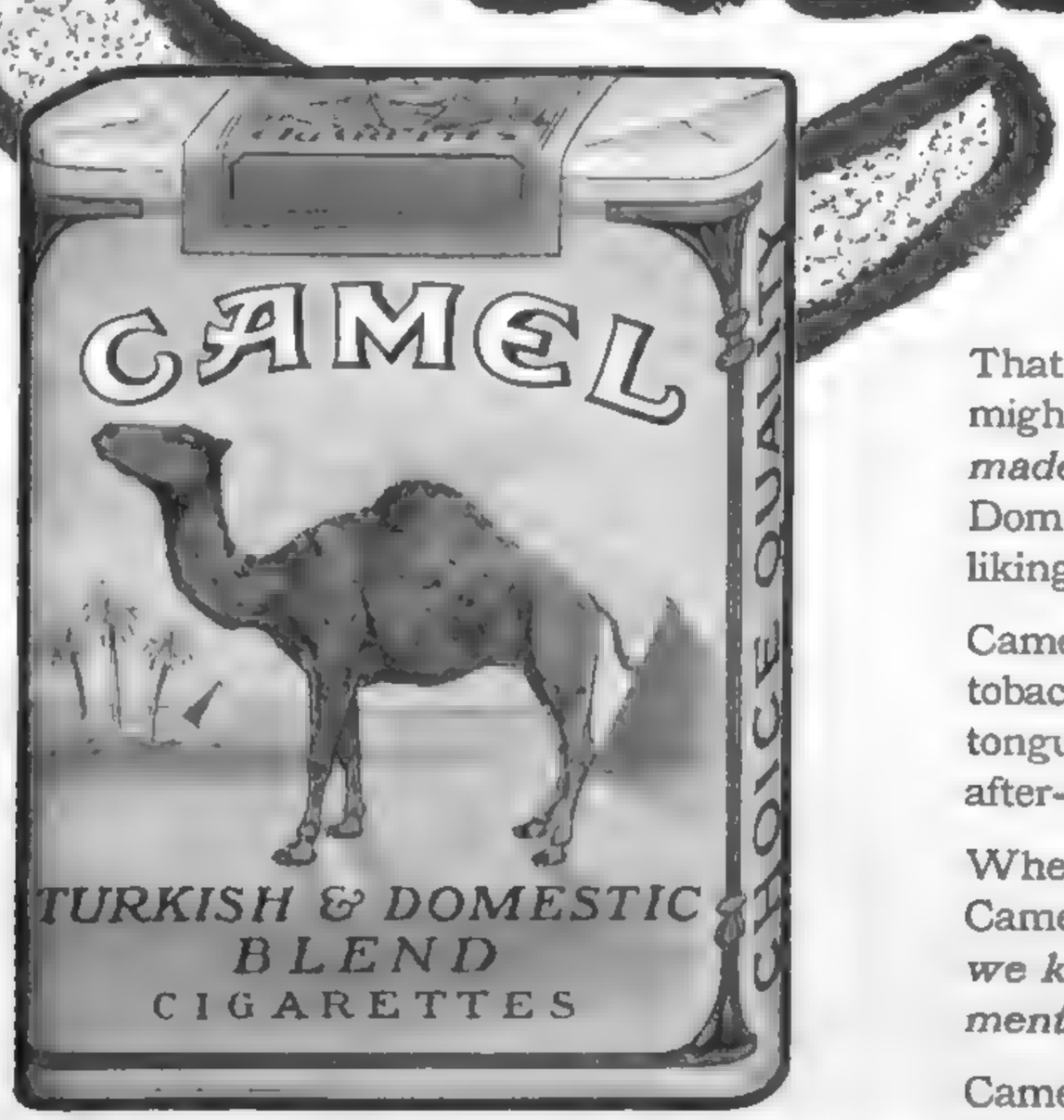

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Camels are truly delightful—*the blend* of choice tobaccos makes them so—and they can't sting your tongue, or parch your throat, or leave any cigaretty after-taste!

When we say it is our wish that "you compare Camels with cigarettes you like best" it is because *we know* what goes into Camels—and the *enjoyment that comes out to you!*

Camels sell 20 for 10c. Camel flavor, smoothness, fragrance, absence of sting, parch and cigaretty after-taste make them exceptionally desirable. Know for yourself *today* just where you stand on Camels!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

If your dealer can't supply you with Camel Cigarettes, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If, after smoking one package, you are not delighted with Camels, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

Cigarettes

THE OLD MAN

(Continued from Page 14)

that very clear. He and his guests smoke wherever they please. On one of his still-hunt detecting trips about the establishment he caught a department head with a very good and fat and long cigar between his teeth. The smoke made a cheerful haze round him.

"Here, you!" shouted the Old Man. "Don't you know there is a rule here against smoking?"

The executive turned in his chair, kept his cigar in his mouth, and regarded the chief for a few seconds in silent scrutiny. The Old Man's cigar was quite as good and long and fat as the executive's.

"You yourself are smoking!" said the latter.

"It is my license to do whatever I please, young man! I have built up this business by commanding it. I make the rules; you obey ——"

The executive got up quickly, still smoking.

"I consider myself as good as any man on earth!" he exclaimed. "I'll stop smoking when you do. Meantime you have my resignation!"

The Old Man, with a gesture of great hauteur, passed on. A few minutes later—probably after he had looked up the man's personal record—he sent for the mutineer. The man did not quit, and soon afterward the first order was issued granting exemptions:

"No smoking will be permitted under any circumstances in this plant except by those who are granted special license by the president."

To-day men of the highest caliber smoke if they feel like it and the hawklike office manager says not a word; but right here a peculiar psychological effect creeps in: It is rarely that a man does smoke. Having liberty to do so, he refrains of his own volition as a matter of discipline and to avoid the imputation of being a favorite.

It is the same way with tardiness and other violations of general rules. The rank and file of the men must ring time clocks and submit to demerits for being late. The really good men ignore this rule under tacit license; but men who have the right to be late seldom are.

Moreover, every man who enjoys a special license in any direction knows on what basis it rests. He must deliver to the house extraordinary results if he is to enjoy any personal liberties. This method works out both ways, acting not only as a motive force for the man higher up but as a pulling force for the men lower down. They strive to attain these coveted liberties.

The Price of Independence

The Old Man, at a recent banquet, made the remark that all independence, except in the case of men with inherited wealth, must spring out of long-sustained effort.

The peculiar workings of some of the rules afford significant glimpses of the chief from many angles. Years ago he had a rule providing for the payment of five dollars to any man who showed initiative in an emergency. Now the Old Man's mind seems to be pretty logical, however erratic his ebullitions may be; and one day something happened that brought home to him the weakness of this method.

One of the workmen somehow got his fingers caught in a piece of factory mechanism, and, on account of a twisted part, was unable to release them. His fellow workmen tried to open the closed jaws of the contrivance, but discovered they needed a special tool, designed to reach inside the machine. An effort was made to locate this tool, but it could not be found. It looked as though the victim must writhe and groan indefinitely.

In the midst of this situation a young mechanic from another department arrived on the scene. After a hurried glimpse into the nature of the locked metal jaws he picked up a screw driver of the everyday sort. With a monkey wrench and a pair of pliers he bent it somewhat like the letter S. He was then able to reach the screws and release the crushed fingers.

Here was a clear case of creative ability, worth five dollars; but instead of paying the five dollars the Old Man issued a new rule. The money award was abolished and merit marks substituted, the number of marks to be given in any particular instance to be left to the discretion of the president. In this case he ordered one thousand marks entered, which meant immediate promotion. The mechanic justified the opinion of the chief and showed such marked creative ability afterward that he became superintendent of the whole works.

A similar rule was in effect providing for the payment of a dollar for every suggestion made by an employee and accepted by the house. One day a clerk suggested that acknowledgments of remittances be dispensed with, on the ground that they were a waste of postage. The canceled check would be an acknowledgment anyway, he said, and customers would know, if no howl was made, that the money had arrived.

This proposition was so unconventional and so amazing that it was turned down by several executives and marked N. G.; but the Old Man had made a rule that every suggestion, no matter how trivial, should be passed up to him as a court of final jurisdiction. One day, in pawing over a batch of these rejected suggestions, his eyes lit on this.

"Great heaven!" he bawled in his foghorn voice. "Send that clerk up to me. Here is a man worth real money!"

The man came up.

"Where did you get that idea?" demanded the chief.

"I don't know. I just happened to be thinking of our big postage bill and it flashed across me."

"Then go and find out how much we should save in a year if we carried out your idea."

In a little while the man came back with the figures. The saving would be more than a thousand dollars.

"I am going to give you five hundred merit marks," said the Old Man, "and as soon as you earn five hundred more you shall be promoted to a position that will pay you a thousand dollars more than you now get. I am going to abolish that dollar-a-suggestion rule."

The Old Man's Mania for Rules

This man, like the other, attained a high position with the company; together they afford good types of the Old Man's human products, and they illustrate his methods of development.

One of the former executives of this plant assured me that the president was positively insane on the subject of rules.

"Rules, rules, rules!" he sneered. "Why, the Old Man even made a rule prescribing the cuss words the fellows might use! You could say 'damn,' but you mustn't hitch anything in front of it. Certain combinations of swear words were made cause for dismissal.

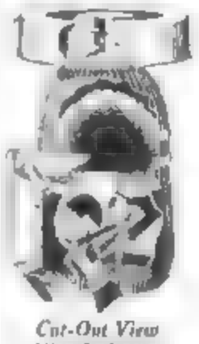
"Then he had a rule that all windows must be open so many feet or inches at prescribed intervals, no matter what the weather. You couldn't hop over a railing, or throw a banana skin at some fellow you didn't like, or have a ham sandwich sent in to you. You mustn't send for a bootblack. Your pencils must be sharpened at a certain angle; and if your hair got long or the boss saw grease spots on your coat you began to get demerits.

"That old devil saw everything and heard everything in the plant. Whenever he saw or heard anything new he hustled back to his desk and dictated a new rule. His stenographer was a product of rules herself. He wouldn't have a pretty girl in the office. Red hair, freckles, crooked teeth, pug noses—they all counted for merits. One girl got so many of the Old Man's approval cards that she just naturally arrived at the job of head stenographer."

It seems to be true that this master manufacturer governs by rule; but not by rule of thumb. Whether his system would work out successfully without such a tremendous personality back of it I do not pretend to say; but, in a way, the Old Man is simply the embodiment of scientific management. It is his own brand of scientific management, but it goes into all the minutiæ, just as the more orthodox brands do. The rules are simply his ideas as to the best ways of doing things. With orthodox scientific management he picks a thousand flaws.

For one thing, he has his own wage system. Probably there is no other wage system in existence just like it. He has

½ to ⅔ Saving In Coal Bills Guaranteed



Cut-Out View UNDERFEED Furnace

With the Williamson New-Feed UNDERFEED

TWO-THIRDS of coal cost saved at one stroke with the Williamson New Feed UNDERFEED. Read the letter below. We have thousands of others like it telling of more heat, cleaner heat, more uniform heat, less effort, less attention, less trouble and less expense every way.

Carbondale, Ill.

Gentlemen: I have used a Williamson "UNDERFEED" furnace in my residence for three years, and I believe my coal bill has not been as large for the three years combined as it would have been in one year using the common top-feed furnace. In every particular I am well pleased. (Signed) C. M. Thompson, M. D.

Now This Great Advance

And, mind you, that was with the original Williamson Underfeed. Now comes the New-feed UNDERFEED, as great an advance over the former style as it was over ordinary heating apparatus. This great advance means even less attention and effort. It is the marvel of heating engineers. A mere boy can tend it. Ashes need to be taken out but twice a week.

Cut Your Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

In the New-feed UNDERFEED the live coals and fire are always on top, in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. Coal is fed from below. The heat does not have to fight its way up. The Williamson Underfeed operates on the candle principle. Turn a lighted candle upside down and see how it smokes and sputters. The Underfeed is built on the same principle, flame downward.

AND the New-feed UNDERFEED burns any kind of hard or soft coal from slack to lump or block without change. Can be used for warm air, steam or hot water. For any building—new or old.

We Guarantee 50% Saving

We guarantee the New-feed UNDERFEED to save over present coal bills when the Williamson New-feed is properly installed and operated. This guarantee is backed by a $1,000,000 company.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
(Formerly The Peck Williamson Co.)
151 Fifth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

DEALERS! Let us tell you about the New Feed UNDERFEED and our 1915 proposition. Both are winners.
THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
151 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson New-feed.

Warm Air ____ Steam or Hot Water ____
(Mark X after System interested in)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

My Dealer's Name is _____

Makes Housecleaning Easy

From cellar to garret during housecleaning time there are hundreds of uses for 3-in-One Oil.

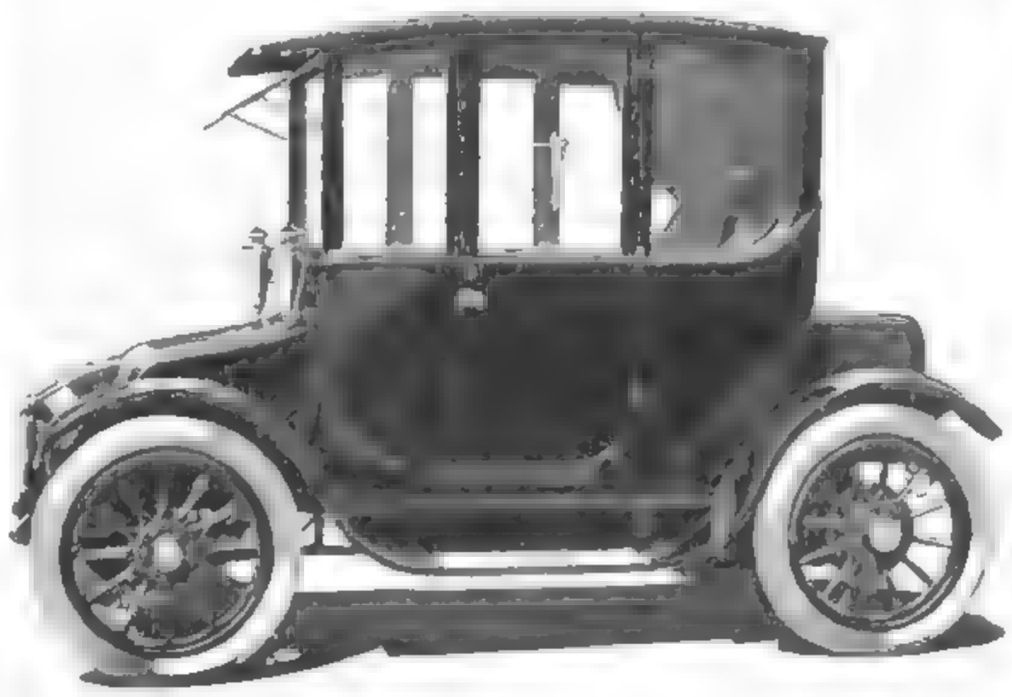
With 3-in-One you can easily and cheaply make your own polish-mops and dustless dusters. Your finest furniture and hardwood floors look like new after its use. Your cut-glass and mirrors sparkle with life if you put a few drops of 3-in-One in the water you wash them with. Stoves, locks, oil-cloth, sewing-machines, bathroom fixtures, chandeliers; almost everything is benefited by 3-in-One.

If you haven't 3-in-One Oil in the house, buy some NOW. Then look for the "Dictionary of Uses" enclosed with each bottle. Read it through and see how much easier and better you can housecleanse with 3-in-One than without it.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (¼ pt.), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE A generous sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 E U W Broadway New York



The New Light Baker Electric Coupé

Baker Electrics

One-half Ton Lighter

Than the Big Heavy Electrics

Not a Small Car

*The New Light Baker Electric Coupé is a full-sized light-weight car of the highest possible quality. It offers all the advantages of light weight (easy steering, easy handling, low upkeep expense), **Plus** Full Speed, Full Mileage, Full Power and Full Strength.*

The Baker Motor Vehicle Company
Cleveland

Broughams, Coupés, Roadsters, Commercial Trucks

his own methods of testing raw materials, parts in process and finished products. The ordinary method of testing a certain piece of mechanism is to use compressed air and to operate it fifteen or twenty times. The Old Man has a rule requiring the use of steam at tremendous pressure and the operation of the device two thousand times! His discipline with machines is as severe as it is with men. All the idiosyncrasies of his personality are bent in this joint direction.

Most of his men are developed in the plant, being taken on when they are very young. You may imagine that men trained in other schools usually have short and stormy careers here.

On one occasion there was need for a special expert and it did not seem possible to get a man within the business who could fill the bill. An engineer was imported from another city. This man was not only a technical graduate but owned an A. M. He is said to have been the only college graduate, except those from technical courses, who ever worked in that factory.

It was not long before the Old Man discovered that some of his pet theories were being undermined by this man of letters. The latter said it was not necessary to use certain alloys; that a favorite wear test of the chief's was silly; that this and that were tommyrot.

One day the chief walked in on him, said "damn," and violated his own rules by hitching things on the swear word, both fore and aft.

"You pusillanimous old idiot!" roared the college man. "You can't talk to me like that!" And he tried to swat him.

Trouble, Trouble Everywhere

I do not know whether the rules of the house required training in boxing or not; but I am told the new engineer went out of the plant without using his legs, and that a year's salary followed him the same night by mail, in accordance with the contract. I believe there was some rule that contracts must be lived up to.

This episode clinched the Old Man's theory, formed early in life, that college graduates are no good. Of course he admits this conclusion is a general one and that there are exceptions. He admits that a great many capable and distinguished men are college graduates, but he maintains the colleges did not make them capable and distinguished—unless, perchance, they are college professors. He contends that the universities spoil ten men for practical success where they make one. For proof he always points to the case of the only college man he ever employed. This engineer, after leaving the Old Man's employ so abruptly, married an actress, was divorced, took to drink, and was killed while joy-riding.

There are so many kinks to the Old Man's methods that, no matter where you happen to alight in that plant, you run plumb up against his impressive presence. It chanced that I picked up a polished steel bar in the assembling room and applied the term "handle" to it.

"If the boss heard you call that a 'handle,'" observed one of the men, "he'd go up in the air."

It was not a handle because it was a lever. To some people a piece of steel may be both handle and lever—to the Old Man, never! In his factory you will find every part bearing a standardized name. An indicator is not a steel finger in one device and a pointer in another, but always an indicator. You violate the rules and get a certain number of demerits if you fail to remember this.

At the power house I found the Old Man had been in a few days before and had gone into a dead boiler, ruined his clothes and cut his head open to get material for a new rule. In the coal bunkers one day he had taken a laborer's shovel and worked half an hour to show how the thing should be done; and then he had gone back to his office, all grime, and dictated a new rule about shoveling coal.

In the machine shop they said they had seen him, just a few minutes before, making a fuss over some oil that had gone on the floor, and saying that some other things ought not to happen—I forget what.

Finally I located him in the foundry, standing among a shower of sparks, with his massive face tinted by a molten stream until it was almost his favorite crimson. Of all the things in that factory the Old Man seemed the most wonderful!

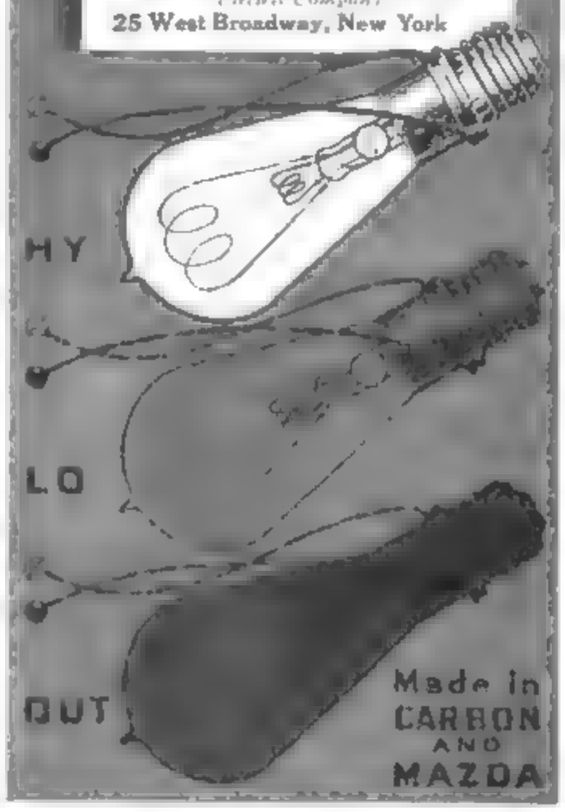
Without This Lamp You Lose Two Ways

You either get along without light [illegible] you have a Hylo Turn-down [illegible] bathroom, kitchen [illegible] pantry, bedroom and pantry [illegible] 85% of your electricity

HYLO
National Quality
Fully Guaranteed

Carbon Hylo—each 60c
[illegible]
Mazda Hylo—each 90c
[illegible]
Made also in 32 volts [illegible]

Made in U. S. A. by
Economical Electric Lamp Div.
National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
25 West Broadway, New York



Herbert R. Howes
IS A REAL
BUSINESS MAN

LAST spring he started selling *The Saturday Evening Post* in his home city. Thursday and Friday afternoons he serves his customers. During the past year he has earned $131.72 and in addition won a free trip to the World Series baseball games played in Boston and Philadelphia. His father accompanied him and both were our guests throughout the trip.

Any alert boy can do what Herbert has done

The thousands of boys who are making a success of this work, getting a splendid business experience and at the same time earning [illegible] are no smarter than you are. [illegible] is to write us and find out how Herbert Howes did it

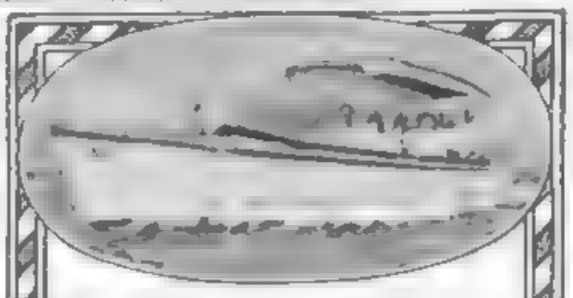
SALES DIVISION, BOX 777
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Austin's DOG BREAD

We'll Send Your Dog [illegible]

All the signs of good health and perfect digestion follow the feeding of Austin's Dog Bread. It contains just the food elements that your dog needs to keep him well and happy throughout the year—sweet, lean meat, flour and cereals

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO.
240 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass



Build This Speedy Runaboat Yourself—Save Money

What [illegible] sign? You can build it in spare time. It's good sport in itself—fine exercise. We make three propositions: We [illegible] or knocked down [illegible] complete knocked-down boat, every part fitted and shaped ready for you to assemble. Fully illustrated instructions always included

$3 and up buys boat patterns

Write for free boat book illustrating cruisers, motorboats, sailboats, rowboats, canoes, [illegible]

Only $37 for the knocked down frame of [illegible] for Free Boat Book, showing this and other models.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 8303 Brooks Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
Largest Concern of Its Kind in the World
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

Easter **Who's Your Tailor?** *April 4*

REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1906 BY F. V. PRICE & CO.

Unless your clothes are made by a specialist who tailors them with proper regard for the measurements and shape of your body, and who works your individuality into them in the making, you always incur the risk of not being fitted, in either mind or body. Be your own clothes model this Easter by having our dealer in your city send us your measure, your own style and pattern. $25 and up, Suit or Overcoat—delivered when you want it.

Price Building **F. V. Price & Co.** *Chicago, U. S. A.*

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

If you don't know who our dealer is, write us for his name and address

Imagine Your Room Decorated Like this One

IF you have a living room, bedroom or dining room that has inherited some of the decorative ugliness of other days learn how easily and inexpensively it may be transformed into delightful modern beauty by the simple use of Acme Quality Finishes.

Replace the wall paper in your home with the soft, plain tints of Acme No-Lustre, an oil paint for walls that gives a flat, velvety surface, washable and sanitary. If the woodwork has little or no native beauty, cover it with Acme Quality White Enamel in either gloss or flat finish. Discard the figured carpet and finish the floor with Acme Varno-Lac, upon which lay a few rugs of simple pattern and of colors harmonizing with the walls. Insure a *quality effect* by specifying

ACME QUALITY
Paints and Finishes

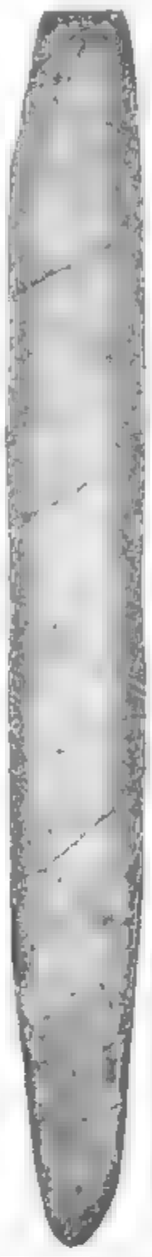
But first write us for the Acme books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." We will send you these books, illustrated in colors, free upon request. They tell just which of the Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains or Varnishes to use for each particular purpose, tell quantities needed, and supply necessary information to insure satisfactory results. For work that you want to do yourself they are invaluable. With them we will send you the name and address of the Acme dealer nearest you. You will find him ready to render you all possible assistance in your plans.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, Detroit, Michigan

Boston	Pittsburgh	Birmingham	Lincoln	San Francisco
Chicago	Cincinnati	Fort Worth	Salt Lake City	Los Angeles
Minneapolis	Toledo	Dallas	Spokane	San Diego
St. Louis	Nashville	Topeka	Portland	

"Oh, Yes! I've Seen That Fellow's Advertisements For Years"

Men who buy their cigars from me know that they have the "inside track" in cigar buying. They know they are buying cigars that suit them at about half what they would have to pay at a retail store.



So they pass them out occasionally. And when the cigar is complimented they explain that it "is the Shivers Panatela, made by Shivers, the man in Philadelphia who sells his cigars direct from his factory, you know."

And in nearly every case the other man says: "Why, sure I know whom you mean," etc.

He has seen my advertisements, but somehow he never has ordered my cigars.

I wonder why not. Does he read the advertisements through? Does he read this one, or is he a back-of-the-book type?

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send ten Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked. If he is not pleased with them, if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Are you one of the men who read advertisements?

I have a Panatela with Cuban Crew-Grown Long Filler, Cuban Toe, Cuban Foot and Cuban Wrapper in Size No. 1. The cigar is rolled by hand over a form that gives it symmetry. It has all the fragrance of Havana, all the uniformity and free burning quality of the hand made cigar because it is a hand-made Havana cigar.

You are not asked to buy in lots of a thousand. You buy as few as you like. You make your own selection and you pay for the cigars. I prepay all shipments.

Since I sell by the box and sell at factory prices, etc. [illegible] I have said about half.

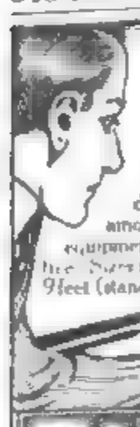
The cigars will sell themselves [illegible]

Incidentally please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



$1 DOWN

FREE TRIAL

You can own a Burrowes Table. $1 or more down, according to size and style. Small amount each month. Prices from $15 up. Full equipment of Balls, Cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard.)

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

Adapted for expert play and home practice. Portable—used in any room—on any house table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Quickly set aside—requires almost no room when not in use. Send for illustrated catalog explaining free trial offer with prices, terms of payment and testimonials from thousands of owners.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 821 Center St., Portland, Me.

Dale's Flexible Electric Lamp

Adjustable to any position.

Beautifully finished in Roman Gold.

Well made.

SOLID BRASS REFLECTOR

SATIN SILVER FINISH INSIDE

The Lamp for home or office

$2.00 COMPLETE

Ready for use

Lamp can be attached to bed, chair [illegible] or can be attached to [illegible]

BRASS WEIGHTED BASE

DALE LIGHTING FIXTURE CO.

107–108 West 13th St New York

THE MASTER MARINER

Continued from Page 12

to Hoquiam!" Mr. Skinner reminded Cappy. "He shipped for the round trip; and if our servant or agent discharges him before the voyage is completed, leaving him stranded in Cape Town, such act might be construed as impairing the obligation of contract, and he'd have a suit for damages against the vessel and owners."

Cappy saw the telling truth of this argument; so in despair he decided to quarrel with Mr. Skinner. He had to blame somebody. He said:

"Well, Skinner, if you hadn't butted in on the shipping end of the business the man Peasley would not have been given this opening to swat us. It's nuts for a sailor any time he can trip up a landsman, and particularly his owners ——"

"You O.K.'d the cablegram, Mr. Ricks," Skinner reminded him coldly.

"Don't talk back to me!" Cappy piped. "Not another peep out of you, sir! Not another word of discussion about this matter under any circumstances! I don't want to talk about it further—understand? It's driving me insane. Now then, Skinner, tell me: If the man Peasley should decline to recognize McBride's authority, what course would you advise pursuing?"

"I do not think he will be that arbitrary, Mr. Ricks. In the first place ——"

"Skinner, please do not argue with me. The man Peasley would do anything."

"Well, in that event, McBride can call in the civil authorities of Cape Town to remove Peasley by force from the ship."

"Skinner, you'll drive me to drink! I ask you: Has a British official any authority over an American vessel lying in the roadstead? Will a foreign official dare to set foot on an American deck when an American skipper orders him not to do so?"

"I am not a sea lawyer," Mr. Skinner retorted. "I do not know."

"The Retriever will have discharged her cargo weeks before McBride arrives. Then, suppose Peasley takes a notion to warp his vessel outside the three-mile limit. What authority has McBride got then?"

"I repeat, I am not a sea lawyer, Mr. Ricks."

"Don't equivocate with me, Skinner! Let's argue this question calmly, coolly and deliberately. Don't lose your temper. Now then! Peasley said he'd throw his successor overboard, didn't he?"

"Oh, merely a threat, Mr. Ricks."

"Skinner, you're a fine, wise manager! A threat, eh?" Cappy laughed—a short, scornful laugh. "Huh! Threat! Joke!"

"You do not think it is a threat?"

"No, sir. It's a promise. McBride is a splendid little man and game to the core; but no good, game little man will ever stay on a deck if a good, game big man takes a notion to throw him overboard, and the man Peasley is both big and game, otherwise he would not defy us. Also he would not threaten to throw his successor overboard if he didn't know that he was fully capable of so doing. Paste that in your hat, Skinner. It isn't done." Skinner inclined his head respectfully. Cappy continued: "What I should have done was to have sent a good, game big man ——"

He paused, and his glance met Skinner's wonderingly as a bright idea leaped into his cunning brain and crystallized into definite purpose. He sprang up, waved his skinny old arms, and kicked the wastebasket into a corner of the room.

"I have it, Skinner! I've solved the problem. Go back and 'tend to your lumber business and leave the man Peasley to me. I'll tan that fellow's hide and hang it on my fence, just as sure as George Washington crossed the Delaware River."

Mr. Skinner, glad to be excused, promptly made his escape. When Cappy Ricks stripped for action, Mr. Skinner knew from long experience that there was going to be a fight or a foot race; that whenever the old gentleman set out to confound an enemy, the inevitable result was wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth, in which doleful form of exercise Cappy Ricks had never been known to participate.

"Send in a boy!" Cappy ordered as the general manager withdraw. The boy appeared. "Sonny," said Cappy Ricks, "do you know All Hands and Feet?" The boy nodded and Cappy continued: "Well, you go down on the Embarcadero, like a good boy, and cruise from Folsom Street to

What Shall We Serve Our Guests?

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Kleeko

Made in America

GINGER ALE

Best in the World

Run down to the ice box and bring up a big, frosty bottle or two of sparkling Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It is the one beverage that all of your guests know and like, and if you want to do a real entertaining stunt, offer them one of the many delightful Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixtures with grape juice or other fruit flavors, or any of many combinations you can invent if you experiment a little. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of the purest ingredients—is safe to drink even when you are overheated.

Better order that case today—Sold by Grocers and Druggists

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CIGARETTES

Cork Tips or Plain

An exclusive selection of the most pleasingly delicate Virginia tobaccos. Faultlessly good form for 44 years.

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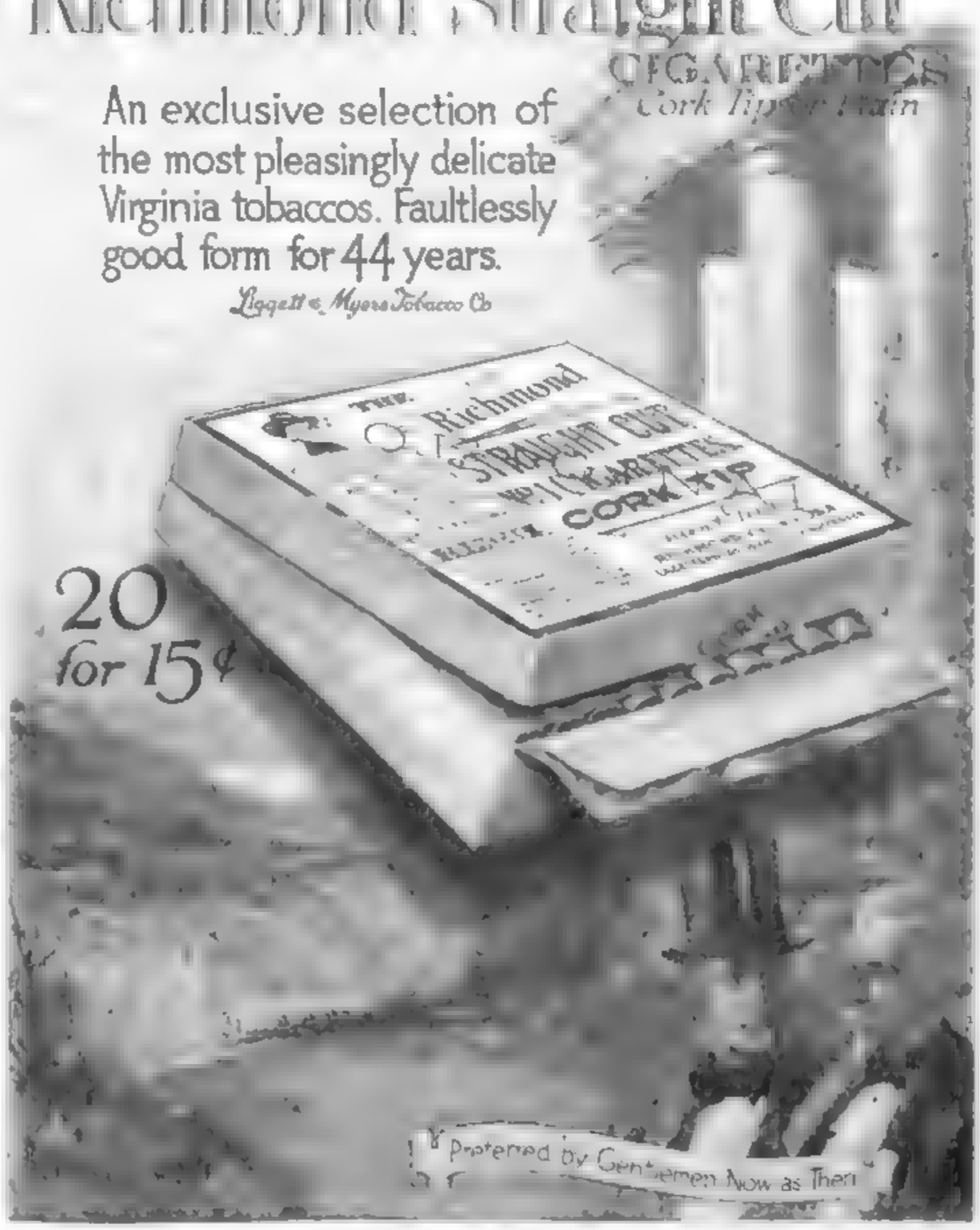

Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

Faint as the transmission of speech then was, it became at once the marvel of all the world, causing scientists, as well as laymen, to exclaim with wonder.

Starting with only these feeble instruments, the Bell Company, by persistent study, incessant experimentation and the expenditure of immense sums of money, has created a new art, inventing, developing and perfecting; making improvements great and small in telephones, transmitter, lines, cables, switchboards and every other piece of apparatus and plant required for the transmission of speech.

As the culmination of all this, the Bell exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition marks the completion of a Trans-continental Telephone line three thousand four hundred miles long, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific and carrying the human voice instantly and distinctly between New York and San Francisco.

This telephone line is part of the Bell System of twenty-one million miles of wire connecting nine million telephone stations located everywhere throughout the United States.

Composing this System, are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, and connecting companies, giving to one hundred million people Universal Service unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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As a confection Dromedary Dates—in dust-proof package ... are delicious. As a food they are exceedingly nourishing

Eat More Dromedary Dates

At all food and fruit stores

The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. K, 375 Washington St., NEW YORK

Broadway Wharf Number Two until you find All Hands and Feet. Look in front of cigar stands and in the shipchandlery stores; and if you don't find him in those places run over to the assembly rooms of Harbor Fifteen, Masters' and Pilots' Association, and see if he's there, playing checkers. When you find him tell him Mr. Ricks wants to see him at once."

III

CAPTAIN OLE PETERSON was known to the coastwise trade as All Hands and Feet. He was a giant Swede whose feet resembled twin scow models, and whose clenched fists, properly smoked and cured, might have passed for picnic hams. He was intelligent, competent and belligerent, with a broad face, slightly dished and plentifully scarred; while his wide, flat nose had been stove in and shifted hard-a-starboard. Cappy Ricks liked him, respected his ability, and found him amusing, as one finds an educated bear amusing. He had a reputation for being the undefeated rough-and-tumble champion of Sweden and the United States.

"You ban vant to see me, sir?" he rumbled as, hat in hand, he stood beside Cappy Ricks' desk half an hour later. Compared with the huge Swede, Cappy looked like a watch-charm.

"Sit down, captain," Cappy replied amiably. "I hear you're out of a job. Why?"

Briefly All Hands and Feet explained what Cappy already knew—that his last command, being old and rotten and heavily loaded, had worked apart in a seaway and fallen to pieces under him. The inspectors had held him blameless.

"I have a job for you, Peterson," Cappy announced; "but there's a string attached to it."

"Aye ban able to pull strings," Ole reminded him.

Cappy smiled and outlined to the Swede the conditions surrounding the barkentine Retriever.

"I'm going to give you command of the Retriever," he continued confidentially. "You are to bring her home from Cape Town, and when you get back I'll have a stanch four-masted schooner waiting for you. I was going to send McBride, of the Nokomis, on this job, but thought better of it, for the reason that Mac may not be physically equipped to perform the additional task I have in mind, and I believe you are. Peterson, if you want a steady job skippering for the Blue Star Navigation Company you've got to earn it; and to earn it you've got to give the man Peasley a good sound thrashing for the good of his immortal soul. The very moment you step aboard the Retriever let him know you're the master."

"Will he fight?" Ole demanded.

"Something tells me he will. However, in case he doesn't, don't let that embarrass you. Manhandle him until he does. Let me impress on you, captain, the fact that I want the man Peasley summarily chastised for impudence and insubordination."

"All right, sir," said Ole. "Aye ban work him over." To be asked to fight for a job was to this descendant of the vikings the *ne plus ultra* of sportsmanship. "Aye never ban licked yet," he added reminiscently.

"When we cabled that we were sending a man to relieve him," Cappy complained, "he answered, telling us to insure his successor's life, because he was going to throw him overboard the minute he arrived."

All Hands and Feet swept away any lingering fears Cappy might chance to be entertaining.

"Aye ban weight twe hundret an' saxty pounds," he announced.

"Which being the case," Cappy warned him, "should he succeed in throwing you overboard, I should consider you unfit for a job in my employ." The old fox had not the slightest idea that such a contretemps was possible; but, in order to play safe, he considered it good policy to hearten Ole for the fray. "Should he defeat you, Peterson, I have no hesitance in saying to you now that such a misfortune would have a most disastrous effect on your future in my employ. You know me. When I order a job done I want it done, and I want it done well. Understand? I don't want you to maim or kill the man, but just to give him a good, sound—er—commercial thrashing; and after you've tamed him I want you to tell him that you acted under my instructions and not because of any personal animus.

All Hands and Feet nodded his comprehension.

"An' after aye ban slap him once or twice, aye ban give good kick under de coattail an' fire dis fresh guy—eh?" he suggested.

"Fire nothing!" shrilled Cappy. "You follow instructions, Ole, or I'll fire you. No, sir. After you've thrashed him I want you to bend a rope round him amidships and souse him overside to bring him to! Remember, we fired him once and he would not be fired. The damned sea lawyer quoted the salt-water code on us and said he'd shipped for the round trip, so we'll take him at his word. He's your first mate, captain. Bring him back to Grays Harbor with you; and then, if you feel so inclined, you may apply the tip of your number twenty-four sea boot where it will do the most good; in fact, I should prefer it. But by all means see to it that he completes his contract with the barkentine Retriever."

"Aye skoll see to it," Ole promised fervently.

"I thank you, captain. Come out in the general office and I'll introduce you to the cashier, who will furnish you with expense money. Meantime I'll have Skinner fill out a certificate of change of masters and have it registered at the customhouse. Can't send you down there without your credentials, you know."

All Hands and Feet mumbled his thanks; for, indeed, he was grateful for this chance to prove his metal. Calm in the knowledge of his past performances he took no thought of the personal issue with Matt Peasley, for never had he met a mate he could not thrash. He followed Cappy out to the cashier's desk; and, while the latter equipped All Hands and Feet for his journey to South Africa, and Mr. Skinner departed for the customhouse to have the certificate registered, Cappy wired McBride, aboard the Overland speeding east, instructing him to come back to San Francisco.

When Skinner returned to the office he found Cappy clawing nervously at his whiskers.

"The man Peasley has completely disrupted our organization," he complained bitterly. "Here I go to work and promote McBride to the Retriever to make room for his mate in the Nokomis, and now I have to recall Mac and give the Retriever to All Hands and Feet until she gets back to Grays Harbor; in consequence of which Mac hasn't a thing to do for four months and draws full pay for doing it, and later I've got to provide a permanent place for All Hands and Feet. Skinner, if this continues I shall yet fill a pauper's grave." He was silent for several seconds; then: "By the way, Skinner, have you replied to that last cablegram from the man Peasley?"

"No, sir. I didn't think it required an answer."

"You mean you didn't know what answer to give him," Cappy snarled. "Well, neither do I; but, since the cuss has got us into the spending habit, I'm going to be reckless for once and send him a cable myself, just to let him know I'm calling his bluff."

And, with that remark, Cappy squared round to his desk and wrote, in a trembling hand: "Special messenger big as horse carries reply your last cablegram."

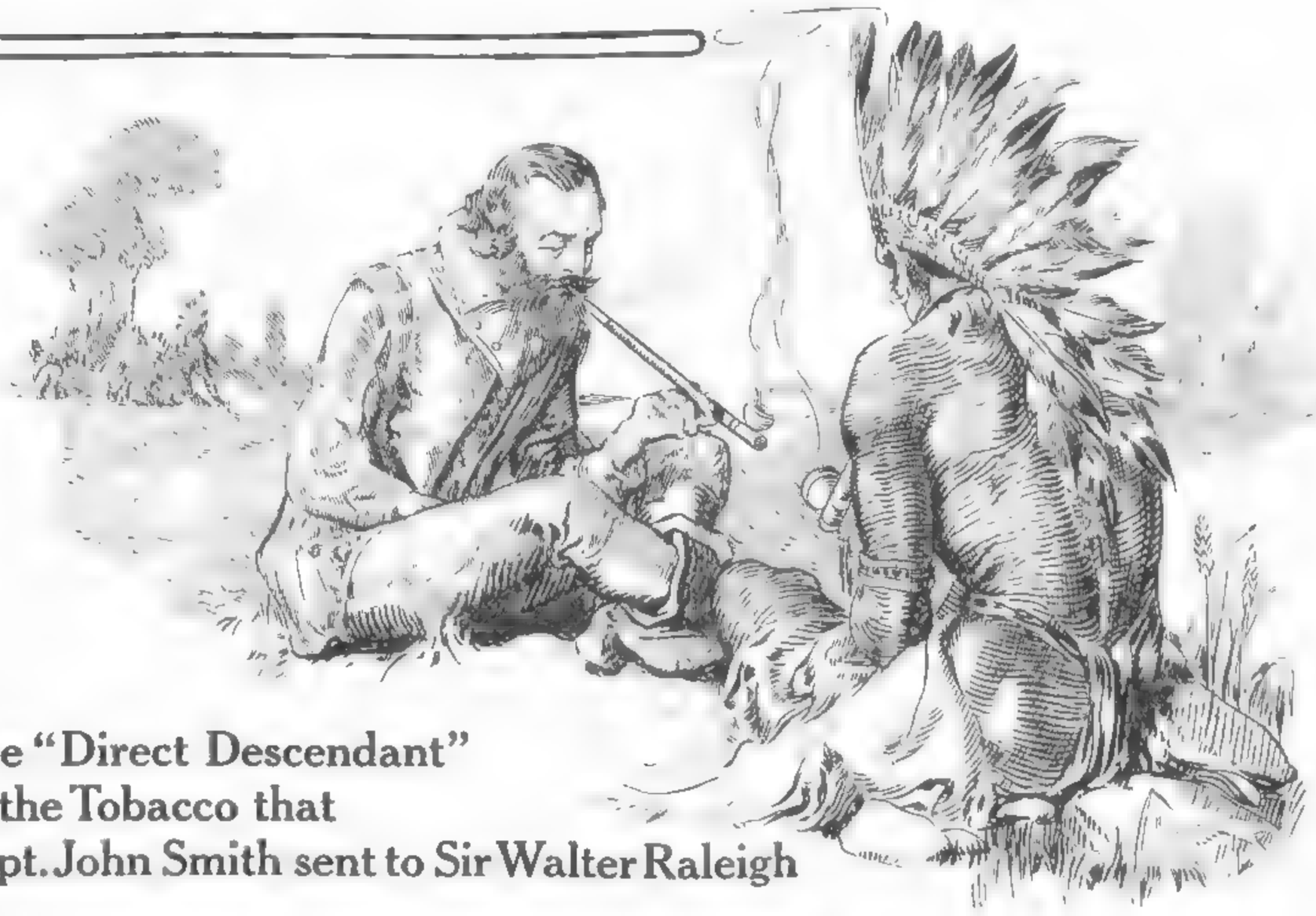
"There," he said, turning to his general manager; "send that to the man Peasley, and sign my name to it."

IV

THE death of Captain Noah Kendall had not been permitted to interfere in the least with the discharging of the cargo of the American barkentine Retriever. Though deeply regretting his untimely passing, his officers and crew, nevertheless, preserved both the letter and the spirit of the unwritten ocean law of Business before sentiment!

When the A. D. liner pulled out for Liverpool, with Captain Noah's body on board, Matt laid off work just long enough to dip the ensign and run it to half-mast again until the steamer was out of sight, when he furled the flag and stored it in the locker in Captain Noah's cabin, into which he had now moved. Then he went on superintending the discharge; and when the vessel was empty he had a tug tow him out into the roadstead, where he cast anchor and set himself to the task of awaiting patiently the arrival of the special messenger, "as big as a horse," who was on his way with Cappy Ricks' reply to Matt's last cablegram.

Continued on Page 52



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WOULD you taste the tobacco that, 300 years ago, captivated Europe and made tobacco smoking a universal custom?

DUKE'S Mixture is the highly cultivated descendant of the Virginia tobacco that the *first* families of Virginia found old Powhatan enjoying. Virginia tobacco has gained much by 300 years of the white brother's methods of raising and curing, so that as Virginia was the first tobacco known to civilization, DUKE'S Mixture, today, is *first* in the estimation of millions of men who are "cigarette makers to themselves."

There is no better supporter of "*Made-in-America*" superiority than this honey-colored, fragrant, cigarette tobacco. For in Europe, as well as in this country, the smoker who recognizes the advantage of selecting the tobacco for his own cigarettes, prefers Virginia-Carolina leaf even to Turkish tobacco.

The first fragrant whiff from one of the forty, generous cigarettefuls found in every sack of DUKE'S Mixture will convince you.

There's a lot more than its "ancestry" back of DUKE'S Mixture. There's the reputation and the "tobacco pride" of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., and the commendation of a vast army of cigarette rollers and pipe lovers.

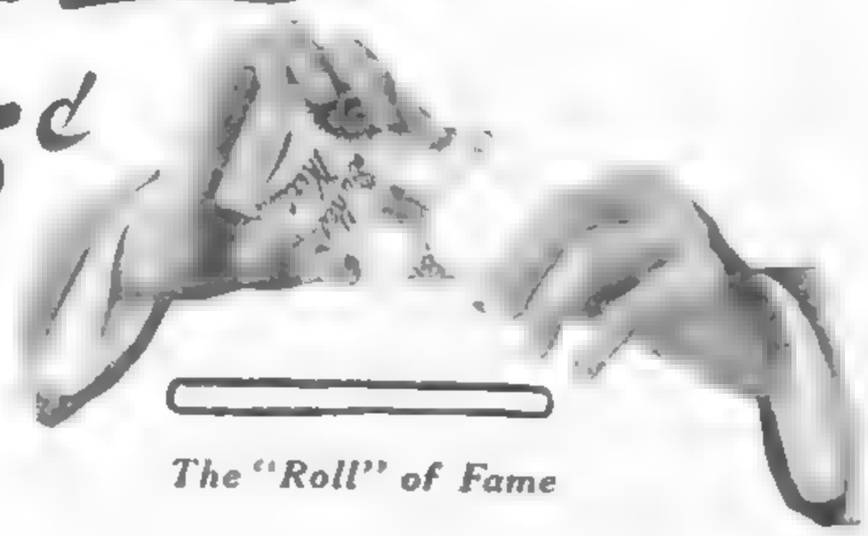
Every sack of DUKE'S Mixture is sold with this ***absolute guarantee that it will please your particular taste.***

Smoke a few cigarettefuls. If they don't come ***entirely*** *up to your expectations, return the rest of the sack to your* ***dealer and get your money back.***

Duke's Mixture

Granulated Tobacco 5¢

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co



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To ride in a National is to continue home relaxation

RIDING in a swiftly gliding *National* is "drawing room comfort" on wheels. It does not require a changed mental attitude or sacrifice of bodily comfort. The quietly operating machinery makes a pleasure out of the necessity for transportation.

Not a discordant note is evident in the new marine design of the *National* Sixes; convenient seating arrangements; exquisite finish; tonal effects of rich bodies, and finely wrought metal.

The *National* is not a mere collection of "parts"—it is the achievement of fifteen years' concentration to excel in this one thing. It adequately meets all service demands, as can only be met by the lineal descendant from the Stock Car Champion and the International 500-mile race record holder for "made in U. S. A." cars. Its own reputation is its hardest competition. That this new Six is worthy the name *National* is shown by the present increase of 45 per cent in sales.

To appear in public in a *National* is to never compromise your tastes or dignity. This car takes precedence through merit.

National Six $2375

Seven distinct new styles—roadster or touring cars with divided front seats and disappearing auxiliary seats. Special bodies up to $2850, including Coupé, Cabriolet and Parlor Car with individual adjustable arm chairs. *National* Sixes develop any part of 55 h. p. at a fuel efficiency up to 17 miles per gallon.

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and I wanted work in which profits would increase in direct proportion to the time and ability I devoted to the job. That is why I took up Curtis work," writes Orville W. Street, of Washington.

Mr. Street is making $85.00 a month now and his business is just starting. In another year his earnings will be from three to four thousand dollars a year.

He has an eye to the future, and says:

"One advantage of this work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is that it means something permanent."

If you want to break away from the time-clock; if you want to get out into the fresh air and be your own boss, write for our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income." There will be no expense to you. *Box 776, Agency Division,*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

(Continued from Page 50)

In due course the messenger arrived. Matt Peasley, dressed in slippers, duck trousers and undershirt, was reading Sinful Peck under an awning he had rigged aft, when All Hands and Feet, accompanied by a Cape Town gentleman, came over the rail, followed presently by two Kru boys, bearing respectively a large brown canvas telescope basket and a sea chest. The instant Ole Peterson's huge feet struck the deck he glanced round, observed Matt Peasley seated under the awning, and came aft to interview him. Matt looked up at his approach.

"A Swede skipper," he soliloquized. "I'll bet that's the special messenger, for he certainly is big. He's the biggest thing I ever saw walking on two legs, with the exception of a trick elephant."

Matt rose, put down his book and advanced to greet his visitors. While All Hands and Feet was still fully thirty feet from him he bawled aloud:

"You ban Mr. Peasley?"

"Captain Peasley," young Matt corrected him. "Since the death of Captain Kendall I have been in charge of the vessel; hence, for the present, I am known as Captain Peasley. What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

All Hands and Feet glanced appraisingly at Matt Peasley and did him the honor to remove his coat and vest.

"Yes; it's pretty hot down in these latitudes," Matt remarked, by way of being pleasant and making conversation.

All Hands and Feet removed an envelope from his coat pocket and handed it to Matt; and while the latter perused it the big Swede strode to the scuttle butt and helped himself to a drink of water. Matt opened the envelope and read this communication from Cappy Ricks:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
"February 20, 1913.

"Mr. Matthew Peasley,
"Chief Mate Barkentine Retriever;
"Cape Town, South Africa:

"*My dear Mr. Peasley:* Cast your eye along the lines of the bearer of this note, Captain Ole Peterson, who comes to Cape Town to take command of the Retriever. Within five minutes he will, acting under instructions from me and without the slightest personal animus toward yourself, proceed to administer to you the beating of a lifetime. By the time he gets through wiping the deck with you perhaps you will realize the necessity, in the future, of obeying orders from your owners.

"In your cablegram received to-day you take occasion to remind us that no manager or owner has authority to disrate a ship's officer. This is quite true. Such authority is vested only in the master of the ship. You need have no fear for your job, however. We believe you to be a clever first mate, otherwise Captain Kendall would not have dug you up out of the forecastle; and, believing thus, naturally we dislike the thought of disrating you. We have, therefore, instructed Captain Peterson to retain you in your berth as first mate.

"However, in view of the fact that we have informed him of your amiable intention of throwing him overboard, he will first inculcate in you that spirit of respect to your superiors which you so manifestly lack. He will then dip you into the drink, to bring you to, and after that you will kindly go forward and break out the anchor. You signed for the round trip and you're going to complete your contract. Remember that.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,
"Blue Star Navigation Company,
"By ALDEN P. RICKS,
"President."

Matt Peasley read this extraordinary communication twice, then folded it and calmly placed it in his pocket.

"May I inquire, sir," he said, facing the gentleman who had accompanied All Hands and Feet aboard the Retriever, "who you are and the nature of your business?"

"I am the American consul, Mr. Peasley, and I am here at the invitation of Captain Peterson, the master of this ship, to witness the formal transfer of authority from you to him. I was given to understand by Captain Peterson that you might offer some slight objection to this arrangement."

"Slight objection!" Matt Peasley replied with a rising inflection, and grinned maliciously.

The consul had his Yankee sense of humor with him and chuckled as Matt lifted his big body on his toes and stretched both arms lazily. Then Matthew Peasley turned toward All Hands and Feet.

"I have a letter from the owners of the Retriever," he said respectfully, "which leads me to presume that you are to supersede me in command of the vessel." All Hands and Feet nodded. "Which being the case," Matt Peasley continued, "as a mere matter of formality, you will of course present your credentials as master."

"Sure!" Ole replied pleasantly, and sidled toward Matt Peasley with outstretched arms. Could Cappy Ricks have seen his skipper then, he would have reminded the Old Man more than ever of a bear.

Matt Peasley needed no blueprint of the big Swede's plans. All Hands and Feet, depending on his sheer horse power and superior weight, always fought in mass formation, as it were. His *modus operandi* was to embrace his enemy in those terrible arms, squeeze the breath out of him with one bearlike hug, then lay him on the deck, straddle him, and pummel him into insensibility at his leisure. Matt gave ground rapidly and held up a warning hand.

"One moment, my friend," he requested. "Before you get familiar on brief acquaintance, don't you think you had better present your credentials?"

All Hands and Feet shook his two great fists and grinned good-naturedly.

"How dese ban suit you for credentials?" he queried.

"Fine," Matt Peasley answered; "only, before you present them, our first duty is to the ship. I take it that you have cleared the vessel and that after trimming me you intend to put to sea."

"You ban guess it," the Swede rumbled. "Put up de dooks. Anyhow I ban't have to fight little feller. Dat ban one comfort."

"You cleared the ship, eh? Well, Swede, I'm glad to hear that. I should have cleared her myself and sailed long ago if I had only had a skipper's ticket; but these British customhouse officials are great sticklers for red tape and they wouldn't clear me. And, of course, a man can't sail without his papers. When he does they send a gunboat after him. However," he added brightly, "the ship is cleared and the skipper—so I am unofficially informed is aboard. By the way, Swede, I left a lot of O. K'd bills for stores and provisions up at the office of the Harlow & Benton Company, Limited. Did you square up for them?"

"Yah; everything ban shipshape," All Hands and Feet assured him.

"And you insist on presenting your credentials in bunches of fives, eh?"

All Hands and Feet nodded and once more commenced sidling toward Matt Peasley, who backed away again, meantime addressing himself to the United States Consul:

"You heard what he said, Mr. Consul. He may be my superior officer, but I have not been informed of that fact officially; and meantime, so far as I am concerned, he is merely a fine, big squarehead who has climbed aboard my ship uninvited and attacked me. Did you ever see a sea bully heked, Mr. Consul?"

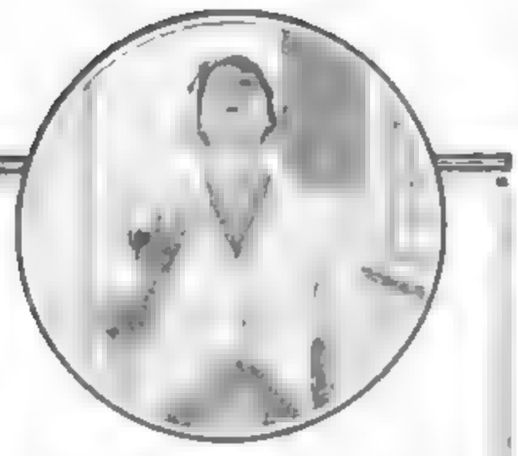
"I have never had that pleasure, Mr. Peasley."

All the time Matt Peasley was circling round the deck, with All Hands and Feet sidling after him with outstretched arms.

"Then you've got something coming," Matt replied. "Help yourself to a reserved seat in the mizzen rigging and watch the picnic. Mr. Murphy!" Mr. Murphy, the second mate, came out of his room on the jump. "I'm going to lick the big fellow, Mr. Murphy. Stand by and see fair play and keep the crew off him. On my ship all fights are pulled off under my rules. Kicking, biting, gouging and deadly weapons are prohibited. If he tries any tricks like that, tap his big square head with a marlinespike. Now then, Swede, present your credentials."

All Hands and Feet rushed, swinging left and right, as Matt Peasley suddenly advanced toward him. Mr. Murphy walked to the pin rail, helped himself to a marlinespike, and joined the consul at the mizzen rigging. The latter had climbed up on the rail to be out of the way.

"All off and gone to Coopertown now," said Mr. Murphy sadly as Matt ripped two beautiful straight lefts and a right cross into Ole Peterson's dish face. "I've been trainin' the Old Man ever since he got Cappy Ricks' cablegram. I was a beautiful welterweight myself in my young days. Watch the skipper—our skipper, I mean. Works like a pneumatic riveter, doesn't he?" He raised his voice and adure[illegible]d



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For cuts, wounds and all irritations of the skin use Listerine.

Refuse imitations and substitutes. Many of them are harmful. Demand the genuine Listerine [illegible] bottle and read the [illegible] on the wrapper. [illegible] Use Listerine.

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Matt Peasley: "He's rocking on his legs now, sir; but keep away from those arms. He's dangerous and you're givin' him fifty pounds the best of it in the weights. Try the short ribs with your left and feel for his chin with the right, sir. Very nicely done, sir! Now—once more!"

Mr. Murphy nodded politely to the American Consul.

"Excuse me," he said. "The bigger they are the harder they fall, and the Retriever's deck ain't no nice place to bump a man's head. I'll just skip round in back and catch him in my arms."

Which being done, Mr. Murphy laid All Hands and Feet gently on deck, walked to the scuttle butt, procured a dipperful of water and threw it into the gory, battered face. Matt Peasley had simply walked round him and, with the advantage of a superior reach, had systematically cut Captain Ole Peterson to strings and ribbons.

He wiped his battered knuckles on his trousers and sniffed a little afternoon breeze that had just sprung up, blowing straight for the open sea.

"When he comes to, Mr. Murphy," he ordered calmly, "escort him to my [illegible] room. Have one of the men stow his dunnage there also; and tell him if he shows his nose on deck before I give him permission I'll give him another taste of the same. Mr. Consul, I should be highly honored if you would step into my cabin and help hoist one to our own dear native land."

"With pleasure," said the consul. "Though I cannot, in my capacity as a citizen of the United States, indorse your mutiny, nevertheless, as United States Consul, I shall take pleasure in certifying to the fact that the fallen gladiator did not present his credentials, and that you have no official knowledge of his identity."

"Make an affidavit, under the seal of the United States, and mail it to me at Hoquiam, Washington, U. S. A.," Matt Peasley pleaded. "I've a suspicion I'm going to need it very badly, sir."

"What are you going to do with Captain Peterson, Mr. Peasley?"

"Captain Peasley—if you please, Mr. Consul. I think I shall ship the Swede as first mate if he's willing to work. If he's stolen he'll have to remain in his room and I shall not permit him to present his credentials!"

"Captain Peasley, I'm afraid you're in Dutch."

"Perhaps; but I'm going to sail the barkentine Retriever back to Grays Harbor if they hang me from the stuns'l boom when I get there. Say when!"

"Good luck and *bon voyage*, captain!"

"Thank you! I hate to hurry you away, in fact, I'd like to have you stay aboard and have dinner with me, but if this breeze holds good I can save my owners an outward towage bill. So I'll bid you good-by, Mr. Consul. Here's my name and address—and don't forget that affidavit."

When the American Consul left the ship Matt Peasley was on the poop bawling orders. Up on the topgallant forecastle the capable Mr. Murphy and his bully boys were walking round the windlass to the bellowing chorus of Roll a Man Down! And the third mate and his watch were laying aloft forward, shaking out the rags. When the consul looked again the American barkentine Retriever had turned her tail on Cape Town; and, heeled gently to the tropic breeze, she was rolling home in command of the boy who had joined her five months before as an able seaman.

Matt Peasley rounded the Cape of Good Hope nicely, but he had added materially to his stock of seamanship before he won through the tide rips off Point Agulhas and squared away across the Indian Ocean. Coming up along the coast of Australia he had the sou'east trades, and he crowded her. Day and night he drove her into it, with the Retriever making steamer time and her young skipper giving never a thought to his sticks. He stood far off shore until he had run well up into the nor'west trades, when he hauled round and came ramping up to Grays Harbor Bar, eighty-one days from Cape Town. A bar tug, ranging down the coast, hooked onto him and snaked him in.

V

MR. SKINNER came into Cappy Ricks' office and woke him up.

"The Retriever arrived at Grays Harbor this morning, Mr. Ricks," he announced. "She's broken the record for a fast passage." And he handed Cappy Ricks a telegram.

She Is—

The leading spirit of the gayest social centre of the South. Her name is one that you would immediately recognize if you heard it. A letter from her came to us a short time ago. A cordial little note it was—telling us that she owes her much-admired teeth to the faithful use of Dr. Lyon's. We persuaded her to allow us to publish her photograph so that you may see the beneficial results of using either

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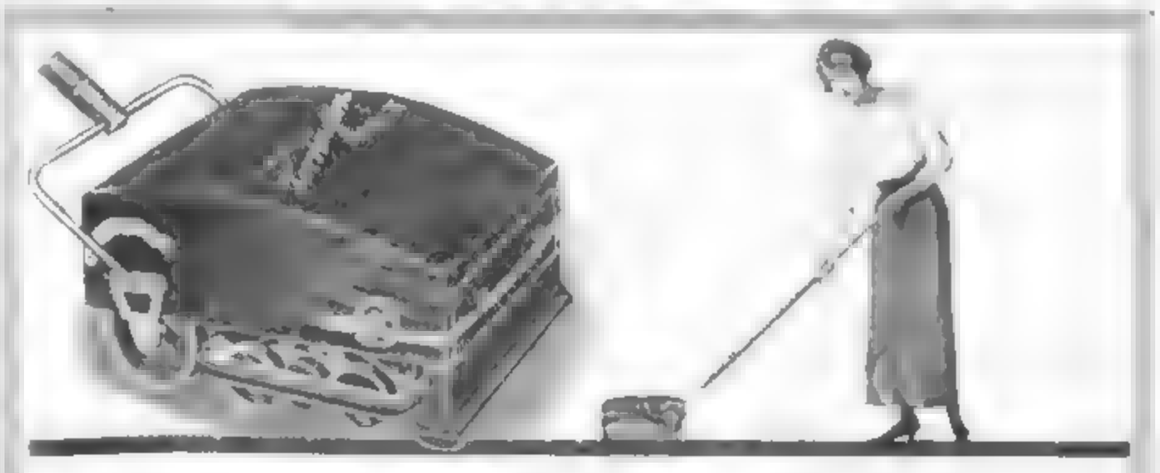
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

The faithful use of either gives a lifetime of good teeth—good health—good looks. You can depend upon the safe, efficient properties of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. They prevent the formation of tartar and correct excessive acidity of the mouth.

Send 2 cent stamp now for delightful 10-day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. Address: [illegible] W. Lyon & Son, [illegible] West 27th Street, New York City.

Look for Free Tooth Brush Coupon in each package



You Owe It to Your Wife

Her strength will be saved and she will keep the house cleaner if you will get for her a

TORRINGTON Vacuum Sweeper

It is not high priced, but it is an efficient, easy-to-use carpet cleaner that costs nothing to operate and will do thorough work for years. The wheels on which it runs when pushed about like a carpet sweeper operate three suction bellows which take up all the trodden-in dirt, and also operate the revolving brush which sweeps up all surface litter.

As the dirt goes into it, it doesn't send dust flying around to make more work. Pressing on a thumb lever empties the dust pans and the dirt bag is released and emptied just as easily.

Write for Booklet For a dozen years we have made the NATIONAL CARPET SWEEPER, thousands of which are in daily use. The excellent reputation they have built up for us stands behind the Torrington, which for two years has been making good.

Satisfy yourself by examining a Torrington at nearly any Department, Furniture, Housefurnishing or Hardware Store.

Made in three grades. Prices range from $6 to $12

NATIONAL SWEEPER CO., 29 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

52 Bruce Avenue, Westmount, Montreal

Some Retail Merchants Say —

"If I were a Bank, I'd Buy a Burroughs"

And you would—sure! Because you know the bank handles CASH—and it can't afford to let even the pennies leak away.

The bank makes money on only a six per cent gross profit—six per cent *once a year*.

You make money on a 20% to 30% gross profit—over and over again *several times a year*.

Do you make as much NET PROFIT *at the end of each year as the bank?*

Know *why* you don't?

Here's why—There are *leaks* in your business that eat up part of the profits.

And you don't stop the leaks because you don't know where they are.

The bank knows where it stands every afternoon at close of business. A leak shows up quick and is stopped *at once*.

Now, the goods on your shelves and the charge accounts on your books are even *better* than MONEY—because you get *more* for them than they cost.

If the bank's money needs protection by a simple, sure system of figures—so do your goods and accounts. They need it more!

Thousands of retailers have found by experience (same as the banks) that they can make more money, more easily—and surely—by knowing where the business stands *all* the time—not merely *after* the year's work is done.

Both these retailers and the bank have found that the Burroughs Figuring Machine gets all the figure facts accurately, quickly, cheaply. Facts they could not *afford* to get except by machine.

For retailers, a low-priced Burroughs, used by a boy or the boss, shows profit leaks they can stop, and helps them make more money.

A *free* Burroughs book, "Stopping Store Leaks," tells *how* these retailers are making more money. It's yours for the asking—mailed entirely free. Write for it on your business letterhead today.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

99 Burroughs Building, Detroit, Mich.

You Can Taste the OXYGEN when you use

Calox

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Oxygen is nature's great purifier. That's why CALOX prevents dental troubles by removing the cause of tooth decay.

All Druggists, 25c.

Sample and Booklet Free if you mention your Druggist.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
91–97 Fulton St. New York

Wilde Solid Oak Letter File

As GOOD As Ever—At a BETTER Price

NOW $12

Freight paid; see note

Note

Free

No 421

Wilde Swinging Desk Stand

NOW $3

Lecture office

See your dealer

The Wilde Manufacturing Company
65 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office—75 John St.
Hamilton, Ont., Canadian Dealers

The Prophy-lactic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

"All Hands and Feet is making good right off the bat, eh!" Cappy chirped pleasantly. "That Swede can handle a ship better than he can handle a man and that's praise, Skinner. I'm going to fire that Scotchman in the Fortuna and give All Hands his berth." He adjusted his spectacles and read:

"HOQUIAM, WASHINGTON,
"June 27, 1913.

"Blue Star Navigation Company,
"258 California Street,
"San Francisco

"Arrived this morning, eighty-one days from bar to bar, all hands well, including your special messenger. Brought him home under hatches. Permitted him present his formal credentials this morning and turned over command of ship to him. Declines accept responsibility and left, saying you had promised him command four-masted schooner. Seemed a little hurt, though it's eighty-one days since I thrashed him. Consequently am still in command and awaiting your instructions.

"PEASLEY."

For a long time Cappy Ricks kept looking sternly at Mr. Skinner over the tops of his spectacles. There was blood on the moon again, and the silence was terrible. He kept rocking gently backward and forward in his swivel chair, for all the world as though preparing for a pantherlike spring at Mr. Skinner's throat. Suddenly he exploded.

"I won't have another thing to do with the man Peasley!" he shrilled. "The man is a thorn in my side and I want peace! Understand, Skinner? I—want—peace! What in blue blazes do I pay you ten thousand a year for if it isn't to give me peace? Answer me that, Skinner. Answer me, I say, sir."

"Well, you said you wanted to attend to the shipping ——"

"That'll do, Skinner—that'll do! You're an honorary member of the I-told-you-so Club and I'm thoroughly disgusted with you. Rid me of this man—immediately. If I ever get another telegram from the scoundrel I shall hold you personally responsible."

Forthwith Mr. Skinner acted. He went up to the office of the United States District Attorney and swore out a Federal warrant for the arrest of Matthew Peasley on a charge of mutiny and insubordination, assault and battery on the high seas, and everything else he could think of. The authorities promptly wired north to send a United States marshal down to Grays Harbor to arrest the culprit; and the following morning, when Cappy Ricks got down to his office and picked up the paper, the very first thing his glance rested on was the headline:

MATE CHARGED WITH MUTINY!

Mutiny and sundry other crimes on the high seas are out of the ordinary; hence the news association's correspondent at Hoquiam had considered the story of Matt Peasley's arrest worthy of dissemination over the Pacific Coast.

Cappy Ricks read it, the principal item of interest in it being a purported interview with Matt Peasley, who, in choice newspaperese, had entered a vigorous denial of the charge. The story concluded with the statement that Peasley was a native of Thomaston, Maine, where he had always borne a most excellent reputation for steadiness and sobriety.

Cappy Ricks laid the paper aside. Thomaston, Maine! So the man Peasley was a Down-Easter! That explained it.

"Well, I hope my teeth may fall into the ocean!" Cappy murmured. "Thomaston, Maine! Why, he's one of our own town boys—one of my own people! Dear, dear, dear! Well now, it's strange I didn't know that name. I must be getting old to forget it."

He sat in his swivel chair, rocking gently backward and forward for several minutes, after a fashion he had when perturbed. Suddenly his old hand shot out and pressed the push button on his desk, and his stenographer answered.

"Send Mr. Skinner in!" he commanded.

Presently Mr. Skinner came, and again Cappy eyed him over the tops of his spectacles; again the terrible silence. Skinner commenced to fidget.

"Skinner," began Cappy impressively, "how often have I got to tell you not to interfere with the shipping? Tut, tut! Not a peep out of you, sir—not a peep! You had the audacity, sir, to swear to a Federal warrant against the man Peasley. How dare you, sir! Do you know who the man Peasley is? You do? Well, sir, I'll tell you. He's a Down-East boy and I went to school with his people. I'll bet Ethan Peasley was a relative of this boy Matt, because Ethan had a cousin by the name of Matthew; and Ethan and Matt and I used to hell round together until they went to sea.

"Lord bless you, Skinner, I can remember yet the day the Martha Peasley came up the harbor, with her flag at half-mast—and poor old Ethan was gone—washed off the end of her main yard when she rolled!

"We were great chums, Ethan and I, Skinner; and I cried. Why—why, damn it, sir, this boy Matt's people and mine are all buried in the same cemetery back home. Yes, sir! And nearly all of 'em have the same epitaph—Lost at Sea!—and —— You idiot, Skinner! What do you mean, sir, by standing there with your infernal little smile on your smug face? Out of my office, you jackanapes, and call the dogs off this boy Matt. Why, there was never one of his breed that wasn't a man and a seaman every inch of him.

"All Hands and Feet thrash a Peasley! Huh! Awoke! Why, Ethan was six foot six at twenty, with an arm like a fathom of towing cable. Catch me turning down one of our own boys! No, sir! Not by a damned sight!"

In all his life Mr. Skinner had never seen Cappy Ricks so wrought up. He fled at once to call off the dogs. Cappy turned to his desk and wrote this telegram:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
"June 28, 1913.

"Matt Peasley
"Care United States Marshal,
"Hoquiam, Washington:

"Congratulations on splendid passage. You busted record. Lindquist, in the John A. Logan, did it in eighty-four days in the spring of ninety-four. Draw draft and pay off crew, render report of voyage, place second mate in charge, and proceed immediately to Seattle to get your master's ticket. Will telegraph Seattle inspectors requesting waive further probation as first mate and issue license if you pass examination in order that you may accept captaincy of Retriever. Skinner had you arrested. Would never have done it myself. I come from Thomaston, Maine, and I knew your people. Would never have sent the Swede had I known which tribe of Peasley you belonged to—though, if he had licked you, no more than you deserved. I want no more of your impudence, Matt.

"ALDEN P. RICKS."

For a week business droned along in Cappy Ricks' office as usual, interrupted at last by the receipt of a telegram from Matt Peasley to Cappy. It was sent from Seattle and read:

"Have now legal right to be called captain. Rejoin ship to-morrow. Wire orders. Thank you!"

"God bless the lad!" Cappy murmured happily. "I'll bet he's going to make me a skookum skipper. Still, I think he's pretty young and sadly in need of training; so I'll have to take some of the conceit out of him. I'm going to proceed to break his young heart; and if he yells murder I'll fire him! On the contrary, if he's one of Ethan's tribe—well, the Peasleys always did their duty; I'll say that for them. I hope he stands the acid."

Whereupon Cappy Ricks squared round to his desk and wrote:

"SAN FRANCISCO, July 5, 1913.

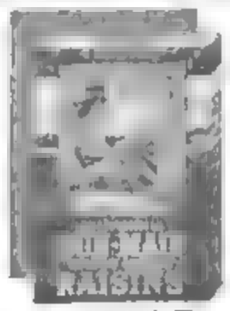
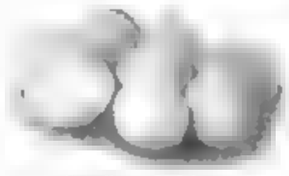
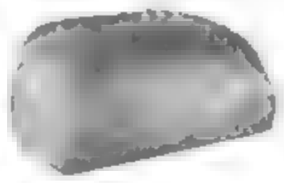
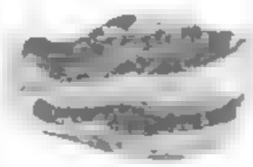
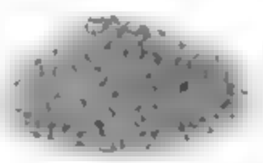
"Captain Matthew Peasley,
"Master Barkentine Retriever,
"Hoquiam, Washington:

"Glad you have legal right to be called captain. Sorry I have not! Proceed to Weatherby's mill, at Cosmopolis, and load for Antofagasta, Chile. Remember speed synonymous with dividends in shipping [illegible].

"BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY."

When Cappy signed his telegram with the company name it was always a sure indication he had discharged his cargo of sentiment and gotten down to business once more.

"A little creosoted piling now and then is bully for the best of men," he cackled. "For a month of Sundays that man Peasley will curse me as far as he can smell the Retriever. Oh, well! Every dog must have his day—and I'm a wise old dog. I'll teach that Matt boy some respect for his owners before I'm through with him!"

This Pound of Sun-Maid Raisins	1 lb. Lean Beef	1 lb. Eggs	1 lb. Potatoes	1 lb. Milk	1 lb. Sirloin Steak
 Contains 1635 Energy-Producing Food Units *All food values based on Government Statistics as contained in U. S. Bulletin No. 28*	580 Food Units	 720 Food Units	385 Food Units	325 Food Units	1130 Food Units
	1 lb. Plain Bread	1 lb. Fish	1 lb. Mutton Leg	1 lb. Beans	1 lb. Peas
	 1200 Food Units	330 Food Units	 905 Food Units	633 Food Units	 465 Food Units

Raisins—at 15c per Lb.

Immensely Excel All These Foods in Their Food Value

Note the picture above. Note the food values of the ten foods you use almost every day. Then compare them with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Compare the cost per pound of each with that of these raisins at 15c per pound. Eggs, for instance, costing more than six times as much, contain less than one-half the nourishment.

Think what this means. Doesn't it mean that your family should have some delicious raisin-food every day? It will produce the needed energy. It will cut down the living cost. Scores of charming dishes and sauces are easily made with raisins. Some rare new delights are in store for you who try them.

Add Sun-Maid Raisins to breakfast foods, puddings, bread and cakes. Eat Sun-Maid Raisin sauce for breakfast, or stewed Sun-Maid Raisins with cream. Serve Sun-Maid Raisin pie more often—it contains 2½ times as much food value as a pound of the best lean beef.

California
SUN-MAID RAISINS
The Fruit-Food

Raisins are merely sun-cured grapes. But Sun-Maid Raisins are made from the sweetest, tenderest, most luscious grapes that California's sunshine produces—kinds too delicate to ship. The very best are selected. We have the choice of the cream of California's incomparable crop. When cured they are concentrated nutriment, and they taste like confections. Yet Sun-Maid Raisins cost just the same as the common sort.

That is why you should ask for Sun-Maids whenever you buy raisins.

Look for This Package

Your dealer has Sun-Maid Raisins in a package like the illustration. If not, he can get them without any trouble by sending to his jobber.

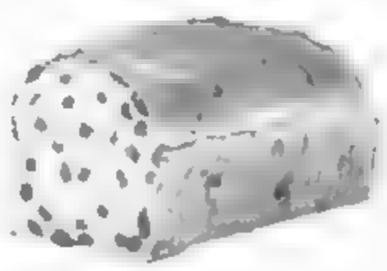
There are three Sun-Maid varieties: Sun-Maid *Seeded* (seeds extracted); Sun-Maid *Seedless* (from seedless grapes); Sun-Maid *Cluster* (on stems, not seeded) to serve as dessert with nuts. Tell the dealer which you want.

Send for 52 Recipes

Our beautiful recipe book tells 52 ways of serving Sun-Maid Raisins. It is free—a post card bearing your dealer's name will get it.

1 lb. Package Price not over 15c

Send for it now. It will show you the many delightful, beneficial, and economical food-possibilities that Sun-Maid Raisins offer.

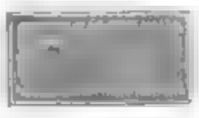


Bakers Everywhere Are Selling California Raisin Bread

We have arranged with thousands of bakers to bake a special bread for their customers.

Go buy a loaf from your baker and try it. It is made from a prize recipe which we furnish, and the bakers are putting their very best materials into it.

Just as soon as you taste it you'll want it on your table every day. Children who don't care for plain bread will delight in this. Thus they will get the benefit of plain bread plus that of the finest raisins. Ask your baker for the bread labeled



California Associated Raisin Co.
315 Madison Street, Fresno, Cal.

Mail the Coupon for Big 7½-lb. Special Package—Containing 3 Kinds—$1

We have prepared here in California—where these choice raisins are produced—a big special assortment for housewives. It comes in a package nearly the size of a suit box and contains all three Sun-Maid varieties.

If your dealer can't supply it, send to us for this package. It goes, prepaid, to your nearest express office (if in U. S.) for $1. You'll want your dealer to supply you constantly with Sun-Maid Raisins after you have used those in this box.

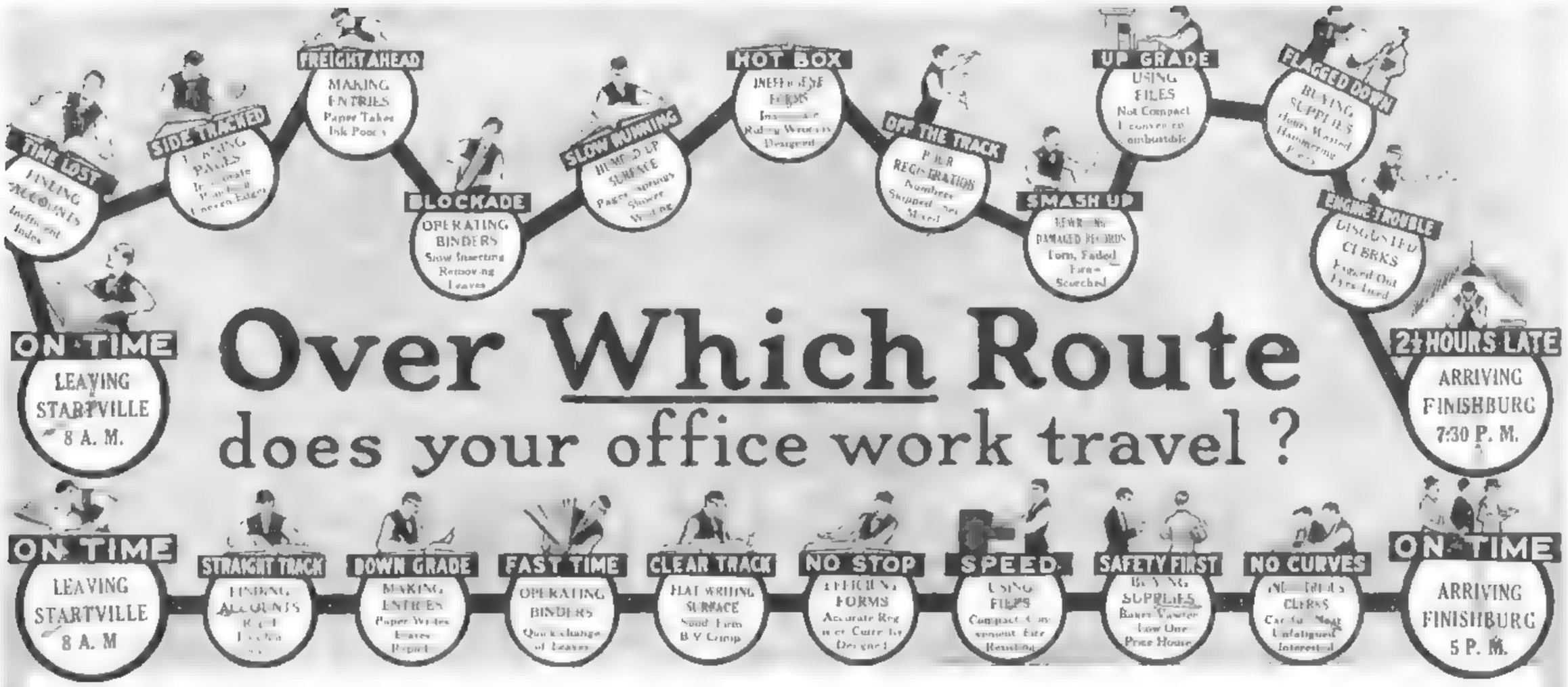
California Associated Raisin Co.
315 Madison Street
Fresno, Cal.

Send me, all charges prepaid, the special 7½ lb. box containing all three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins. I enclose $1 for it. Also send your free Recipe Book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



What it *costs* you on the Waste-Motion route

THE Waste-Motion route seems to be a lower-fare route. So the whole office force is bundled aboard. The salaries amount to about thirty times the fare—but it is that seeming saving that puts the valuable salary-load on the "Cheap First Price Local" at Startville every morning at 8. It is due at Finishburg at 5 p. m.—but it never gets there, because the transportation doesn't include facilities.

The loss on this route is heavy—it often costs as much as $10 in salaries paid for nothing done to make a "saving" of $1 in first cost of supplies—wasted time that should be time in which the worker is accomplishing something lasting—interesting work such as develops the bookkeeper into an accountant.

What it *saves* you on the Baker-Vawter route

BAKER-VAWTER transportation for the office force means a through trip, with no delays, from Startville to Finishburg. The train leaves Startville at 8 a. m. and goes straight through. It doesn't have to sidetrack for orders nor slow up on the grades.

It's a comfortable route; everybody knows just what is coming next and why it is coming.

The office force is glad to travel the Baker-Vawter route. Every one tries to do his work well—and every one can do his work well when the reasons for waits, mistakes, excuses, and worries have been eliminated.

The train pulls in at Finishburg at 5 p. m. with everybody brushed off, all the grips packed, and nothing left to be done next trip.

BAKER-VAWTER

LOOSE LEAF and STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT

The short-cut route for better and lower-cost office work

Baker-Vawter products are the crystallization of twenty-seven years' experience covering every kind of office and every kind of office work.

Whatever is exactly right for your exact kind of work, Baker-Vawter will supply at the right price. Baker-Vawter manufactures exactly the right kind and grade of equipment for each specific use. Baker-Vawter not only knows exactly what is right but knows exactly how to make it at lowest possible cost.

There is nearly a million-and-a half dollars of capital working in the Baker-Vawter plants, manufacturing Baker-Vawter office supplies—all of that capital and all of those plants are back of the simplest blank you use as well as of the most comprehensive filing installation.

If you can use stock forms, Baker-Vawter has them. If "made-to-fit" forms are necessary, then the talent of the Baker-Vawter force is yours, with no extra charge, and you get exactly what you ought to have.

Baker-Vawter has just one price to everybody, and that is the lowest possible price—based on big buying, big manufacturing and big selling, with a true quality foundation of material and workmanship.

Every Baker-Vawter product is inspected, counted, labelled, wrapped and ready for time-saving use. You get full count; you pay only for the number you get. Baker-Vawter business for 1914 exceeded any previous year by thousands and thousands of dollars—careful buyers know that it spells economy to buy Baker-Vawter products.

Baker-Vawter sells direct to the user only—by mail and through trained salesmen who are competent to advise and who draw upon the experience and knowledge of the head offices when necessary.

Keep your result-cost down. Lost salary time is never found again—and you must spend about $30 in office salaries for each dollar's worth of office supplies. Let Baker-Vawter show you where and how Baker-Vawter supplies pay you a profit—how it's extravagance to buy in any other way.

Business romance free Most people think anything connected with accounting systems and devices is as "dry as bone dust." You will change your mind when you read "The Retreat of the Hidebound Ledgers." Write for it on your business stationery and you will also be entitled to our "Symptom Blank"—the short-cut to a better understanding of accounting affairs. Write today.

Baker-Vawter Company

Factories West and East—address either
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

The world's largest manufacturer of loose leaf and steel filing equipment selling direct to the user

Sales offices in 36 cities—one near you Salesmen everywhere

Our export department is prepared to correspond in any language

THE STRANGE BOARDER

Continued from Page 23

"You know, those men who came for me yesterday morning were police officers," he began gravely. "The police suspect me of having a hand in this Bloom murder."

As a matter of fact, Tilly had noticed the two callers going past the kitchen window, with Gardner between them, and had promptly expressed her conviction that they were fly cops. So Miss McChesney was not entirely unprepared

"Oh, Mr. Gardner! Mr. Gardner!" she moaned.

Clasping her bony hands in front of her long, flat chest and stooping over him from her greater height, she gushed rather incoherent protestations of belief in his innocence and denunciations of police stupidity.

He told her very soberly as much of the case as he deemed necessary, explaining that he was still under police surveillance and might at any time be formally arrested.

"You see, I came here a perfect stranger and you took me in. It wouldn't be decent of me to get you into this trouble. This house would be described as my residence. Probably you'd have reporters running here to ask whether you made a practice of housing cutthroats."

"No, Mr. Gardner!" she said proudly, lifting a dramatically forbidding hand. "I know you are as innocent as a babe—innocent as darling little Billy himself. Unjust suspicions shall not drive you out of my house."

"Well, you see, there's the question of expense," he said soberly, to cut the matter short. "I must live as cheaply as possible now."

She heroically declared he might stay as long as he liked and pay when he could, and dropped a sympathetic tear or two when he insisted on going; then other tears when she mentioned parting with little Billy. And he left the foolish, garrulous, hysterical, sympathetic landlady with a warmed and uplifted heart, promising that she should see Billy and himself often as long as they remained in Chicago.

The search for a new lodging was very simple. Leaving Carlisle Terrace, he turned west along the avenue, glancing up and down the streets, into one of which he presently struck at random. The fourth house from the corner had a sign—Room and Board—in the bay window. It was a shabby two-story brick house, with a handbreadth of withered lawn in front inclosed by a rusty iron fence. It faced on a poor sort of street, mostly lined with two-story dwellings of brick and wood. The wooden-block pavement was badly in need of repair and the lantern of a gas street lamp, a little beyond the house with the sign in the window, lopped crookedly from the pole, as though some one had tried to wring its neck.

His ring was answered by an elderly female, from whose ruinous face large, milky white and perfectly even false teeth gleamed out like a new patch on a faded garment. Her thin dark hair was drawn tightly back over her skull and her shapeless calico dress bore many grease-spots. When she understood his errand her face expanded in a fairly violent smile.

The vacant room—the second one on the upper floor—was smaller than he had hoped for. The bed looked lumpy, and the pillowcases and sheets had an unpleasant gray tinge. There were two frayed holes in the nondescript rug and the mirror above the bureau was cracked.

He sought to escape. The room, he explained amiably, was a very lovely and desirable one of its sort, but unfortunately it was not large enough for himself and his son. However, the landlady, with her beaky nose, glittering teeth and violent smile, hovered over him like an enormous greasy hawk, which might either take him, motherlike, under her terrible wings or snap his head off.

As for his objection on the score of space, she triumphantly exhibited the closet, quite two feet and a half square, as though he could very comfortably retire thither when he felt himself crowded outside. Her small, sharp eyes and beaklike nose seemed to transfix him, nailing him to the spot as if by three spears.

With forceful smile and practiced volubility she instantly dashed the brains out of every poor, timid little newborn babe of an objection he apologetically raised. He perceived, with a sinking of the heart, that he must take the room peaceably or have it bodily crammed down his throat. Her name, he learned, was Mrs. Wilson; and the house was Number 111 Pike Street.

Returning thither that afternoon with two bulky suitcases an expressman having brought the trunk over before—Gardner was depressed on Billy's account. Certainly it was not a nice place to palm off on the boy.

Billy, indeed, shrank close to his encumbered father when Mrs. Wilson, enveloping him in her powerful smile, stopped to pat his curly head with a distinctly dirty hand. The one window of their shabby bedroom looked across three feet of space to the wall of the frame building next door, from which the paint was peeling.

Having stared round the poor room, Billy went over to the window. By craning his neck he could see a patch of the disputed street with its rotting wooden pavement. It was not exactly the usual space or the usual furniture, but there was an atmosphere in this house—an atmosphere that made one instinctively wash one's hands and put one's head out of the window before taking breath. Billy looked round the room again, his small lips pressed tight together.

"Papa, what for—what for"—he struggled with it manfully, but the tide rose higher and higher "what for do we have to live here? I like Aunt Jane's house better." His voice ended in a choked wail and he ran to his father.

Gardner, in the swaybacked, dilapidated willow rocker, which creaked dismal threats to collapse at every movement, lifted the boy into his lap. Cuddling in his father's arms, Billy wept, while Gardner rocked him as much as the crazy chair would permit, holding him tight and softly whistling La Paloma.

About half an hour later the good landlady stepped over to answer the telephone.

"Is that you, Mrs. Wilson?" said a heavy voice over the wire. "This is John Dougherty, ye know. Would ye kindly step over to the station, Mrs. Wilson? A friend of mine has something to say to ye. It's to yer advantage, Mrs. Wilson. Yes, Mrs. Wilson to oncet—if ye please."

One highly valued fact in Mrs. Wilson's life was the intimate relationship between herself and the Police Department—her brother even now being a patrolman; while she knew a good dozen officers by their first names and family histories.

The Savoy Avenue Police Station was only two blocks away. A more scrupulous cook might have hesitated to leave the dinner, but Mrs. Wilson had no misgivings on that score. Nothing that could happen to her dinners would make them any worse. A more notional woman might have waited to change the greasy calico dress and don a hat, but Mrs. Wilson knew the importance of police business. Merely swabbing her greasy hands on her large kitchen apron and throwing off the apron, she went out bareheaded.

At the police station John Dougherty, very splendid in his patrolman's uniform, extended a mighty, fraternal hand and conducted her to the lieutenant's office, where he introduced her to Sergeant Worril, already well known to her by reputation.

Twenty minutes later she left the station, her false teeth gleaming in the most violent of smiles. She thought Sergeant Worril as affable a gentleman as she had ever met, and in her dirty right hand she clasped a crisp new five-dollar bill. She thought of her new boarder as affectionately as a hungry wolf thinks of a lamb. And the very next evening she began earning her money.

That next day was Saturday. Returning to Number 2 Carlisle Terrace about half-past one, Jane found Billy waiting for her—as Gardner had telephoned. He himself would be coming up from downtown about three o'clock and would look for them in the north end of Lincoln Park. She and Billy went up to her room.

"Why, you mustn't do that, Billy!" she chided presently, looking round at a scratching sound and noticing that he was marking scallops on the windowsill. "Why, you know better than that, boy! Is that my buttonhook?"

"No; it's this," the culprit replied guiltily, holding up the object with which he had been scratching the sill.

"What is it?" she asked and stepped across to take it out of his hand—a piece of steel wire about six inches long, bent into a ring at one end; the other end, for an

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Features of Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup—

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You will be surprised to know that Beech-Nut costs no more than other catsups. Two sizes—pint and half pint, 25c and 15c (in the extreme West, a little more).

Where you *will* see the difference is in the *flavor*.

Tell your grocer to send you a bottle of Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup.

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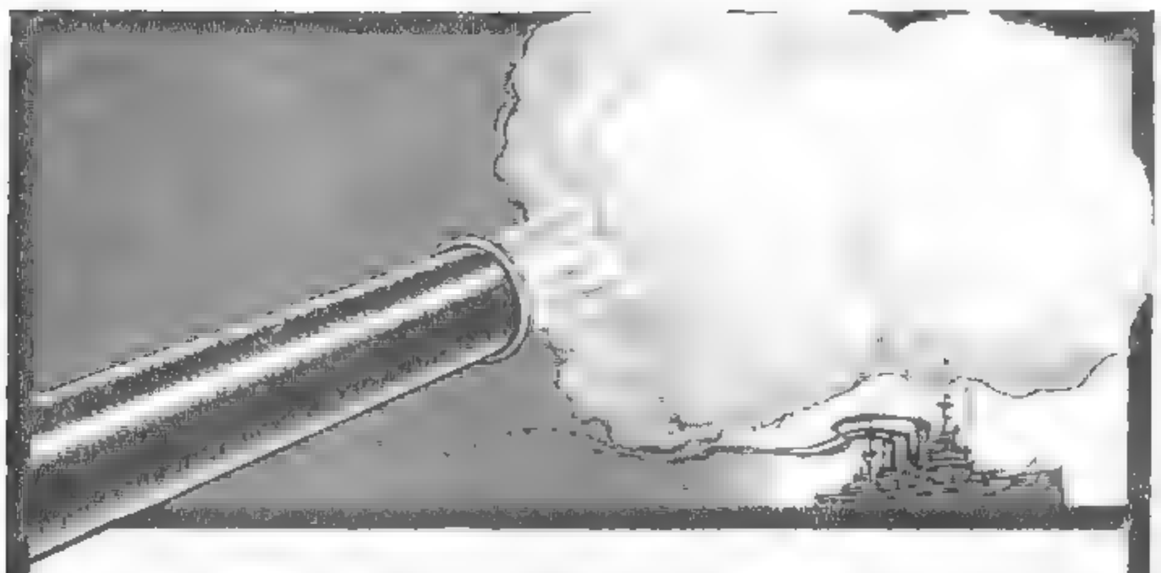

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Nations protect themselves against invasion by foes. States and cities protect themselves against law-breakers, against mob-violence, against robbery. Business men protect themselves against fire, flood or tornado. You insure your home and furniture. You protect your family from possible want, by life insurance—but only twenty men in a hundred carry accident and disability protection. Are you among the twenty—or the eighty? Precaution *can't* always prevent accident. It *can* always protect you against *loss* from disaster. Precaution is a Maryland Casualty Company **Equity-Value Policy.**

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but that one hour adds a dollar a day to the family income, and she does not leave her home to earn it. She has a telephone and for an hour each evening she uses it to take subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

eighth of an inch, was bent upward at a right angle. "Where did you get it?"

"I found it on the floor," he declared; but conscience constrained him to add: "I guess it fell out of papa's pocket." She speculated over it a moment. Certainly it was not a buttonhook, but she could imagine no other use for it. "I don't believe it's of any use; better throw it away," she advised; but, as Billy attached a mysterious value to it, she allowed him to put it back in his pocket.

Gardner found them in the park soon after three, but had little to report—and that not encouraging. Sitting on the grass under a tree, they talked in snatches while Billy played about.

"The police are trying to find somebody who saw me in the alley round midnight," he told her. "They're looking up people who were in the shabby hotel across the alley from Jake Bloom's place. They've found at least two people who were there and questioned them; but they haven't got anybody who saw me yet."

"Sam—they will! They will!" she exclaimed. "Somebody must have seen you. You think at least one woman saw you. The police will find her. They'll get somebody to swear to seeing you anyway!"

"Well, they haven't found anybody yet," he reminded her consolingly.

"They will!" she insisted despairingly. "Sam—couldn't somebody have got in by some other way than the fire-escape? Are you sure there isn't any other way? Are those diagrams in the newspaper right?"

She had asked him that before. Again and again she had pored over those diagrams in search of a saving clew.

"Why, there were only that window and the hall door to Bloom's apartment," he replied mildly. "There's no question those two are the only ways in. And the hall door was found locked, you know, with his key on the inside."

She knew—having thought every bit of it over and over again until her brain was tired. She thought again and, struck by another idea, asked abruptly:

"How do you know what the police are doing?"

"You see, I have a friend or two who pump Pat Maloney and Peter the Italian, who get everything straight from the police. Of course my friends are supposed to want to see me caught."

"You mean that man Arthur?"

"Well, Arthur," he replied; "but more particularly Kittie Hinch."

"They'll find somebody," she repeated in despair. "There's only my alibi now."

He smiled at her with grateful affection, saying:

"There's you, good friend. That's enough."

She did not want compliments or gratitude, however. She wanted a clew. Her mind was busy again as she entered Number 2 Carlisle Terrace; and immediately Miss McChesney, with a startled face, fluttered angularly down on her. With exclamations, catches of the breath, sighs, upturning of eyes, waving of hands and a few tears, the deeply agitated landlady poured forth a recital that left Jane pale.

"We must have a talk with her," she announced very gravely; and after consulting a minute together they marched to the kitchen.

Tilly was paring potatoes in the corner; and, without lifting her head, she glanced up through her eyebrows like one sullenly at bay.

"Miss McChesney has been telling me what you said, Tilly," Jane began. "You're certainly mistaken in thinking you saw Mr. Gardner come into the house after four o'clock that morning."

"'Tain't me that's mistaken," Tilly replied doggedly. "I saw him just as plain as I see this here pan of potatoes. It was broad daylight—just as light as it is this minute. I'd got up and was looking out of my window, and there he come from the Elevated road. I couldn't no more mistake him than I could mistake myself. He turned the corner of the house and I listened and heard him come upstairs. That was quarter past four by my alarm clock; and it was Mr. Gardner—sure's you're alive!"

"But, Tilly, I myself saw Mr. Gardner come in at twenty minutes past eleven," said Jane firmly. "I stood at my bedroom door and he stood at his bedroom door just across the hall. You see, I not only saw him face to face but I talked with him; so I couldn't possibly be mistaken."

"Why, Tilly, you know what a kind gentleman Mr. Gardner is!" Miss McChesney broke in tremulously, unable to restrain herself longer. "You know it would be absurd to suppose he had anything to do with a murder. And there's dear little Billy, too, Tilly. I'm sure you love little Billy. Would you want to see his papa sent to prison?"

"I don't know's I've got anything to do with that one way or another," Tilly replied sullenly; "but Professor Byers said at the breakfast table this morning—you heard him yourself, Miss McChesney, and so did you, Miss Ingraham—that if anybody know'd anything at all about a murder case it was a duty to tell the police."

"Professor Byers is a meddlesome old granny!" Jane retorted hotly. "It's none of his business! I tell you, Tilly, I saw Mr. Gardner come in at twenty minutes past eleven and talked with him. I shall swear to that. If you swear he didn't come in until after four which one of us will the police believe?"

"I don't know's I've got anything to do with that one way or another," Tilly repeated, dropping a pared potato into the smaller pan.

"Do you think your word will stand against mine?" Jane insisted. "I shall swear he came in at twenty minutes past eleven."

Glowering into the larger pan, Tilly selected another potato and replied, very stubbornly:

"And I saw him come in after four."

Whereupon Miss McChesney wailed:

"I'm sure I've always been kind and indulgent to you, Tilly. I don't know why you should want to use me this way. Haven't I always done everything I could to make it pleasant for you?"

"I ain't had a vacation in two years," Tilly replied grimly, peeling a potato.

Miss McChesney and Miss Ingraham then looked significantly at each other and the latter gave a meaning little nod.

"Why, I'm sure you can have a vacation almost any time, Tilly," said Miss McChesney cordially—"a nice two weeks' vacation. Now, you'll keep away from the police, won't you, Tilly—and not bring trouble and disgrace on us?" she coaxed.

"Well, if you say it's all right I suppose it is," said Tilly rather reluctantly.

"It's all right, Tilly," Miss McChesney assured her affectionately; "and I'll arrange about your vacation in a few days."

Out in the hall Miss McChesney clutched Jane's arm and sputtered tragically under her breath:

"She's a regular blackmailer!"

The incident worried Jane. Her faith in Tilly's discretion was small. Somebody else in the neighborhood might have seen Gardner come in. Somebody surely must have seen him in the fatal alley. The man, it seemed, had scattered incriminating clews right and left.

It could be only a question of a short time before the dullest police force picked up enough of them. And she had been quite unable, so far, to jolt him out of a placid, blank-minded indifference to his own imminent danger. He seemed unable to comprehend that danger. It was like trying to make Billy's small, innocent wits grasp the awful fact that men would come presently with a rope and tie it round his neck and strangle the life out of him.

About dinner-time a drizzling rain began to fall, so she could not very well go out. Neither could she allay the agitation in her mind, which was partly solicitude and partly exasperation over Gardner's impassiveness. At eight o'clock in the evening, with a kind of smothered wrath, she put on her hat and raincoat and left the house.

Rain dripped from her umbrella and glistened on her coat as Mrs. Wilson opened the door of Number 111 Pike Street in answer to her ring. As she inquired for Mr. Gardner the landlady comprehended who she was and welcomed her with a violent smile.

Having called up to Mr. Gardner, Mrs. Wilson showed the visitor into the parlor and lit the gas, which revealed a ragged ingrain rug, a red plush settee and an easy-chair in advanced stages of dilapidation, a cottage organ with yellow and uneven keys and a marble-topped center table.

Jane looked round the room with a startled expression. Hastily taking off a glove, she drew a finger across the top of the organ, then felt the marble top of the center table—confirming her suspicions that the former was dusty and the latter greasy. Her very nose expressed indignation and alarm.

(Continued on Page 61)

Neither ice nor hot water can injure Valspar!

TO PROVE that water, hot or cold, *will not affect* Valspar varnish we have made this startling test at numerous shows and exhibitions.

At the great Furniture Show in Grand Rapids, a cake of ice was kept on a Valsparred table for *four days* and boiling water was also poured on the table at frequent intervals.

Yet, neither the extreme cold and dampness of the ice nor the extreme heat of the water did one bit of harm to the beautiful finish.

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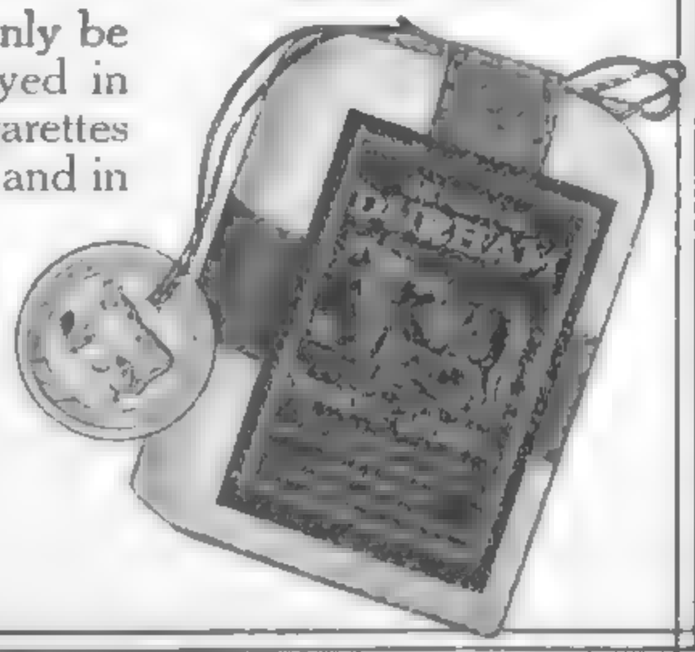
Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack



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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(Continued from Page 58)

Gardner and his son came in at once, the former apologetical, the latter bubbling happily: "Will you stay here now, Aunt Jane?"

"I was just thinking of coming over to see you," said Gardner after a moment. "I wonder if Billy left a piece of wire in your room—a piece about so long, bent up at the end like a buttonhook, with the hook at a right angle. He tells me he took it over there."

She remembered it and assured him that Billy had put it back in his pocket. Gardner then besought the boy to try again to remember what he had done with it; but Billy could only remember that he had had it at Aunt Jane's and that she had scolded him for scratching the windowsill with it. Beyond that his mind was blank.

"What was it anyway, Sam?" Jane asked. "What was it for? Anything important?"

"Oh, no; not important," he replied "only it didn't belong to me. I discovered that I'd picked it up absent-mindedly and put it in my pocket; and I thought the owner might like to have it back. Maybe he has some use for it. But, of course, it isn't important. He can make another. It's sort of annoying, you know, to find you've walked off with somebody else's property. If you should run across it in your room just save it for me."

They talked for a few minutes until Gardner, knowing she had come for a purpose, said:

"Well, son, I guess it's about time small people were in bed."

"I'll go up with you," said Jane. "I want to see your room."

"It isn't very much to see," Gardner suggested uneasily.

"But I want to see it," she insisted.

So they went upstairs together. She crossed the threshold and surveyed the room, her nose eloquent of alarm and indignation. All she said was, "Good night, Billy!" and kissed the boy. Two minutes later Gardner rejoined her guiltily in the parlor; but she gave him no time to begin a defense.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she declared plumply, her eyes sparkling. "If you're willing to live in such a horrid hole you have no business to bring Billy here. It isn't fit for him. And that landlady! Why, I'd as lief have a rat about!"

"Well, it is a rather disagreeable place," he confessed in embarrassment. "But, you see, it's very cheap—only nine dollars a week for both of us."

"It isn't worth nine cents!" she affirmed. "How in the world did you get into such a place?"

"Why, I just happened to see the sign in the window," he explained, lamely; "and I thought I'd look at the room. Of course I didn't really like it at all when I got inside; but I could see the landlady was going to be hurt, you see—and—well——"

As he stumbled in his lame explanation, Jane suddenly threw herself back in the dilapidated plush chair and burst into helpless laughter. Ringing clear in the ragged parlor, the laughter sounded oddly out of place.

"Why, that landlady isn't up to snuff at all! She isn't on to her job a bit!" she declared between gales of mirth. "If she had been she'd have put you in the coal bin and charged you nineteen dollars!"

"Well, it's true I never was any good chaffering with people," he admitted deprecatingly.

"You must get out. You must find another place," she said conclusively as a belated bubble of mirth burst. "But I came over to tell you something," she added soberly.

She was about to speak again; but turned sharply toward the warped folding door between the parlor and dining room, her head erect, her senses quivering. After a moment, still looking intently at the door, she stooped toward him and whispered:

"Somebody's listening behind that door!" They both listened a moment. "Come over here!" she whispered; and they crossed to the dilapidated settee in the corner and spoke under their breaths.

This mortified Mrs. Wilson. At the sudden silence in the parlor she surmised that they might have heard the slight sound she made as her dress brushed carelessly against the doorknob. As the silence continued she was sure of it.

Tiptoeing carefully out to the kitchen, Mrs. Wilson took a time-yellowed book from the top of the cabinet. The front part of the book contained various culinary recipes, home-made cures for divers illnesses, antidotes for snakebites, little newspaper clippings mentioning her police friends, and other matters that had engaged the landlady's discursive literary interests during a score of years; but the back pages of the book were blank, except that on one of them she had newly made several entries in an unformed hand and bad spelling. Beneath the last entry she now wrote the day of the week, month, year, and the following:

"Woman caled at eight P. M. Ast for Mr. G. They stayed in parler twenty minits, then went up to Mr. G.'s room."

She surveyed the entry a moment, then added: "Woman lefft the house at——" and left a blank for the hour to be filled in later. And, having contemplated that a moment, she approved the whole with a powerful smile. She had heard the caller's candid observations on her establishment and she concluded that this entry, when she turned it over to the police, would just about tie the score.

Meanwhile Jane was telling Gardner about Tilly and he was listening with that sober detachment—as though it were somebody else's case—which she found so intolerable. At length she burst forth accusingly, still speaking very low:

"But isn't there any problem for me? Don't I come in at all? If Tilly does go to the police where does that leave me?" He stared at her in uncomprehending surprise, and she went on bitterly: "Can I stand before her and swear that you didn't leave the house after twenty minutes past eleven?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, shocked at the notion. "Of course you couldn't do that, Jane. How good you are! How kind you're trying to be to me! Really—please—you mustn't go bothering yourself like this about me," he added in sincerest humble gratitude. "Why should you?"

Her eyes fell and she murmured:

"Somebody's got to bother and you won't." Then, with fierce energy: "Do you know what it means? Have you really thought of it? Do you know—what hanging is like?"

He ran his fingers through his hair and replied mildly:

"Yes; I've thought of all that. And, really, what is it, Jane? Suppose I got run over by a street car. That would be a more painful death. And hanging—if it came to that—would be just an accident, like the street car. I don't like to talk about it not even to you—because I know you think it's ridiculous. Yet you think it a good deal the same way you think Billy is ridiculous, and that isn't bad. You see, there are other things I'd hate much more than simply getting hanged. I'm ridiculous in this way, Jane—I'm a lot interested in what I do myself; but I can't someway get so terribly interested in what other people do to me. I can't make it seem to myself that it's very much my affair, you see. Seems to me that's their affair."

There was something unreal and tragically absurd as he discussed it in this way, very quietly, looking soberly at her out of his round gray eyes.

"Really, I've thought of it," he added, speaking a little lower. "I know there's a chance it may come to hanging. And I'm glad you spoke of it, because—remember, please, and don't be unhappy about me if it should come to that; and I want you to have Billy—if you'll take him. I think you love him more than anybody else after me. Of course—he need never know."

His low, even voice did catch just a little at the last words—at which a little cry died in her throat and she winked hard with both eyes, an instant later lightly biting her lip.

"You shall not!" she moaned. "I won't have Billy—that way. We must get a plan. There must be some way out! We must find it. I'll never let up a minute until we do."

The second day following, descending from the Elevated an hour before dinnertime, Jane turned aside into Pike Street instead of keeping on up the avenue to Carlisle Terrace. Approaching Number 111, she saw Gardner sitting on the warped steps in friendly conversation with another man. The other man was dressed very smartly in a sporty fashion and had a salmon-pink concave face. With a shock, Jane recognized him as Mr. Hinch and walked forward more briskly, her mind alert. Mr. Hinch recognized her, removing his hat with a wide grin, but remaining seated on the steps.

Gardner sprang up and came down to meet her, hat in hand. It struck her, from

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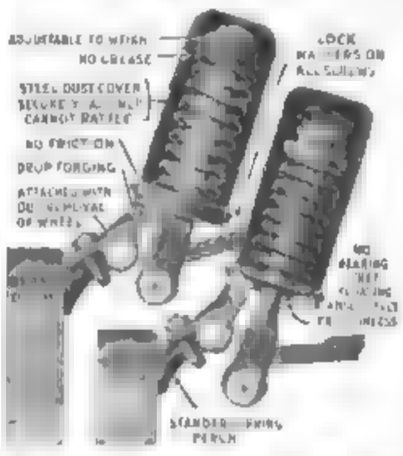

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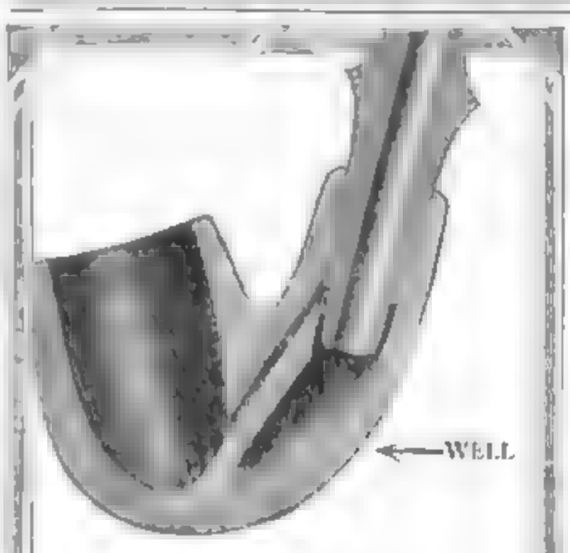

The Right Pipe Principle

This illustration speaks for itself. Note how the *well* is made to catch all the saliva and keep it out of the bowl. That's the Wellington principle and it makes sure of a cool, sweet, *dry* smoke to the last grain of the tobacco.

The Wellington

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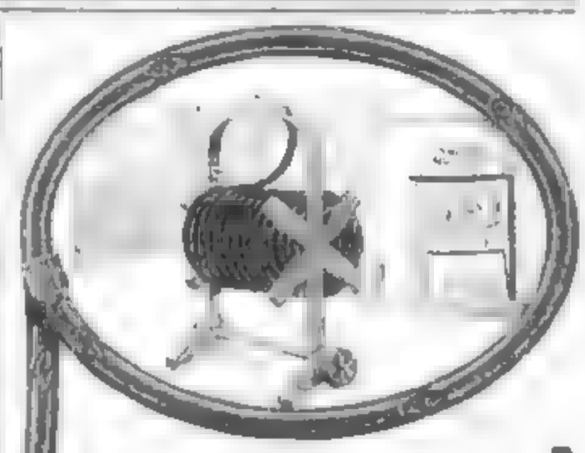
Trade Mark



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This is the hose with six strong longitudinal ribs and eighteen additional corrugations. These add to the gliding quality and the wearing quality, as well as to the convenience in handling. Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose has five layers of finest quality rubber and braided staple cotton. These are all cured into one durable unit for unusual [illegible].

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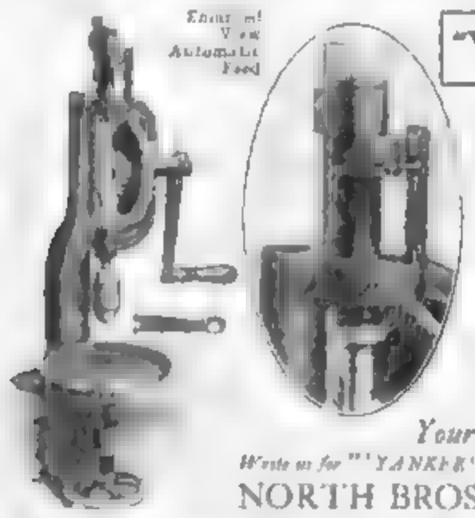

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his rather nervous manner, that he wished to keep her away from his companion; but she said, "How do you do, Mr. Hinch?" very amiably and stepped over to shake hands with him; then calmly took the place beside him on the warped steps that Gardner had vacated. She spoke of the weather and the steps, and the service on the Elevated road; and at length—having studied her companion's face the while—she observed abruptly:

"Mr. Hinch, of course you know the trouble Mr. Gardner is in about the Bloom murder."

"Oh, sure!" Kittie replied, with friendly promptness. "That's what I was talkin' with him about when you come up. Now you mustn't let that get you rattled, Miss Ingraham. In every case like this the police fill up the newspapers with a lot of rotten dope—tryin' to make the public think they know all about it, when they don't know nothin' at all. See? These police are fatheads, Miss Ingraham. Take it from me! The only way they ever find out anything is by gettin' somebody to squeal or tip it off to 'em—unless it's a job they framed up themselves in the first place and then detected afterward. They're just a lot of bums and crooks and boneheads. Leave 'em alone and they can't detect nothin'. That's just what I've been tellin' Sam here."

"But, you know, they have some circumstantial evidence against him," Jane persisted, looking into Kittie's pale and expressionless eyes. "They might make him a great deal of trouble and expense. You were down there, Mr. Hinch. Can't you help us? Who do you think killed Bloom?"

Kittie met the plump question with a wide grin.

"Oh, as to that, 'most anybody might 'a' done it. See? He had a whole smear of enemies. Plenty of people had a good call to kill him. The police don't know anything about it. They're just fatheads! They say the man that done it must 'a' gone up the fire-escape; but he might just as well 'a' gone in from the hall, for all they know. They're boneheads and crooks!"

"But the hall door was locked, you know," Jane observed.

"Why, it was nothin' but a common door lock," Kittie replied. "I've seen it myself—bein' up there with Jake. That shows what dubs the police are! They don't figure that anybody might 'a' picked a common door lock. Why, you can take a piece of steel wire so long—see?—and bend one end into a ring, and then bend the other end up a little—see?—and you can pick any common lock with it in two seconds!"

"Why had Bloom so many enemies?" she inquired.

"He was a hog," Kittie replied promptly—"a murderin' hog! He didn't care no more what he done to anybody than a hog does. It's a wonder he wasn't killed long ago. There wasn't no way in the world to handle that man, Miss Ingraham, except just to kill him. Plenty of people knew that—and somebody, you see, put it across."

At which Kittie's thin lips expanded in so wide and cold a smile that Jane thought of a jocular serpent. She had noticed before that his eyes were without depth or color.

She talked on a while, waiting for him to go, which presently he did, very urbanely. She and Gardner stood in front of the steps, at Kittie's taking leave, until he was three doors away. Then she caught Gardner's arm, her eyes shining excitedly.

"Sam! He killed Bloom! He's the man!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Why, I thought of that myself," he replied mildly. "But, you see, he was right there in the poker room all the while—so he couldn't have done it. Half a dozen men saw him all the while. That man Arthur I spoke to you about, you know, sat right at the table with him until after midnight."

"He's the man!" she declared. "He killed Bloom! Look at his face! Look into his eyes! See that grin!"

"It's true Kittie has a peculiar face; but you can't hang a man on that account, you know. Don't you think, Jane, you're a bit apt to think that anybody who looks odd must be a crook? All the evidence says he was in the poker room all the while." Gardner smiled.

That was a very important obstacle. Yet she would not be convinced.

"That bent wire—and picking the lock!" she insisted. "Sam, you got that wire from him, didn't you?" And, as he shuffled his foot in embarrassment, she demanded: "Answer me! Didn't you?"

"Yes," he confessed. "It belonged to him. I must have put it in my pocket absent-mindedly. But just having a bent wire proves nothing."

"He killed Bloom!" she repeated stubbornly—the more stubbornly as she felt the weakness of her case. "Why, he had more motive than anybody else. You said his wife ran off with Bloom."

"It's true he had a strong motive, but that doesn't overcome the evidence."

The evidence, in fact, was baffling. She walked on to Number 2 Carlisle Terrace pondering it, and she would have pondered it through dinner—only silly Mrs. Wharton vexed her by dragging up the subject of the Bloom murder once more, wondering when the murderer would be caught.

"The detection of crime," boomed Professor Byers, turning his pugnacious snub nose and cleft chin from Miss McChesney to Jane, "is simply a matter of moral gravitation. It is as inevitable in a moral world as the fall of a heavy body is in the physical world."

The professor, in fact, had been thinking up a sermon on the subject.

"I am the murderer!" he announced in deep tones and Tilly in the background gave an audible gasp. "The purpose to murder is concealed in my brain." He laid a stubby forefinger on his temple. "I elaborate the most cunning plans to delude the police. At midnight I creep up on my victim." He illustrated the creeping by drawing his fork slowly along the table cloth. "The deed is done! No eye has seen me. The police are mystified. I am safe! But, no!" he boomed. "I have created a body of guilt that is just as sure to fall to the ground as this fork is to fall to the table!"

As the fork struck the table Miss McChesney put a hand to her flat and agitated breast.

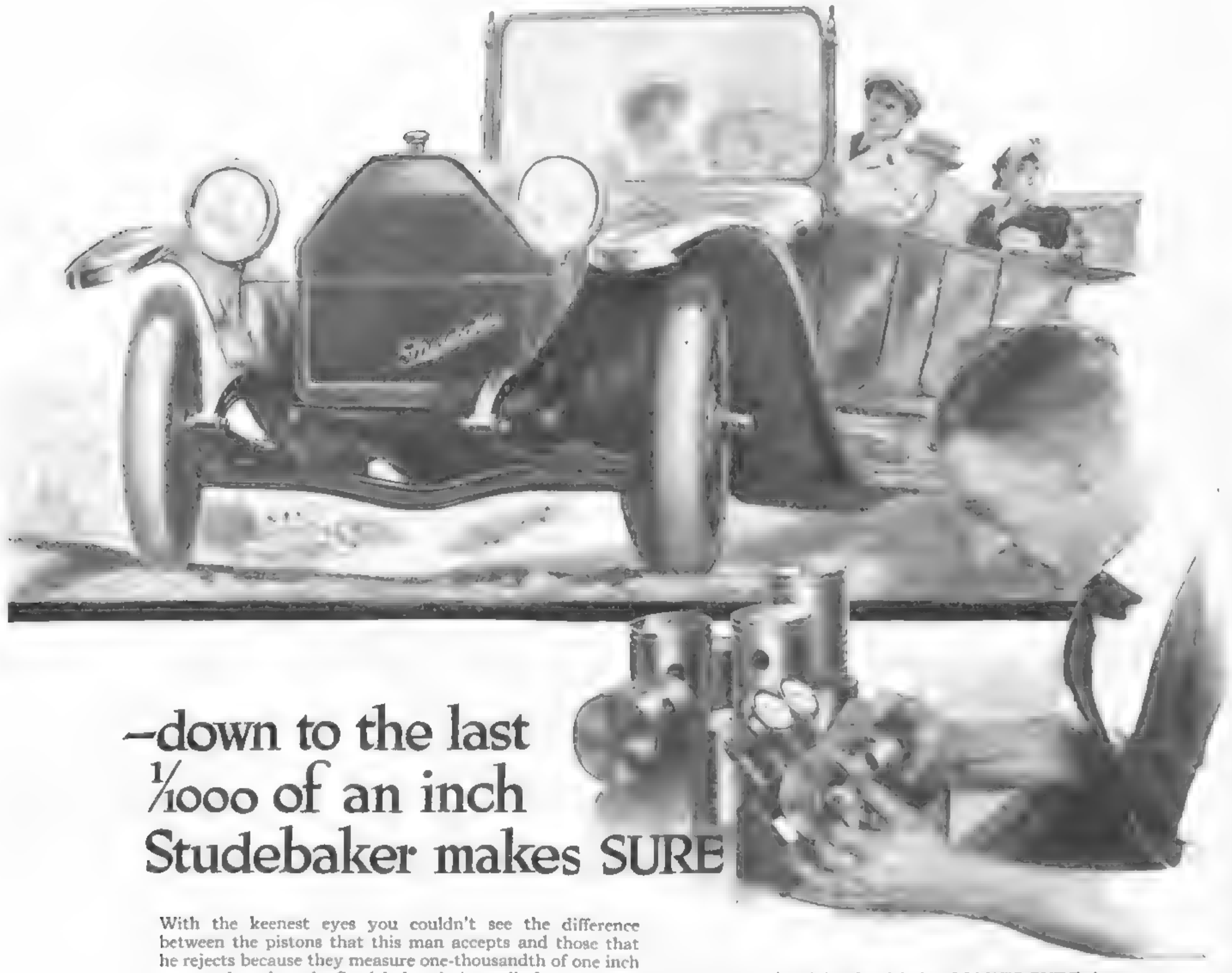
"I may have no conscience," the professor continued solemnly. "One man out of a million does have no conscience. I may be that exceptional individual. But the body of guilt I have created sheds particles of itself. Some particle lights on a person who has a conscience. It may be no bigger than that." Covering with his thumb all but an eighth of an inch of the tip of his fork, he presented that pennyweight of guilt to the audience. "But a person who has a conscience and stands in fear of God's judgment cannot bear even that much of the load. It may be a very little clew—a handkerchief, a word, a look—but the person knows that little thing is a clew to the crime. He knows that if he conceals it he takes the guilt of murder on his soul. He divulges that little clew and the crime is detected. In a moral world it is inevitable!"

The little silence that followed was punctured by Miss McChesney, speaking with unusual acerbity:

"Tilly, why don't you serve the pudding? What are you standing there for?"

Jane glanced round and saw Tilly leaning against the sideboard, with her mouth open and her eyes as big as saucers, holding a dish of pudding in each paralyzed hand. And Jane's heavy heart was constricted afresh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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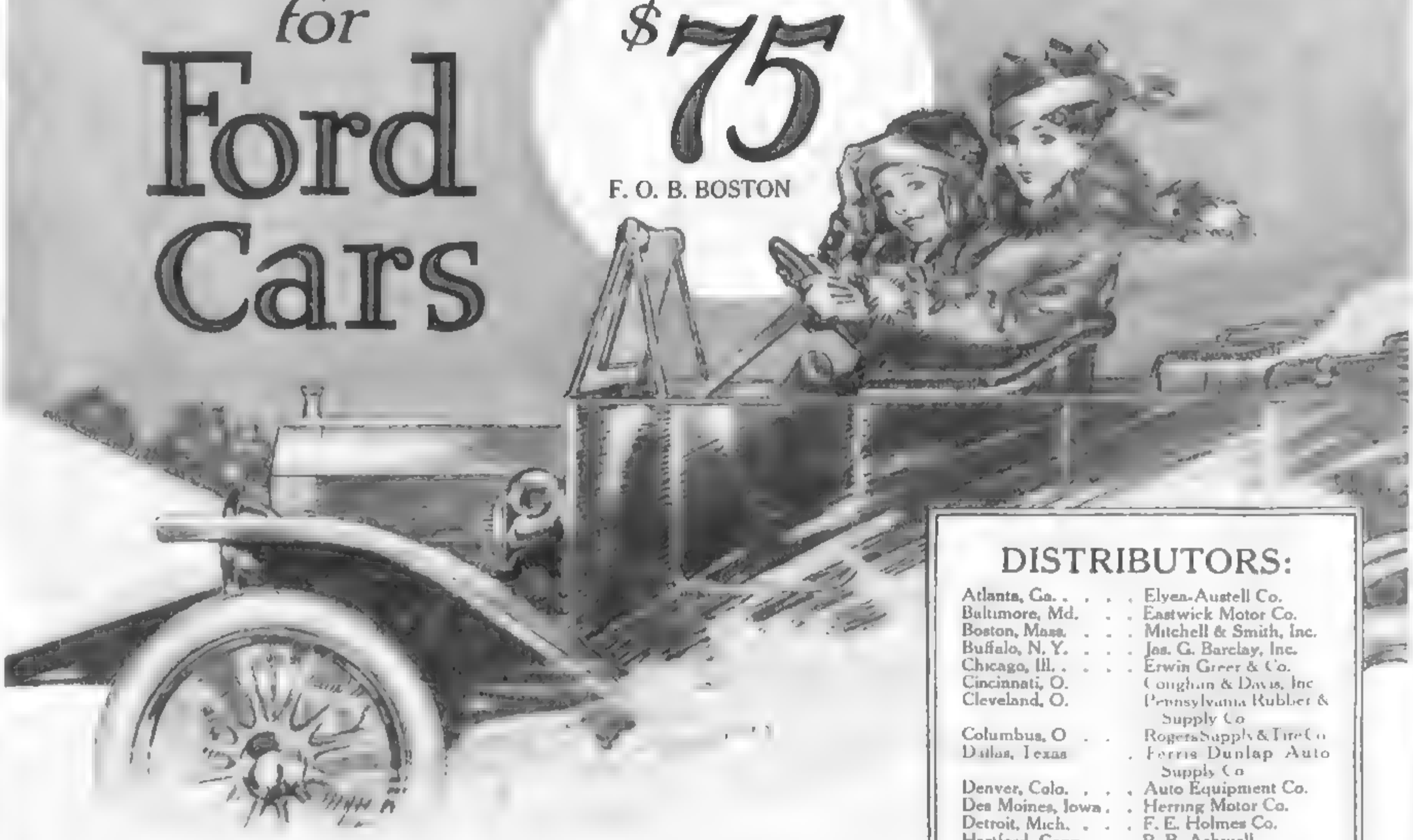

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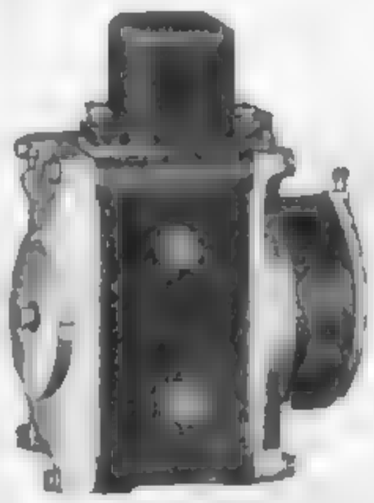

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"THIS IS THE LIFE"

(Continued from Page 17)

"Did you? Why, we've hardly begun the first one. It has something like seventy scenes in it. We haven't even touched the stunt stuff yet."

Stunt stuff! Mrs. Gribble recalled Buck Parvin's cheerful prophecies with a slight sensation of faintness. There was an anxious note in her voice as she spoke:

"Are—are the stunts any harder than the ones I did yesterday?"

Montague laughed.

"You didn't do any stunts yesterday," said he. "That was just the usual run of picture stuff. A stunt is something that requires muscle—nerve—courage. Of course I try to eliminate as many chances of injury as I can. I do not like to have our people hurt. In case they are, the company stands the hospital bills; but, even so, a stunt actress is hard to find. Most women lack your courage. I will be frank with you, Miss Aldine: In straight parts you will probably never amount to anything, because your acting is very bad; but the stunts will carry you through. If you stick to me I will make you the leading stunt actress of America."

This was news indeed; but it did not make Mrs. Gribble happy. It made her distinctly uncomfortable.

"And what will I be expected to do?" she asked.

"Oh, pretty much everything in the athletic line," answered Montague carelessly. "Ride a horse; swim; do a jump once in a while; work with wild animals ——"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Gribble. "I never was on a horse in my life, I can't swim, and I'm deathly afraid of animals!"

"You can learn to ride and swim, and you'll get used to animals," said Montague. "As it happens, you won't have to ride or swim in this picture and the scenario does not call for animals. The stunts are easy ones. You will escape from a burning building by means of a rope—the boys will tie it round you and let you down to the ground; you will climb a few fences and do one falling jump into water—— Oh, that's all right; it won't be over your head, Miss Aldine. Perhaps it would be more spectacular if you could manage a head-first dive——"

"I can't! I can't! I know I can't!" cried Mrs. Gribble.

"Never say you can't do anything until you've tried," said the director. "You will jump on a moving train and off again; you will be in a taxicab collision, and a few little things like that. Positively no danger, I assure you; but would you believe that eight experienced women refused to play this part before you turned up? They hadn't the nerve."

"I—I think you might have told me, Mr. Montague!" said Mrs. Gribble.

"I am telling you now," said he.

The afternoon shadows were long among the trees of a wooded valley when two men crashed through the underbrush and stood at the edge of a black pool of water, its surface covered with weeds and moss. This particular spot is an old friend and favorite location of moving-picture directors and has appeared in countless films—sometimes as an impenetrable swamp, sometimes as the scene of bloody conflict; but more often as the spot where the unfortunate comedian takes his involuntary bath.

"It's the last hurdle," said one of the men. "If this doesn't finish her, I swear I don't know what to do next."

"Too game for her own good," murmured the other. "When we let her down from the roof and left her hanging in the air for fifteen minutes, while Charlie fooled with the camera, I thought she'd surely quit. And she climbed those fences like a scairt cat. What's the idea, Jim?"

"The idea is a cure for film infatuation," said the other. Then, lifting his voice: "This way with the camera!"

Other figures drew near; and last of all came a woman, worn and weary, and clad in a gingham dress. She limped painfully to the edge of the pool, looked at the water and the weeds and then at James Montague.

"I'm to jump into this—this mudhole?" said she.

"Yes, Miss Aldine—off the limb of that tree right into the middle of it," said the director.

"But it's dirty water!" said Mrs. Gribble faintly.

Ah, but look at the location!" said Montague. "The background is wonderful and the water isn't more than four feet deep."

"I won't!" cried Mrs. Gribble. "I can't!"

"You must!" said the director with firmness. "I can't spoil this picture just because you're squeamish about a little dirt. We will help you into the tree. Hurry, please; the light is failing."

The habit of obedience prevailed; Mrs. Gribble was assisted into the tree, complaining bitterly.

"It's so far!" said she, looking down at the pool.

"What? A little jump like that!" said the director. "Now we can't rehearse this, because you haven't another costume. We'll make it the first time. Get out on the limb as far as you can and, when I give the word, jump. Make as much of a splash as possible and exit on the other side of the pool. Got the lines, Charlie? All right. Now, Miss Aldine, as soon as you are ready, please."

"I'm afraid!" said the lady. "It's too far!"

"Kain't yo' see yo' got her scairt to death?" demanded Martha from the brink. "She ain't no divin' Venus, she ain't! Miss Addie, le's quit dis play-actin' an' go home!"

"Silence!" commanded Montague. "Now then, Miss Aldine!"

"Miss Aldine!" sniffed Martha. "Yo' wait till her husban' hears 'bout dis foolishness!"

"Ready?" shouted Montague. "Now then—jump!"

Mrs. Gribble looked at the branches above her head, at the pool below, and closed her eyes.

"I ca-an't!" she quavered.

"Why don't you jump?" bellowed Montague.

Mrs. Gribble loosed her hold and fell; the black water closed over her head with a mighty splash. She reappeared, festooned with green tendrils and moss, half strangled and sputtering.

"Out! Out on the other side!" yelled Montague.

Mrs. Gribble dragged herself to the bank, a bedraggled spectacle calculated to win pity from any masculine heart. Martha ran to her with the blanket Montague had provided. Mrs. Gribble, weeping hysterically, allowed herself to be led to a tree and leaned against the trunk for support.

"Dis is enough monkeyshines!" said Martha sternly. "Yo' heah me, Miss Addie? Dis is enough!"

Montague and Dupree had their heads together in close consultation.

"Oh, Miss Aldine!" said the director.

"Yes," answered a weak voice. "What is it now?"

"Get that dress washed to-night," said Montague. "Must have it ready the first thing in the morning. We'll have to make this scene over again. Charlie ran out of film."

Mrs. Gribble slipped to the ground in a faint.

V

ELMER GRIBBLE sat by the side of the bed and held his wife's hand. A smaller man might have found the opportunity to say: "I told you so!"

"I do not know anything about such matters," said Mr. Gribble; "but it seems to me that you are legally bound to fill this engagement. It would be regarded as a—a sort of contract ——"

"I didn't agree to let that brute, Montague, drown me!" wailed Mrs. Gribble. "Oh, Elmer, if you could have seen that filthy mudhole! If you care anything for me at all—anything at all ——"

"There, there, Addie!" said Mr. Gribble soothingly. "If you're sure you won't want to go back next week ——"

"I hope I'll never see a moving-picture studio again!" cried Mrs. Gribble. "I hope I'll never see a film again! Oh, Elmer, get me out of this scrape and I'll never say 'movie' to you as long as I live!"

"I will do the best I can," said Mr. Gribble. "I will see this man Montague tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Gribble wept and fell asleep, to dream that Buck Parvin and the camera man were trying to throw her into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; while James Montague stood by and talked of Art and

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the courage required of a stunt actress. Mr. Gribble still held her hand, patting it gently from time to time. His emotions did not appear on the surface, but inside of him there was an intense satisfaction and, at wicked intervals, a desire to laugh.

The next morning Buck Parvin, adjusting a shirt of mail in the door of his dressing room, observed another stranger who seemed to know the way to Montague's office.

"There goes prosperity on the hoof," said Buck to Ben—"head up and tail over the dashboard, too. You reckon he wants to have a picture made of himself?"

Mr. Montague looked up at his visitor and grinned. "It worked, did it?" said he.

"Like a charm!" said Mr. Gribble. "I am to tell you that you are a brute. Accept my thanks and congratulations on a very complete job."

"I did have to be a bit rough with her," said Montague; "but you said the case was desperate. I think the cure will be lasting."

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Gribble, taking out his pocketbook. The check he laid in front of the director bore a signature, but was otherwise blank. "Fill it in yourself," said Mr. Gribble, "and go as far as you like. It's worth it."

James Montague folded the check carefully and, tearing it across, dropped it into the wastepaper basket.

"A laugh is the scarcest thing in the world," said he. "Your wife has handed me several. Shall we consider our original agreement void and the account closed?"

That evening Mr. Gribble searched high and low, but could not find his wife. The servants were also missing. As a last resort he entered the kitchen, and there discovered Mrs. Gribble in the act of frying a panful of breaded veal cutlets.

"Addie!" said he.

"I told Boggs and the cook they could take the afternoon and evening off," said she. "We'll have an old-fashioned dinner, Elmer."

"With brown gravy?" said Mr. Gribble.

"Yes, and mashed potatoes. . . . There, Elmer—that'll do! You mustn't hug the cook. She's busy!"

This may, or may not, be the reason why James Montague is wearing a very handsome diamond ring.

THE INDOMITABLE JOE

(Continued from Page 9)

those stations. Switching crews show feverish activity in snatching the cars from the floats, and yardmasters bend themselves nervously toward forming the long trains that are to go rumbling West throughout the night.

Before Wright's first pipeful is half smoked a through train comes out of Greenville. It is billed through to Pittsburgh and it is a preference or fast freight, running on a close schedule for four hundred and forty miles and laden with a cargo worth a king's ransom. Three minutes behind it comes a Chicago train. It is out of Harsemus Cove; and, like the Pittsburgh preference, it goes through Waverly Yard without stopping. You begin to wonder why they have a yard—and Wright—out there back of Newark. Within five minutes you wonder no longer. They are beginning to get the unassorted cars from the terminals—cars that are bound for more than a score of states. The work of sorting these begins.

There is a hump such as we saw at Dewitt; and Wright himself is something of a field marshal. The trains are pulling in from the water-front stations at almost five-minute intervals, and they are barely stopped before men with lanterns are running alongside and inspecting the chalk marks for the cuts. The cars are marked distinctly—for Philadelphia, for Pittsburgh, for Washington, for Cincinnati—and each is given a classification identifiable after dark on a short autumn day only by the friendly switch lamp.

It is the irony of yard fate that so much of its work must be done in the night hours, when operation is difficult and to an extent dangerous. Waverly's work in bringing the inbound traffic to New York is almost done at dawn—its broad-breasted track groupings are comparatively idle through the day;

(Continued on Page 69)

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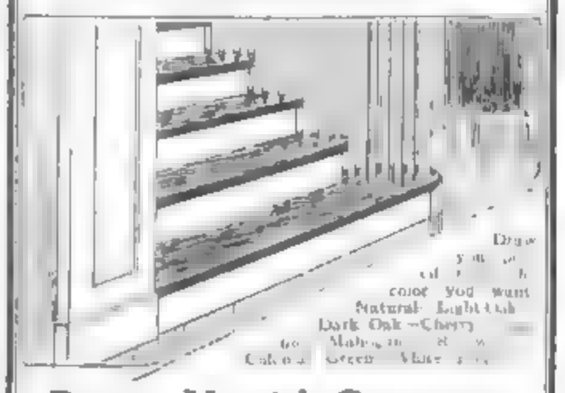

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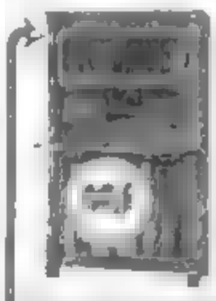

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"He ordered one from our Ford dealer and it was put on the car in a jiffy. John said he could have put it on himself—it was so easy.

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"I like the Genemotor because it is so simple and easy to operate, and I now drive our Ford more than twice as much as I used to."

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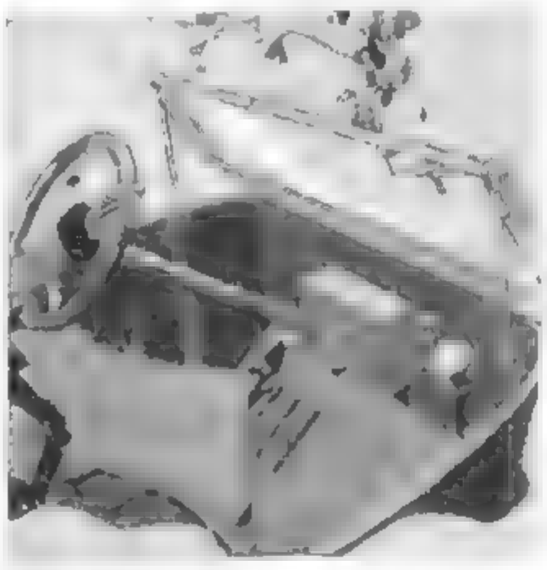

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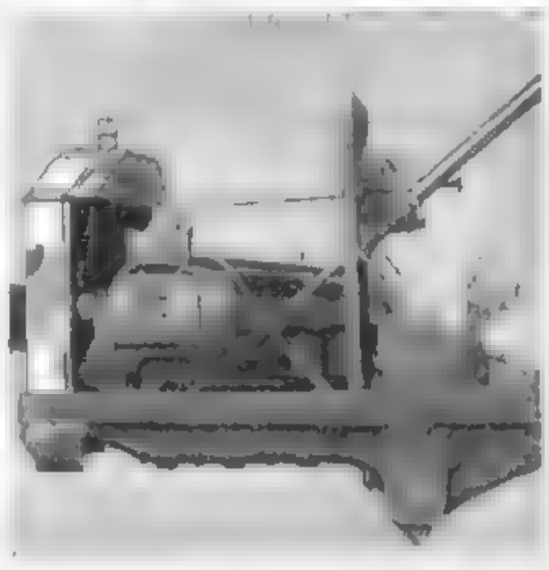

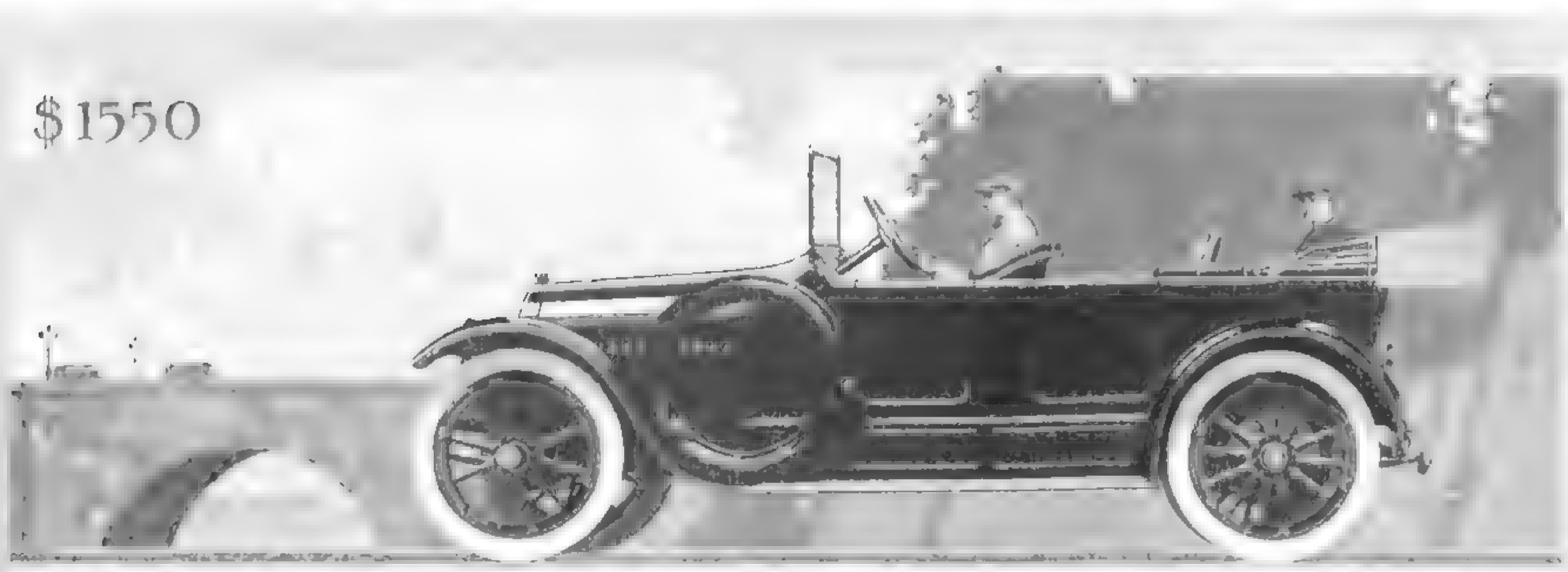

Lightness Can Be Combined With Strength

HUDSON PROVED IT

When light steel bridges took the place of stone, there came up the question of strength in them.

When steel buildings displaced solid masonry, the question arose again.

So in automobiles. The early high-grade Sixes weighed 4500 pounds. That overtax in tires and fuel barred the Six to most men. Now it is known that overweight was a crudeness, a weakness in itself.

The Hudson Remedy

Howard E. Coffin, the great HUDSON engineer, long ago decided that lightness could be combined with strength. He displaced cast iron with aluminum. He adopted pressed steel. He re-designed a thousand parts to secure staunchness without weight. His hollow driving shaft illustrates one method of weight reduction.

Then he designed a small-bore, high-speed motor. That let him lighten a hundred parts because of the lesser shocks.

After four years of effort, the final result is this HUDSON for $1550. It weighs 2890 pounds, ready for the road. As compared with old-time Sixes, it has cut fuel and tire cost in two.

Excess Out-of-Date

The Light Six vogue started with this HUDSON. Now crude excess is distinctly out-of-date. The leading cars average hundreds of pounds less than last year. But the HUDSON, because of our years of refinements, is the lightest in its class—the lightest 7-passenger Six.

This year, if you pay between $1000 and $2000, you are pretty sure to want a Light Six. Your sole question is, "Which is the best Light Six?"

10,000 Men Say Hudson

Over 10,000 men chose the HUDSON. Half of them bought last year's model, and have driven it two seasons. Half bought this year's model. Together they have driven this car, perhaps, 25 million miles.

They have proved it right. They have found no weakness, no shortcoming. Any owner around you will say that.

That's the all-important point. Every old-time standard has been radically revised in creating the Light Six. And only time and tests can demonstrate the avoidance of mistakes.

The HUDSON has met those tests. It is a proved success. Its buyers take no chances. It is, in addition, a Howard E. Coffin model. It is a finished product, showing the results of four years of refinement. We believe that you'll select it.

HUDSON Six-40 Seven-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit. Four other styles of bodies.

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 66)

only at dusk does this gateway beg'n to throb with the prescience of the ste.m caravans that bring the treasures out from the city. In the very necessities of the situation its chief work is at night; but at a point such as Dewitt or Collinwood the test of good operation is to keep as large a proportion of the work through daylight hours. Thus, in a yard employing forty switch engines, all told, good operation would show twenty-five of these in use throughout the day against fifteen reserved for night service. By such impartial things do yardmasters rise and fall.

We have already seen carload classifications; and so Wright leads us quickly to the distinctive feature of his domain—the transfer house. His yard is also different from Dewitt in the fact that it is receiving and giving many hundred cars a day from and to other railroads. As you probably know, a railroad makes a so-called per-diem charge for each day one of its cars is off its own rails and on the other fellow's. Part of the freight-traffic game is to get rid of the other fellow's cars and so keep down the aggregate of per-diem charges—always considerable and apt to cause a choleric condition in the big boss' disposition down at headquarters. The transfer house attempts to solve this problem, in part at least, by bringing small-package freight—"less than carload," or LCL—into the system's own cars at every possible point.

Now here is a really important phase of railroad energy. We find our way to an attenuated freight house, two stories in height, to whose doors no truck has ever backed and which is hemmed in by many rows of sidings and sheds. This is Waverly Transfer House, to which is given the unending problem of taking the LCL stuff from connecting railroads and the metropolitan freight houses—from two hundred to five hundred carloads a day of it—and sorting it quickly and accurately. To accomplish this the transfer house must be roomy, well manned and systematic. If it is anything less it is chaos, and absolutely fails in its purpose.

The chief freight points, not only of this system, which has its busy New York gateway at Waverly, but of the lines that connect with it, have regular stands on which nightly are placed cars bound for them. Each city—in the case of a large city, each freight-house—has a number, and its through car stands opposite that number. When the freight comes rolling in from the metropolitan stations and is unloaded piece by piece, a checker, who is hardly less than an animated guidebook, gives each its proper number. It is promptly trucked off to the waiting car. Yet this is not an absolute order.

Job, Daniel and Solomon in One

From time to time certain towns will demand an occasional through car, and against such emergencies one must be assigned a number and a place at the transfer house. Sometimes there is more than enough freight to fill the regular car or cars allotted any one given point, and then one of the switching crews must drill that out and find another to replace it. The big trick is to see that the proper cars are in use.

"Here is a car bound up the Milwaukee from Chicago," Wright explains to you. "We send one of them out every night. It's part of my job to find a Milwaukee empty for that when I can. If I can't—well, perhaps I'll find an Oregon Short Line and get her started toward home, or something from the Soo; just as I'm going to hurry that New Haven car back to Connecticut tomorrow morning. If I was to get that New Haven started down below Mason and Dixon's Line there'd be trouble. And I've noticed that generally when we get a big turn of Western stuff we've got our empty tracks chockablock with New England cars."

You suggest that the transfer house is a mighty good thing; and the man in immediate charge of it replies that it is a necessary evil. Like some nine hundred and ninety-nine other factors of the railroad, it requires judgment in its use. He tells a story of a similar house on a near-by competitor.

"They got a carload of fancy porcelain brick through from Haverstraw one time, and the fellow in charge of the transfer—he was one of them bright young college boys, tryin' to learn the railroad business—gets it into his head that it was something awful for that brick to be going through to middle Ohio on a Maine Central box. So he dumps it out into a system car and saves his road about ten dollars and fifty cents per diem. It happens that the road pays about one hundred and thirty-five dollars for the damage to the brick in the transferring! . . . That's all right; so was the boy! He was all right in the transfer house. If he was out on the engine he might blow up the boiler!"

Leonard and Wright represent two different types of men in charge of radically different types of yards. Yet in one important requisite they—and all of their fellows—are alike. The successful yardmaster is an autocrat. He is a Kitchener in the railroad army. There must be none to say him "no."

"Given three of the right sort of men on a stretch of railroad," says John A. Droege, general superintendent of the New Haven and one of the recognized experts in yard and terminal work, "and you are not going to have such a hard time operating it. But they must be good men, real railroaders in every sense of the word—the engine-house foreman, the chief train-dispatcher and the general yardmaster. And of these, the greatest is the yardmaster. He is the equivalent of the superintendent, a king of his own, an autocrat. Like the superintendent, he must be a veritable Job for patience, a Solomon in wisdom and a Daniel as to judgment."

The Days of Railroad Larceny

No wonder then that when you ride down in the trolley alongside one of these modern yard bosses you will think him a professional man of some sort or another. For your yardmaster is quiet, reserved, resourceful. Somehow, as you look at him, you have a feeling that in a traffic emergency he would be willing to turn in and work with his own hands, but that it would not be necessary. This quiet man has organization, has system in his own work—you are sure of that.

You have thought of a yardmaster as a tearing, whirlwind, profane sort of fellow—picturesque, you may have termed him; but you have thought wrong. Bawling out has gone out of favor in the railroad yards. The men will not tolerate it. And the yardmasters find that they gain nothing by it for themselves. Once in a while you will find one of the older type still in command. Such a one is Joe Murphy, who bears the title of general yardmaster at X——. Murphy is a humorist and a historian, and he holds his job through a sheer sort of uncouth ability.

As a historian you will most enjoy him. And if you gain his confidence he will tell you the story of the time when Blinks, the general manager of the road, made his principal bid for fame on the fact that he saved the company ten thousand dollars a year by the simple expedient of vetoing all requisitions for links and pins.

"How'd we do it?" roars Murphy. "We had to do it! When the night gang'd come to work they'd find about six hundred couplin's to make and nary a blessed link or pin in th' yard! Those bright day b'ys had taken them all to get their trains out. So we'd take a switch engine an' a box car and hustle ourselves down to the P——'s yard, a-sayin' we had some transferrin' to do—which we had! We'd get any of the P——switchmen that was hangin' round, inconveniently like, into the nearest gin mill, an' then we'd borrow a carload of links and pins.

"It was hard work at that. Those P—— folks, bein' of a mean disposition nachurally, they'd set a brake or two on the las' two cars in a string, and then take up the slack an' set more brakes on the other end; so you couldn't help yourselves to couplin's without a lot o' work. And durin' those lean years round '93 and '94 there was at least three roads livin' on links an' pins off the P—— folks. Railroadin' had some fun 'bout it in those days!"

It is not so long ago that a good many railroads included grand larceny as a part of a yardmaster's job; but links and pins were nothing compared with cars. It is still told round the big Union Station in St. Louis how in 1870, when the Indianapolis and St. Louis was first opened for service, there were but two old Sanderson sleeping cars for service between the two towns; and there were two roads that wanted those battered old sleepers.

One fateful night arrived when the Vandalia had no sleeping car for its night train.

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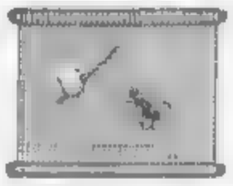

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Its superintendent asked his yardmaster to do his duty. The yardmaster hustled down to the I. & St. L. yard and became acquainted with the latter's yardmaster. Diplomacy went to work and drinks were in order. The yardmaster of the Vandalia certainly was a good fellow. He bought drinks, not only for the I. & St. L. yardmaster but all the I. & St. L. men in sight. It was a regular night before Waterloo; for while the feasting and merriment were high a Vandalia switch engine, with its bell carefully tied down, slipped over into the rival road's yard and hooked on to its sleeping car. The theft was discovered, but too late—the Vandalia had a sleeper for Indianapolis that night, while its rival had none.

The I. & St. L. folks waited two days—and got even. They waited until the Vandalia train was made up and at its platform. Then they ran down, coupled on, hustled the passengers out, and snaked the sleeping car away in triumph. Two days later it was the Vandalia's turn for grand larceny. It grabbed the car and protected it by keeping a switch engine, manned by the niftiest bruisers in the yard force, coupled on the end until the train pulled out. It was a fortnight before the two roads got arbitration into play and settled the ownership of the battered sleeping cars.

Genius is a part of the equipment of a real yardmaster, and tact should be one of the fingers of his capable hands. And courtesy—as to courtesy, come to this big angular master of a yard whose tracks are cramped and crowded almost within the heart of one of our largest cities.

"Hear the Swiss Bell Ringers over there?" he says, with a thrust of his thumb back at his little office. "They're the telephones. There's about forty of them in my shack and at the end of every one of them a shipper that's in a hurry. It's because of those telephones that I spend so much time at the far end of the job."

Yardmasters Born, Not Made

"You can see the huddled sort of an outfit we've got here. The tracks we use for the milk at night are set out for local freight all day long. Any cars that are not unloaded by dark have to be pulled out and spotted again the next morning. We've not enough room to turn, unless we turn sideways; yet there's an undertaker up in B — Street who hears that a carload of coffins is coming for him and begins telephoning about them—a week in advance! He keeps it up steadily until the car arrives an' we get it spotted for him. Then he gets over his hurry and wants to leave those coffins in the car until his customers die and need 'em. I see to it that we get the demurrage, an' the agent an' myself take turns in naggin' him; but we wear out the car journals and the team track respotting the old box."

You remember a smart fruit grower on the south shore of Lake Ontario who markets his apples and his peaches with a rare degree of acumen. He goes down to a classification yard just outside of Rochester and watches the movement of the fruit to the three big markets of the North Atlantic. He knows that market prices in perishables are regulated by the offerings; so, if many of the refrigerator cars are chalked for Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Smart Shipper begins consigning his cars to Boston. Boston will be needing his fruit and will be ready to pay for it.

With a good yardmaster at an important terminal or interchange point, it seems to be a rash railroad indeed that tempts fate by promoting him. Yardmasters are born, not made, and the crop seems to be decreasing year by year. Perhaps that is the reason why so few railroad executives have been conspicuous in yard service—C. E. Schaff, the new president of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and Henry Miller, general manager of the Wabash, are two exceptions that come to mind.

A yard is, as we have seen, a very vital organ of the railroad, and the yardmaster represents the human function of that organ. Given a good yardmaster, and a dozen years will drop off the shoulders of any operating head. The traffic man will praise the efficient, courteous fellow who spots the cars and charms the captious shipper; but the operating man knows the full meaning of a congested or blockaded yard. If the vital organ falters the whole railroad body is distressed. A blockaded yard may mean a blockaded railroad. No wonder a good yardmaster remains—a good yardmaster!

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"I tell you, gentlemen—the thing can be done.

"People are learning the difference in motion pictures. You say to produce the type of picture I'm asking you for would cost you $20,000 a week.

"Well—what if it does!

"I will spend $5000 a week to tell the truth about what you are doing—and the public will spend $50,000 a week to see your pictures."

THIS is a pretty literal report of a meeting in my office a good many months ago. There were present, S. S. Hutchinson and J. R. Freuler, of the American Film Manufacturing Company; Adam Kessel and Charles O. Bauman, of the New York Motion Picture Corporation; D. W. Griffith, Chief Director of the Majestic Motion Picture Company; Felix E. Kahn, of the Reliance Motion Picture Corporation, and Crawford Livingston, of the Thanhouser Film Corporation.

When these men talk, it means action. They are not theorists—not men drawn into this business from other fields; they are men made rich by moving pictures—because they know how to make the pictures the public wants.

These men own fourteen of the best-known moving picture companies in the world.

Their financial resources are practically without limit. Their organizations know no superior (and it takes ***years*** to build a successful moving picture organization—make no mistake about ***that***).

What is most important, they ***know*** the moving picture business.

I was sure that afternoon that if I could get them to combine in the production of ***Feature Films***—the kind that take from an hour to an hour and a quarter to see—they would produce ***the greatest series of moving pictures the world has ever known.***

They have done it!

From next week on you can see these pictures in a ***good*** theatre near your home.

Two pictures will be released each week. Sometimes it will be a screaming farce by the actors that have made "Keystone" comedies a drawing card from Portland, Maine, to Sydney, New South Wales.

Sometimes a stirring drama of the famous studios of the "Flying A" brand.

Again there will be the thrill and excitement that you knew in the Million Dollar Mystery.

David W. Griffith, the Director who gets $100,000 a year and used half a state as his studio, is giving himself heart and soul to his share of these great moving pictures.

As for writers—there's Richard Harding Davis, for instance. But that's another story.

I've just seen the first of the series—a Master-Picture it was called by the great critic who sat next me in the darkened room.

And he said it with beads of perspiration standing on his forehead.

So ***Master-Pictures*** we are calling them to you.

But why go on? Can you wait to see them?

Can you?

You couldn't, if you'd seen the first one.

If you want to see the first one sooner, tear out the coupon on this page, and take it to the picture theatre nearest your home.

For ***any*** theatre in all this big country can get this series of feature films ***QUICK***—if they put in the order now.

Watch this page next week for the story of the first

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Company
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
Thanhouser Film Corporation

H. E. Aitken
President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION
New York

To _____ Theatre.—— I want to see MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES—*Quick.* I will go to them if you will let me know when they are coming to your theatre.

Name _____ Address _____

RED WING the GRAPE JUICE With the Better Flavor

made from fresh-picked, selected Concords.

Only the full-flavored juice of one light crush is used — the richest, sweetest part of the grape. It reaches you

Unchanged
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Unfermented

When you buy grape juice ask for Red Wing; insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapey flavor.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Rockies, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four-ounce bottle.

Write for booklet containing recipes for many grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's free.

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Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, New York

RED WING
GRAPE JUICE
32 OUNCES NET

Let's talk sense about motor car economy

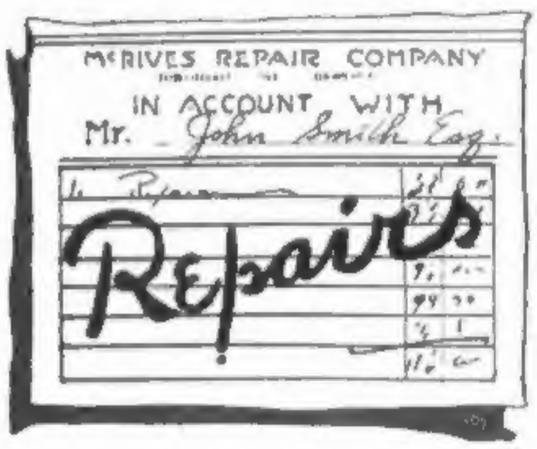
There has been a lot said about *what is* and *what is not* motor car economy. You may have been told that it is economy to buy a cheap car. But you can clearly see that the first price is not the *real* cost of any automobile. After all, it's really the *monthly price* you pay—the upkeep cost for service—that tells whether your car is economical or not. Now, upkeep cost depends upon three things—gasoline cost, oil cost and repair cost. Let's face these facts frankly and figure out in which of these three there is a chance for the *greatest* economy.

The Big Saving Isn't in Gasoline

There are other "Light Sixes" as sparing of gasoline as this Chalmers. We admit this frankly. But then—the most you could possibly save in gasoline wouldn't amount to much. There is less than $25 difference in a season's gasoline cost between any two "Light Sixes" on the market.

The Big Saving Isn't in Oil

Nor is the Chalmers $1650 Light Six-48 more saving in oil than many other "Light Sixes." But oil is the cheapest thing you buy for your car. A season's cost of oil for any car is really a minor expense.



But Here's Where There's *Real* Saving

It's your repair bill that determines the *real cost* of your car. For one repair bill will wipe out a season's saving in oil and gasoline. So the car that has the lowest repair expense—the $1650 Chalmers Light Six-48—is the *cheapest* car to own. Its service costs you least. And your satisfaction and comfort are consequently greater.

The Chalmers Six "Stays Put" —that's Why it is so Economical

Four big features of this car enable it to stand the hardest service without noticeable effect.

These are: Right construction, right weight (undue weight is bad—under weight is worse), proper balance and scientific distribution of weight, and best quality materials.

At the point of service where some "Light Sixes" begin to rack and jar and develop need for repairs, the Chalmers Light Six-48 is running smoothly, "sweetly" and powerfully.

At the time other cars begin to pile up repair bills this car goes on its way holding expense down to the lowest notch. A month by month comparison with other "Light Sixes" during the past season will prove every statement made about this car's remarkable economy.

Make a note on *your* memo pad to see the Chalmers Light Six-48 today.

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First

Write for our "Economy" Booklet

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Victor Record
of "Celeste Aïda"
sung by Caruso

Caruso
as Rhadames
in Aïda

Photo Bert, Paris

Both are Caruso

The Victor Record of Caruso's voice is just as truly Caruso as Caruso himself.

It actually *is* Caruso—his own magnificent voice, with all the wonderful power and beauty of tone that make him the greatest of all tenors.

Every one of the hundred and twenty Caruso records brings you not only his art, but his personality. When you hear Caruso on the Victrola in your own home, you hear him just as truly as if you were listening to him in the Metropolitan Opera House.

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month